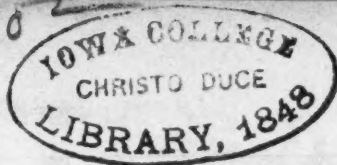


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Art in Black and White.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

THE MOST DELICATE PROCESS OPEN TO THE ARTIST IN BLACK AND WHITE IS DRY POINT ETCHING—ITS MASTER IS PAUL HELLEU.

THE success of pictorial art depends on the artist's power of elimination. What we call "composition" is really the exclusion of all unnecessary detail from a group or a landscape—the focusing of the spectator's eye upon the central point or idea of the picture. As Emerson said: "The virtue of art lies in detachment, in sequestering one object from the embarrassing variety."

True as this is of the plastic arts, it is equally true of poetry, of oratory, of literature. Artistic emphasis is born of detachment. The great poet is he whose insight into the object he contemplates is so clear, so concentrated, that his choice of words, of imagery, permits his reader no deviation from his own conception of it—so in music, in rhetoric, and in the writing of prose. Beethoven,



"WHOSE RING WAS THAT?"

From an etching by Paul Helleu.



MME. HELLEU.

From an etching by Paul Hellen.

Daniel Webster, Thomas Carlyle, all saw with a single eye, and in their power of detachment rests their genius.

The great artists have been those who have so firmly riveted the attention of their public that out of its fancy have been evolved objects the artists merely suggested. Rembrandt so manipulated light and shadow that out from the blackness of his backgrounds men fashion figures he never so much as outlined. The vivid reality of the portion he revealed in light lends to men's im-

aginations the capacity to limn the portions relegated to shadow. So it is today with Sargent and in a more marked degree with Whistler.

This power of concentration is a more delicate quality in the hands of the black and white artist than in him who has a palette at command. All his effect must be obtained through a single medium; his lights and shadows, his color and tone, must all be represented by gradations of black, by careful selection of his virgin spaces in white. In

this respect Aubrey Beardsley stands first of modern artists. A master of detail, his effects are invariably obtained by the careful elimination of any distracting foreign element. Simplici-

And so it is in black and white delineation. By their avoidance of distracting detail is the success of such artists measured. In all the range of black and white processes there is none so



"SWEET AND TWENTY."

From an etching by Paul Hellen.

ty, after all, is the essence of artistic treatment. Of modern colorists Édouard Manet is the most remarkable example—the apostle of severity, the impressionist in elimination.

delicate as that of dry point etching. By this process the operator gets more of what artists call "color" into a plate. Its results are more toneful, its effects more pleasing to the eye. That is to

say, the worker in black and white using this method has more power of artistic elimination than by any other means.

In etching proper the operator takes a plate of copper, covers the surface with wax or other colloid substance. On this the etcher draws with an etching point the picture he has conceived. Into the furrows left by the style acid is poured. This eats its way into the copper plate and so leaves an impression from which copies may be printed.

In dry point etching, on the other hand, the artist works directly upon the plate and uses neither wax nor acid. His deepest blacks are produced by the furred edge left by the cutting instrument. His softer tones he obtains by rubbing away those exposed edges, and in consequence the dry point etcher attains a delicacy impossible to the operator in wax and acid.

Rembrandt and many of the older etchers used a combination of the two



THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

From an etching by Paul Hellen.



"THE MUSIC LESSON."

From an etching by Paul Helleu.

methods. By this means they obtained a sharpness of outline unattainable with the corrosive acid.

With the development of photography, etching and engraving have fallen from their ancient high estate, and it is only since the limitations of the mechanical processes have been demonstrated that the older form has been revived by modern artists. One of the most re-

markable of these is Paul Helleu, a young artist of Paris. Helleu began his art life as a painter in pastel and made for himself a reputation in the *École des Beaux Arts*. One day he called upon Tissot, the Christ painter, and found him at work on a dry point plate. The process interested him to the extent of practising it for himself until he had passed his first teacher.

The etching needle used by dry point workers is made either of steel or diamond. Helleu received from Tissot a small point of diamond fixed in a handle. With that he has done all of his work. In every coat he possesses is a long, narrow pocket in which the style is car-

Like all black and white artists, Helleu has found in the Japanese the masters of the art. Aubrey Beardsley learned from them the proper contrasting of squares of black and white—the composition of a black and white picture. Helleu has learned from them



"THE WAKING DREAM."

From an etching by Paul Helleu.

ried. By means of it he has given pleasure to thousands, and has demonstrated the delicacy possible to the instrument.

As has been said of Helleu, "We enjoy on the proof from the plate, at first hand, the vim and energy of the original conception of the artist's mind drawn with a delicacy and sureness of eye and hand akin to that of the Japanese draftsman."

boldness of outline and delicacy of manipulation, the elegance of the curve.

Able as he is to finish a portrait at a single sitting, he is able to secure a cohesion of effects that cannot be obtained by the painter working over a long series of sittings, combating differences of light and of atmosphere, fighting all the variations of mood in himself and



"A PAIR OF BLUE EYES."
From an etching by Paul Hellen.

in his sitter. Helleu works as though he were sketching under a single inspiration, in surroundings that are constant so far as is terrestrially possible. His danger would be a hasty impressionism, were it not that, like Rembrandt, he works with few models and

with those who are nearest and dearest to him—his wife and his little daughter. Out of them he has composed scores of plates varying infinitely in tone and color, but alike in their uniform beauty.

One needs but look at a series of Helleu's plates to recognize the strength



"THERE IS A WARMTH THAT HEATS MY HEART."

From an etching by Paul Helleu.



"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM."

From an etching by Paul Hellen.

at his command over accidents of light and position. In most of them his power of elimination is apparent to the most casual observer. His compositions are strong and certain. One is carried at once to the essential principle of the picture and no doubt is left in the mind of the spectator as to the purpose of the artist.

A man of some forty years of age—tall, lean, swarthy—Hellen is a typical Oriental in appearance. Sargent chose him as the Malachi in his series of the prophets for the Boston Public Library frescoes.

In all of Hellen's work there is the charm of a delicate workmanship, the force of a strong conception, and the grace of a beautiful outline. In it one finds more of the "sunshine of sunshine" than of the "gloom of gloom." The beauty of his art is indeed a joy forever to all art lovers.

He is blessed with models whose womanly grace well accords with the delicacy of his manner. Yet are his etchings never pretty with the prettiness of the chocolate box lid. They are virile while dreamy, strong while chivalrous.

The Pathos of a Throne.

BY JOSE AFLALO.

THE BOY KING OF SPAIN, BORN SIX MONTHS AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, TAKES OVER THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT ON MAY 17, HIS SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY—NEVER ONCE HAS HE KNOWN THE FREEDOM OF BOYHOOD, THE JOY OF LIFE.

BORN six months after his father's death from a hereditary disease, Alfonso XIII of Spain has been a cause of infinite anxiety to his own nation,

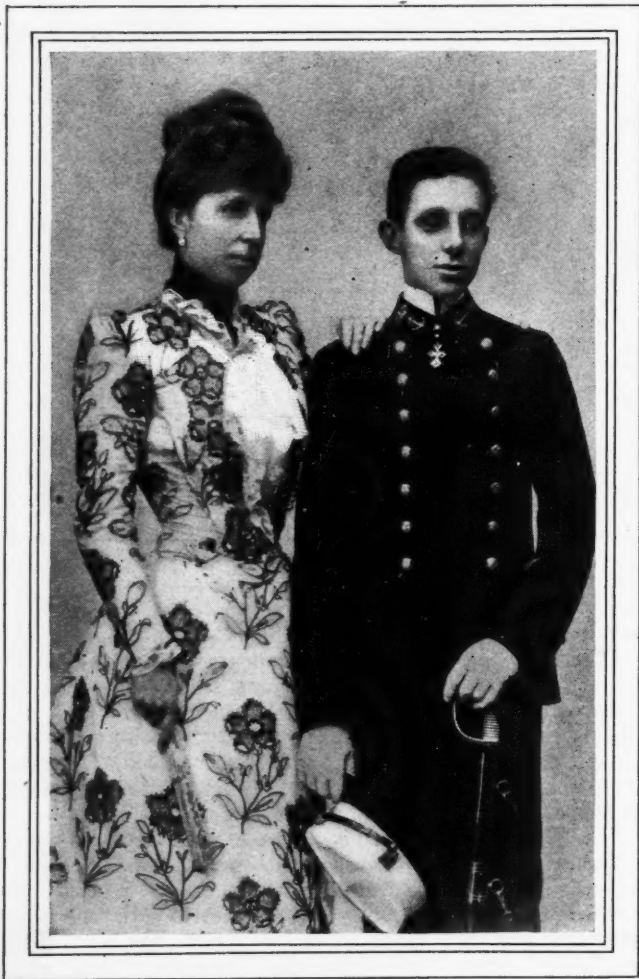
and to all the dynasties of Europe, since long before his birth.

Born under an unlucky star to the uneasiest crown in Europe, Alfonso has added the unluckiest of all numbers to his name in the records of Spain.

It was the will of his mother, the queen regent, that gave the boy the unlucky numeral in face of all the superstition of superstitious Spain. At his birth ministers and statesmen pleaded that this shadow should be withheld from the young king, but Maria Cristina was strong in her determination to prolong in the child the honorable name of his dead father, and to compliment, through the numeral, his godfather, Pope Leo XIII.

"Since His Holiness has so marvelously withstood its malignant influence, I have faith that my son also will be able to withstand it."

And so the Boy King, in whose minority Spain lost what are practically her last colonies,



THE QUEEN MOTHER AND HER SON.

stands forth to the world a challenge against fate. To those who understand the Spaniard and his prejudices, the bravery of the queen mother must be apparent.

On May 17 Alfonso will be sixteen years of age, and that day he will take his seat upon the throne of Spain. Delicate, high strung, over educated, he is heir to a most difficult heritage. Since his first lisping he has been in the hands of tutors. The wisest men of Spain have had in him a strange subject for experiment. He has been schooled in Latin, the root of later languages; in Spanish, the language of his people; in French, the glib tongue of diplomacy; in German, the speech of his mother; and in English, the language of commerce and of the modern world. Religions he has learned from Father Don Regino Zaragoza as though a candidate for holy orders. Geography and history have been taught him by Señor Lorigo, mathematics by Colonel Cassejor



ALFONSO XIII CONDUCTING ARMY MANEUVERS.

of the military staff, and music by the Marchioness of Miraflores. So far as education will carry a man, Alfonso XIII of Spain ascends the throne the most perfectly equipped monarch of Europe.

Yet all this knowledge is compassed within a body frail and delicate, threatened with the consumption that destroyed his father, and burned up with the nervous strain of a boyhood spent in the study.

Artificial as has been his life, Alfonso XIII carries to the throne a natural wit that promises well for him after he has earned his emancipation from the desk and the apron strings of his governesses. Dignified, as a descendant of

Louis XIV and of the Hapsburgs needs must be, the boy has a manner of his own in dealing with delinquents that cuts as a lash.

One afternoon, his majesty looked in vain for the officer in command of the royal guard on duty. The boy called for an adjutant, and demanded his name.

"It is Captain X—, your majesty."

The king gave answer: "Convey my compliments to Captain X—, and say that though I often think of him, I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for quite a long time."

There is no question of the *mens sana* in the King of Spain, the only fear is for the *corpus sanum*. God grant it to him!

The Cathedral of St. John.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE MOVEMENT FOR A GREAT PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL IN NEW YORK, AND ITS REALIZATION IN THE MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE NOW RISING ON MORNINGSID E HEIGHTS, THE NOBLEST BUILDING IN AMERICA.

TO scores of thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands, of New Yorkers who live in the northern part of the metropolis, the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is associated with their journeys to and from the earning of their daily bread. Morning and evening, as they pass the upper end of Central Park, they have seen the beginnings of the great church rising slowly upon the Morningside ridge, the Acropolis of New York. If they travel by the elevated railroad, it is at a point on their route—somewhat irreverently dubbed "Kingdom Come Curve"—where thoughts of spiritual things may seem appropriate to those not calloused by long traveling on that dizzy trestle, whose nickname has not yet been justified by a catastrophe.

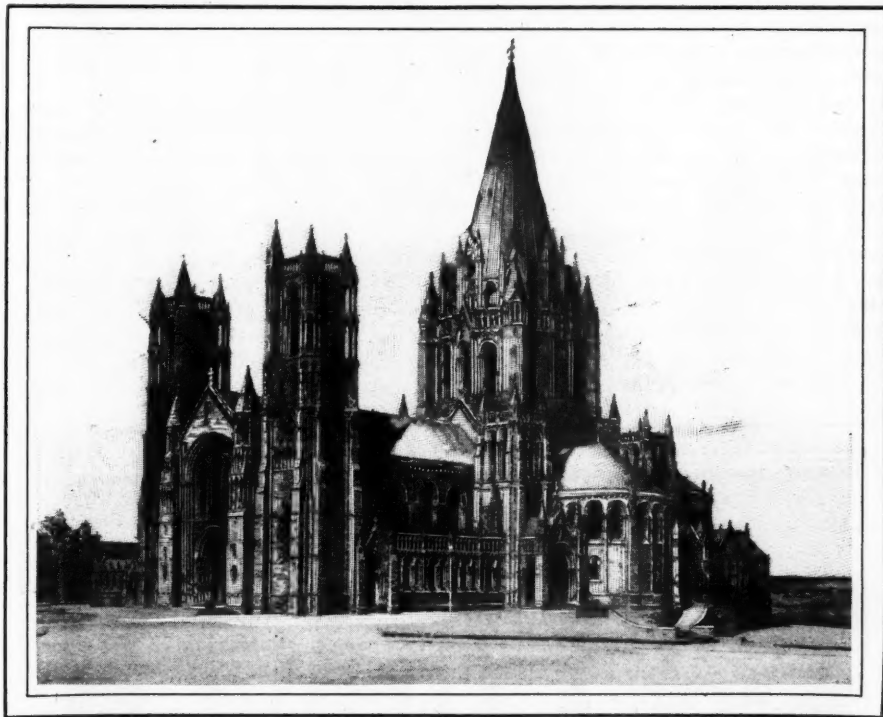
For some time regular services have been held in the crypt, but this—a fairly spacious and richly decorated church in itself, though it is to the cathedral only what the cellar is to a man-

sion—is practically invisible from without. What the passing traveler has seen are the great piers of masonry that are to be the central supports of the building. For two years or more the rough gray columns have stood there, bare to the summer sun or gaunt against the winter sky, looking more like Cyclopean ruins than what they really are—the promise of the noblest piece of architecture in the new world. Now at length another part of the cathedral is taking shape, showing for the first time the coloring and general style of its outer walls, and giving a faint impression of its plan and proportions. This is the Belmont Memorial Chapel, which will form the easternmost extension of the cathedral, and will be the center of the great semicircular chevet of seven chapels in which the choir will terminate.

No date has been set for the conclusion of the whole undertaking. It should be remembered that the world's

great cathedrals, among which this is to take its place, have been the work of generations and even of centuries. Nor can its final cost be estimated much more nearly than to say that it may be twelve millions of dollars and it may be twice as much. The architects, Messrs. Heins & Lafarge, have worked for years upon its plans, which have

and glorified edition of the beautiful spire of the University Church at Oxford. Its imposing western front, surmounted by two fine towers, will recall York and Lincoln. The chevet of chapels at its other end is a characteristic of the splendid cathedrals of northern France, which was echoed at Westminster, Cologne, and Toledo. Its



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN THE WHOLE OF THE MAGNIFICENT BUILDING IS COMPLETE.

From the architects' drawing—Copyright by Heins & Lafarge, New York.

been considerably changed, and undoubtedly for the better, since some of them were published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* four years ago.

The cathedral is to combine some of the best features of the best models of the architectural style which we continue to call Gothic simply because its detractors, the men of the classical revival that succeeded it, branded it by that name as the most appropriate they could devise. The great central spire that will dominate it is like Salisbury, but a little higher and much richer and more massive—like a magnified

decoration may be as rich as the elaborate sculptures of Milan. And with all its union of various national ideas, the whole design as it appears on paper is a remarkably symmetrical one. The pointed arch, the keynote of the Gothic style, predominates in the outer walls; the older rounded arch is largely used in the interior, as will be seen from the engraving on page 15, and the lofty columns are both round and clustered.

BISHOP POTTER'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

The foundation of a Protestant cathedral in New York has been the life-

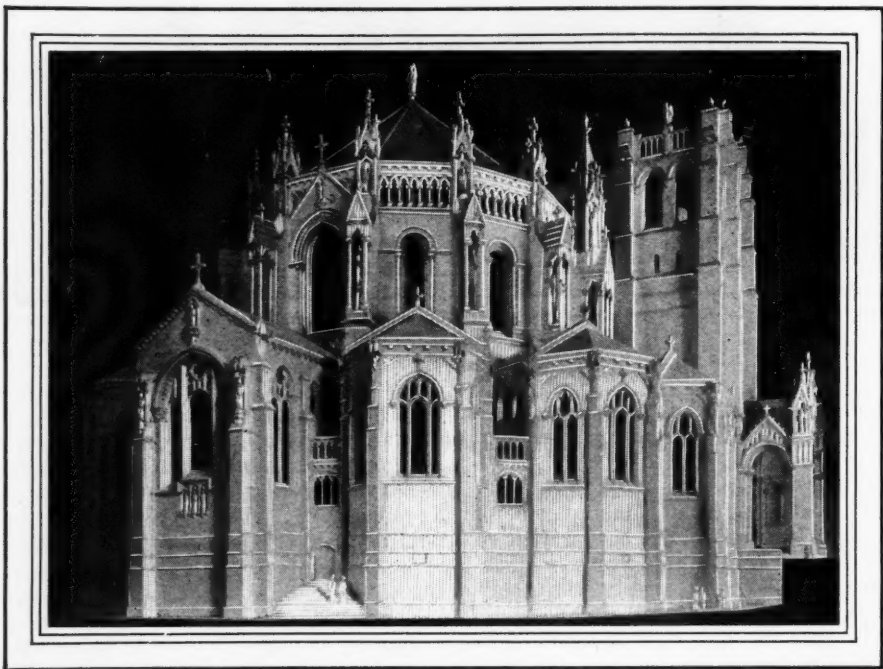
work of Bishop Potter. The completion of the task no man of his years can well expect to see; but if, as there is every reason to hope, it shall be granted him to dedicate the finished choir, that will surely be a proud day in his life. And most justly so. With his official routine as the head of a diocese of more than two hundred parishes, with his very active interest in civic affairs, with his practical work in the lower East Side slums—with all these duties, not to mention such incidental ones as his recent ecclesiastical tour of Hawaii and the Philippines, the building of a cathedral was truly a colossal task to undertake. Bishop Potter's diocese is one of almost unlimited wealth; but in these materialistic days it is not easy to raise funds for any purpose, no matter how lofty its ground of appeal may be, that is not of direct and manifest practical utility. "What is the use of a cathedral?" men ask with the utmost sincerity. "Would not the great sum it will cost be better applied to the relief

of poverty and suffering, to the feeding of the hungry, to the endowment of libraries and hospitals?"

Perhaps the best answer that can be put into half a dozen words is this, which is Bishop Potter's: "Yes—if the body were everything." Surely the spiritual side of humanity may for once claim a tithe—nay, the tithe of a tithe—of the vast sums so freely and so nobly given to charities that minister to earthly needs.

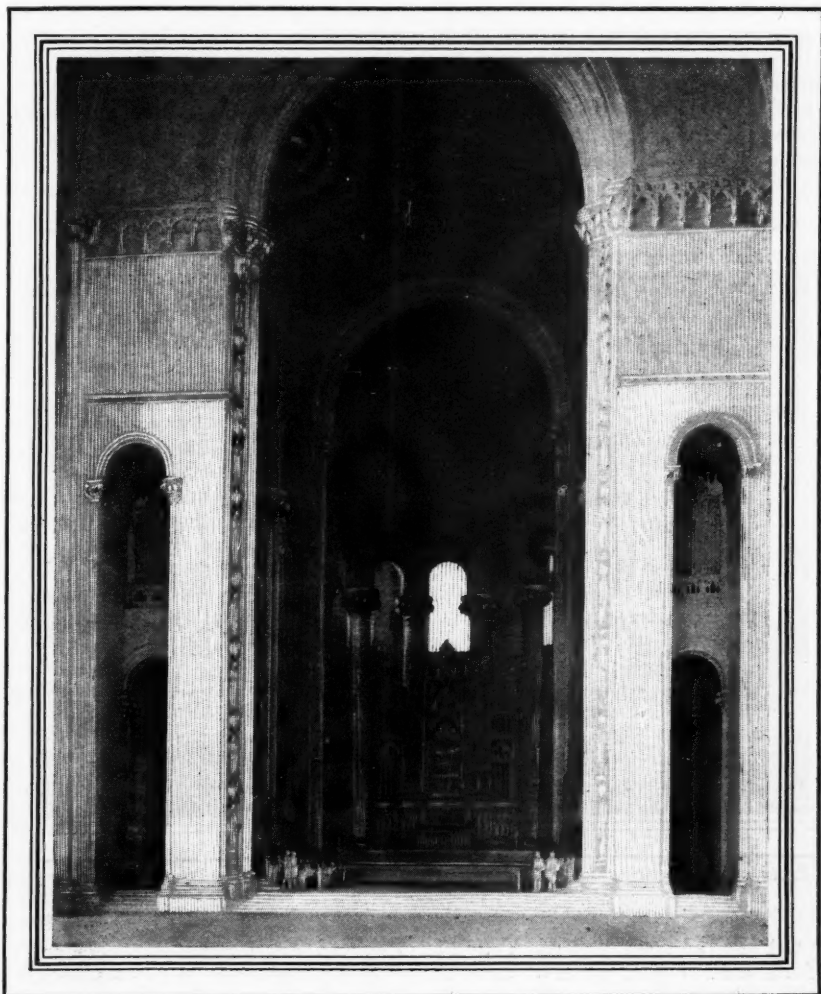
RELIGION IN ARCHITECTURE.

The most enduring record of a nation—except, perhaps, what it writes—is what it builds. Servile Egypt expressed herself in the Pyramids, the tombs of her deified kings; spiritual Athens in the Parthenon; utilitarian Rome in her forums, aqueducts, baths, and theaters. Medieval genius evolved two architectural types, both of them characteristic and magnificent—the feudal castle and the Gothic cathedral. With all our boasted inventive talent, with our vastly



THE MODEL OF THE CHOIR AND CHAPELS OF THE CATHEDRAL, ON VIEW IN THE OLD LEAKE AND WATTS ORPHANAGE, AT AMSTERDAM AVENUE AND ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



THE INTERIOR OF THE MODEL OF THE CATHEDRAL CHOIR—THIS GIVES A VERY FAIR IMPRESSION OF THE FUTURE APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT CHURCH, LOOKING EASTWARD FROM THE CENTER OF THE BUILDING.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

increased wealth and our command of mechanical power, what have we moderns achieved, architecturally speaking? True, we have originated the railroad station, the factory, and, more distinctive still, the thirty story office building. Are these to be the limit of our ambitions, the sole use of our marvelous powers?

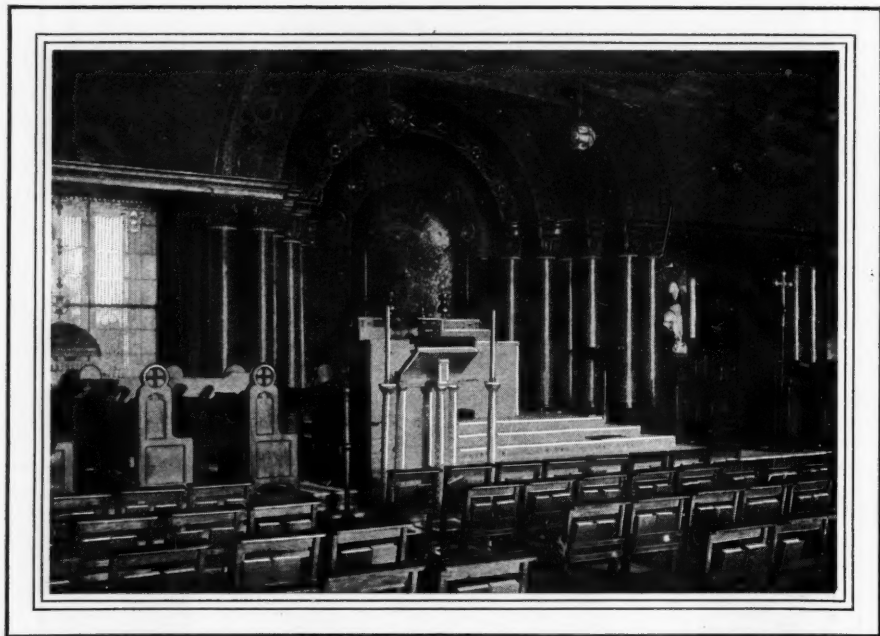
It has been urged that the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is an anachronism. But why should cathedrals be regarded as essentially

medieval, simply because most of the great ones were built in the five centuries between 1100 and 1600? History readily accounts for that. The disorder and the poverty of the dark ages prevented their construction during the first thousand years of Christianity in western Europe; but as wealth and public security grew, each important city set itself to create the finest church its resources could command. Modern Europe has seldom added to their number, because its needs were adequately

supplied by medieval zeal and piety; and in many cases it had enough to do to care for the splendid structures bequeathed to it.

But if Europe was provided with cathedrals centuries ago, the fact is no reason why America should have none. Hitherto, indeed, it may be said that we

classical architecture, as beautiful or as impressive as the American church promises to be. The European cathedrals that stand next to St. Peter's in size—Seville, Milan, and St. Paul's in London—are about equal in area to St. John's, though it is longer than any of them, and rises higher. Only three in



THE CRYPT OF THE CATHEDRAL, IN WHICH SERVICES ARE REGULARLY HELD—THE ENGRAVING SHOWS THE BEAUTIFUL ALTAR OF MOSAIC WORK.

have not felt the need of them. They do not form part of the system of most of our Protestant churches. The great Roman Catholic communion—be it said to its credit, rather than as a reproach—is in this country a church of the poor, and its funds have not gone into very expensive buildings. Yet its New York cathedral was as costly a structure for its date as the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for these days of vast wealth.

Figures of length and breadth, of height and area, are not, of course, the true test of the beauty and value of a building; yet it may be worth while to give a few comparative statistics. The huge pile of St. Peter's surpasses the new cathedral in all dimensions, but there are few who would call the vast Roman temple, with its heavy pseudo

England are longer—Winchester, Ely, and Westminster Abbey—and all of these are much smaller in other respects. Cologne is also smaller; Notre Dame is but two thirds as large.

The spire, the most striking feature of the whole design, will be surpassed by none in beauty and by very few in height. It is true that the great modern towers of Cologne rise five hundred and twelve feet from the ground, as against four hundred and twenty five; but otherwise they are distinctly less impressive. The spire of Salisbury, famous as one of the finest things that medieval architects have left us, is of less altitude.

Americans should realize that in the Cathedral of St. John they are to possess one of the very greatest and grandest of the world's churches.

The Armies of the Powers.

BY THE

RT. HON. SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, BART., M. P.

A LEADING MILITARY EXPERT DESCRIBES THE PRESENT SITUATION IN THE ARMED CAMP OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE, WHERE THE PRUSSIAN ARMY SYSTEM HAS BEEN GENERALLY COPIED, AND IN THE THREE OTHER COUNTRIES WHICH RANK AS WORLD POWERS, THE UNITED STATES, THE BRITISH EMPIRE, AND JAPAN.

IN writing of the great armies it is advisable first to dispose of certain eccentric armies, such as are those of Great Britain and of the United States. These armies are in their different ways equally exceptional or peculiar, and they have little or no relation to the ordinary modern armies of the world.

The United States regular army has during a long past been small, and the admirable military academy of West Point has been the only feature connected with it which has attracted much attention from military writers in other portions of the world. The war with Spain has led to a considerable augmentation of the regular forces of the United States, but they still are small as compared with the armies of the other powers, and they will remain so.

The militia system is sufficient to secure the United States against land attack, and its over sea possessions are not likely to be menaced by outside enemies. The regular force of the United States serves for pay—high pay as compared with that of any other regular army, although for less than the pay which Britain has recently been forced to give to its irregular forces enlisted in all parts of the empire for the Boer War.

THE MILITARY SYSTEM OF BRITAIN.

The British army is as inexplicable to the foreign military critic as is the British constitution. The necessity of providing from one hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand men for permanent service abroad in time of peace in countries which are mostly either hot or unhealthy, or both, is a strain such as no other military sys-

tem has to bear. Conscription is inapplicable to such a service, even if it were acceptable in principle to the British people. The holding of India, not to speak of new responsibilities, imposes on her a military system which is unlike any other necessary in the case of a great power.

Before 1857 Great Britain had a separate Indian army of white troops maintained by the East India Company. After the Mutiny this separate army was swept away; and after the Franco German War Lord Cardwell's short service system was introduced. Had it not been for the necessity of keeping something like, at that time, one hundred thousand men permanently abroad, Mr. Cardwell (as he then was) would have introduced a three or a four year system, with large reserves. I should explain, for the benefit of American readers who are not acquainted with the European military systems, that Prussia long had a system of three years' service with the colors, followed by a long term in various classes of the reserve. This system has been imitated since 1870 in almost every European country. The German Empire now has an active service of less than two years for the greater portion of her troops; but in other countries the old three years of the Prussian system widely prevails.

Mr. Cardwell was forced by the exigencies of Indian service to extend the color term of his first proposals. The so called short service—which to continental countries seems a long service—was at first one of six years with the colors and six years in the reserve, but it was speedily extended to one of seven

years with the colors and five years in the reserve. Where the soldier is in India when his seven years expire he serves an additional year and completes eight years of color service, with four years in the reserve.

On this plan, which gives Britain something between what she wants for a home and a war army and what she needs for India, she has maintained for many years a force of, roughly speaking, well over one hundred thousand men permanently abroad in time of peace, and a corresponding number at home. The force at home has been mainly a feeder for the force abroad, which was virtually on a war footing. All the recruits being trained at home, and none abroad, the home force has, of course, been unfit to take the field without the mobilization and the calling out of the reserve, enabling the regiments to be completed to war strength, and yet to leave a large number of immature or untrained men behind when sent abroad. Britain has obtained this army by paying a wage to the private soldier of something under one shilling a day in time of peace. In war this has become a clear one shilling and three pence—thirty cents—but the irregular levies, enlisted for the war in some cases and for a year in others, have recently been paid at the rate of five shillings—one dollar and twenty five cents—a day clear, besides their keep.

Behind Britain's regular army is a militia which has been mainly an infantry force serving (after a first training of the recruit) for something under a month a year, and paid. In addition are the volunteers, a large force, chiefly of infantry, serving without pay, but costing the country about a million a year in allowances of various kinds. The yeomanry has been a small county force of cavalry, partaking partly of the nature of the militia and partly of the nature of the volunteers.

The great weakness of Britain's organization is the insufficiency of its recruiting. Of late this has given in time of peace a sufficient number of men only by a constant diminution of the standard of height, of chest measurement, of weight, and, in practice, of age. The system is also very costly,

and the expenditure of the British Empire upon defense is now far more than double the defense expenditure of the next most extravagant country—France.

Britain will probably raise the soldier's pay to the rate current in the United States, which, I understand, is thirty five cents for the infantry private in time of peace. Colonel Lee, Britain's late military attaché at Washington, states that for that sum the United States obtains a good class of recruits and that Great Britain should do the like.

There is one point in which the American officer and soldier and the British officer and soldier stand well in the eyes of the military world. Personal courage is high among them. The United States in its recent war more than maintained its great traditions. Great Britain has maintained them as regards officers indeed; and in the case of the men has maintained them, on the whole, with some deductions. British battalions are now padded out by the return from civil life of a majority, in many cases, of their men; and it is impossible to expect quite the same cohesion from such battalions as was found at Inkerman or at Albuera.

The British soldier, too, has always in his history been singularly dependent on good leading. While in the South African war the non commissioned officers have magnificently done their duty, there have been cases where, after a first engagement in which losses among officers have been heavy, through the men being called on to perform almost impossible tasks, the battalions have on subsequent occasions failed to follow officers who were both too few in number and were strange to them. At later periods of the war the same battalions have redeemed their reputations.

THE TYPICAL CONTINENTAL ARMY.

When we turn to the continent of Europe we find a general similarity of pattern. Just as the British navy has been imitated by every navy in the world, so the Prussian army has been copied by all the continental powers. The modern army of France bears, except as regards its chief command, a

close resemblance to the German army. The Russian army, with greater numbers, strives to attain to the same system. The Austrian army is a smaller army of the same type. The Italian army would be if financial considerations did not in great part destroy its efficiency. The armies of Bulgaria, Roumania, and several other states are almost exact copies of the Prussian.

To leave the continent, even the army of Japan is, in essentials, an army of the Prussian type. There are two marked exceptions—three, if we include the Indian army of Holland—for Switzerland and Hungary differ essentially from the other powers.

To dispose first of what may be looked upon as either the less important or the more eccentric armies, let us deal with the non European power mentioned—Japan. The military and naval system of Japan demands attention from all who are interested in such questions. There is no power which has so rapidly created, at the same time, an admirable army and an excellent marine. For combination of the two services in a perfect organization Japan is probably supreme.

In this article, however, I am asked to deal with the armies of the powers, and from that point of view Japan, I repeat, differs only from Germany in the extraordinary ardor of her troops. The Germans have so magnificent a military machine that we are always inclined to forget that the Germans are not a martial people. They are soldiers by system, soldiers by necessity, soldiers in spite of themselves; but they are not a dashing army, although their perfect study and practice of things military make them probably the most formidable fighting power of the world. The Japanese have the personal courage of Britain's best Goorkha troops, or of picked American soldiers. The Japanese army is not a very large one, as compared with the armies of Russia, Germany, and France; but he would be a bold man who would venture to prophesy that a Japanese army of debarkation would not hold its own with any force of equal numbers in the world.

The Hungarian army is essentially a militia army, producing admirable cavalry on a militia system, as the Swiss

are able to produce excellent field artillery upon a militia system. Britain is not attempting to imitate the Hungarian Honved cavalry in its new organization. Its yeomanry are to be turned out as mounted infantry, and they are not, at all events yet, subject to the obligation of employment abroad in time of war. In field artillery Britain is going to imitate the Swiss, and is creating militia field artillery. It intends even to create field artillery for the volunteers—a doubtful experiment, except in the case of a few crack corps, the costly toys of devoted officers.

RUSSIA'S HUGE ARMY.

There remain for consideration the regular European armies upon the Prussian model upon the one side, and the Swiss army upon the other. By far the most formidable in point of numbers is the Russian force. It is long since I have seen for myself the Russian army, which at one time I knew well. But I gather from the most recent books upon the subject, all of which I think I have perused, that the strong points of the Russian army remain strong, and that the weak ones have not yet received remedy.

The Russian soldier is patriotic, cheerful under hardship, uncomplaining, in the highest degree. He has much fortitude and endurance. Under such leaders as he has several times found in history he is capable of great things. But he is wanting in dash or go, and the officers as a rule have not yet succeeded in inspiring their troops with that confidence in them which is a necessity in all armies, unless indeed American volunteers form an exception to that rule. The picture presented by such books of friends as "*Mon Régiment Russe*" is deplorable. Russia evidently has a great deal to do before she can be held to have come up to the German standard. The vast extent of her dominions, and the fact that they can be reached from every part to every part by land, make Russia almost invulnerable to attack.

Even if, in the most unlikely event of a dispute with Germany, a Prussian force should break through the great fortresses of the frontier, and, by reason

of the slowness of Russian mobilization and the rapidity of German mobilization, should penetrate even to St. Petersburg, conquest of Russia or the imposing upon her of really destructive terms would be found as impossible now as in the days of Napoleon at Moscow. Russia could probably afford to diminish rather than increase her enormous numbers, which today give her a peace army greater than that of Germany, Austria, and Italy put together. A higher standard of efficiency and fewer men would make her a more formidable opponent—for example, to Japan.

AUSTRIA AND THE BALKAN STATES.

Of the Austro Hungarian army, as contrasted with the Hungarian Honved force, there is little to be said except that it is excellent in the Prussian style. Of the Italian there is little remarkable except that the Alpine troops are maintained upon a high scale of efficiency. Forming as they do the defense of Italy against attack by France across the frontier, these troops are probably equal—which is saying a great deal—to the Alpine troops of France. Whether Italian forces, other than the Alpine troops, would be of much value to Germany in the event of a war such as has sometimes been anticipated, in which Italian troops would be transported to fight as the allies of Germany upon the Rhine, I take leave to doubt, as Bismarck himself doubted. The Italian officer, however, does his best under the great difficulties imposed upon him by the Italian budget; and the soldier from some parts of Italy, though he varies much, is as cheerful and uncomplaining as the Russian.

There is probably no higher standard of efficiency after the Prussian type to be met with anywhere than in Roumania. Bulgaria and Servia tread in Roumania's footsteps, and the Bulgarian army has its admirers among those who have followed it in the field. Roumania remains the classical example of a perfect military organization after the Prussian model in a small state. Those who desire to know the cost of a small army on the Prussian system may study it in Roumania, where a Prussian king has implanted with extraordinary suc-

cess not only the institutions, but, one would say, the military traditions, of his fatherland.

THE ENEMIES OF 1870-'71.

France and Germany remain. Up to three years ago the eyes of both were fixed upon the frontier or upon each other. Calculations as to the rapidity of mobilization took precedence over all other military topics—how to be ready in the shortest number of hours; how to pour cavalry and horse artillery to the frontier stations of the strategic railways, provided with immense platforms where, without the payment of spies, the whole mobilization plans of either France or Germany may be read as in a book by any intelligent observer—such was the one problem which occupied the military mind.

During the last three years the statesmen of Germany and of France have dreamed dreams of a very different description, and it is now recognized both in Germany and in France, as it long has been by those outside those countries, that of all unlikely wars a single handed war between Germany and France is one of the most improbable. Still, the military machine on each side goes on to some extent in the old groove, and the French have recently perfected an entirely new plan of mobilization under which they take the field without the reserve men, on a system wholly different from the plan hitherto regarded as the only possible one.

The Prussian plan of some years ago, which had been imitated in France, was to mobilize in a certain number of days at a little distance back from the advanced frontier by the calling up of the reserves to swell the comparatively small army with the colors (some three hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred and fifty thousand men), by the addition in the first line of an even larger number, and behind them of fresh army corps. On each side of the frontier about twenty army corps would form the first line, and the additional troops provided by the enormous reserves, running to millions of trained men upon each side, were to form a second line.

The general management of war in Germany is facilitated by everything be-

ing done in the emperor's name. The chief of the staff is the nearest approach to Moltke that Prussia can now obtain. The minister of war is to stay at home and manage the supplies.

THE MILITARY PROBLEMS OF FRANCE.

In France there is great difficulty upon this head of chief command. The Republic knows that war would be its death: its death by violence in the case of disaster; its death by the insidious popularity of some new great soldier in the event of a success. The armed nation system of France and Germany perhaps tends everywhere towards peace; but that it does so in France no one who knows modern France can doubt. The change from a professional army into an armed nation has converted France from a nation fond of war into a nation with a profound desire for peace.

The political jealousy of generals, both of generals among themselves and of the statesmen towards generals, has caused France to try various expedients with regard to the chief command. The minister of war changes frequently. He is usually a soldier, and each new general who has held the place has put himself over all the other generals and imposed upon them his own plans. The distribution of responsibility is a little less complicated when France happens to have a civilian minister of war than when a general of division occupies that position; but in any case it is not clear as between the Chief of the Staff, the leading members of the Superior Council of War—who are inspectors of armies, that is of groups of corps, which they would command in the field—and the military governor of Paris, who from time to time has had a dormant commission as generalissimo of the French forces on mobilization for war.

The position of the last named officer has always been further complicated by the fact that he has generally been too old for a war command. General Sausier, for example, long held the position of potential generalissimo, because he could be trusted to support the government of the Republic, although it was notorious that he had ceased to be able to sit his horse and to stand in the field the strain of modern war. France is at

a serious drawback through the dispersion of the chief command, and also through the difficulty experienced in a republic in getting rid of generals who are too old for warfare.

Subject to these remarks there has been, till lately, little to choose between the French and the German varieties of what is especially the Prussian system. The French are the more military nation of the two, and early success in war would make them difficult indeed to stop by any German army, however scientific its system, and however perfect its command. In the last few months many things on the French side have changed, but especially two new factors have entered into the account.

The French undoubtedly believe that their new field gun is extraordinarily superior to that of any other power in the world; and they have, as I have said, developed a new system of mobilization which is a departure from the Prussian plan. They have decided, I have been told privately, though nothing on the matter has been printed, to send to the front in the event of war their regiments as they stand; that is, leaving behind the sick and the untrained—who at some times of year are very numerous in proportion to the battalions—and to use the reserve men for the constitution of a second line.

I presume that a system has been worked out by which two companies at one time of year, and three companies at another time of year, will produce one war company. The secret has been well kept, and is probably known abroad, if at all, only to the war office at Berlin. Happily for the cause of peace, the matter has but little present importance, for there has been no practical risk of European land war since 1875; and little as the risk has been at any time, it is, I believe, smaller than ever at this moment.

Meanwhile the military future in Europe belongs to the excellent Swiss militia system. The moderate socialists, so strong in Germany and Austria, so rapidly gaining ground in France, all ask for the Swiss system of the citizen soldier, and this is one of the questions on which they will convert or persuade the majority, and ultimately prevail.

The Redemption of Our Dead Lands.

BY GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

VAST TRACTS OF LAND, NOW LYING DEAD AND USELESS, MAY BE MADE FRUITFUL AND FERTILE BY PROPER UTILIZATION OF THE FLOOD WATERS. BY JUDICIOUS IRRIGATION MUCH OF THE ARID WEST CAN BE MADE TO BLOSSOM AND TO FRUCTIFY.

IN the United States are some hundred million acres of arid land that may one day be made fertile and fruitful. President Roosevelt has brought the reclamation of these deserts into the realm of practical politics. In his first message to Congress he urged the necessity of considering the possibilities of irrigation in the waterless West.

By the building of great reservoirs in the mountains, rain and melted snow, which now run useless to the ocean, may be made effective and beneficent.

Twenty five centuries ago King Nebuchadnezzar constructed, near Babylon, a gigantic irrigation reservoir that contained two hundred billion cubic feet of water, and was capable of irrigating two million acres of ground. In northern Algeria the ruins of vast reservoirs stand as monuments to a dead people, as reproaches to a modern civilization that has permitted fertile ground to become barren, sandy desert. In India, the farmers for centuries have stored rain water in tanks, and by their means have maintained teeming populations upon rice and millet. In Egypt today the British government is completing two great Nile dams that will give to the country food for an extra five millions of people.

Economy in water is a characteristic that has died out with the advance of civilization; and yet is this wastage more reprehensible than the thoughtless expenditure of money.

To the layman, the conception of a reservoir basin is a deep gorge ending in a narrow exit capable of being dammed. This, however, is in no sense an ideal site in the eyes of the trained engineer. He knows that a barrage of dangerous height, built across such a canyon, will retain only water sufficient

for a moiety of his needs. His object is to obtain the widest possible catchment area, so that he may drain into his lake the snow and rain from an immense tract of mountain and forest. For his reservoir he desires a wide extent of land where he may confine the water with a wide reaching dam of inconsiderable depth. From such vast, shallow lakes he obtains the greatest quantity of water with the least possible danger to lands lying at a lower level.

Since 1888, the United States Geological Survey has been at work investigating reservoir sites of the arid region. As almost every stream has a number of possible storage sites, it requires careful investigation to decide upon the most feasible and the most economical. When this site has been definitely determined, the government at once withdraws from it and from the catchment basin—the source of the water supply—all rights of private entry and of grazing. In the mountains of Colorado, alone, the Geological Survey has selected some fifty one of these sites.

The Secretary of the Interior has recommended to Congress an appropriation to permit of the construction of a dam across the Gila River, in Arizona, at San Carlos. This is an excellent example of the possibilities that lie open to the engineer to add new territory to the United States—territory gained without expenditure of blood or violation of the principles of a people.

The government surveyors estimate that one hundred and twenty thousand acres can be made fertile from the stored water of the Gila River. It is proposed to construct a dam, or barrage, with a span of six hundred feet, to a height of one hundred and forty feet above the

stream. It will form a great wall connecting the lofty sides of the river canyon, behind which there will be a lake covering eight thousand three hundred and fifty two acres. From this, as has been said, one hundred and twenty thousand acres may be irrigated.

From Montana to Mexico, all along the Rocky Mountain ranges, are hundreds of such storage basins, each capable of fertilizing the farms of a prosperous community.

Some idea of the vast storage possibilities of some of the Western streams may be obtained from a study of the measurements of their flow. At present King's River, in central California, runs to waste. The Geological Survey figures show that in the month of June last, when the river was full of melted snow, it carried fourteen thousand cubic feet of water per second, or six million three hundred thousand gallons every minute.

In the month of July, when the flood had subsided, the river carried only two hundred cubic feet of water per second. Its volume had been reduced to one seventieth of what it had been in June. All of that vast body of water had run uselessly away; and through the hot months of summer, lands that might have benefited by it lay parched and unfruitful.

It is to capture these flood waters, to hold them fast as a careful man puts money in the bank, that the advocates of irrigation plead for government aid. The farmer lays his money away to wait for a rainy day. It never occurs to him that equally should he put aside a store of heaven's rain water to wait for a dry season. The economy is the same, the spendthrift principle identical.

By reservoiring the fickle streams of the West, millions of citizens might garner full crops from land that today is a waste. On our deserts would grow up farms and homesteads. Where nothing but glistening sand now is would blossom forth trees and flowers, tasseled corn lands, and sweet smelling hay fields.

Moreover, under existing conditions, millions of dollars are annually lost by floods. That loss would be greatly diminished by the storage of surplus waters. The dwellers by the banks of rivers would no longer have the dread of the spring freshet constantly beside them. Their lands would be fertile as they are fertile now, fed by a constant water supply relieved of its capacity for harm.

The advocate of irrigation is an expansionist within our own limits, a patriot as valuable as he who urges national development beyond the sea.

SONG OF THE FOREST HEWERS.

THIS is the joy of life, this truly marks
The eternal difference 'twixt quick and dead !
Aye, beat the rank vines down, for where we tread
Dear homes shall follow ! How the panther harks
To the keen, echoing axe ! Its rhythmic fall
Sends him, still snarling, to his evil den.
Sing out, great fertile fields ! The sons of men
Shall kill the choking briars, and the tall
Oaks of the heavy years that trod you down
And barred the happy sunshine shall give place
To clover lands where golden bees may trace
Their paths among the blossoms. The blithe sound
Of quail shall now replace the sullen howl
Of ravening beasts. Throb pulse, and laughing eyes
Answer each other ! Let the rich surprise
Of new made blood, untouched by humors foul,
Add strength to strength. Oh, beautiful wide earth,
How riotously sweet the tasks you give !
And how may we who in such pleasure live
Express the half of what we feel life worth ?

Clinton Dangerfield.

The Race for Sea Power.

BY H. W. WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "IRONCLADS IN ACTION," "THE DOWNFALL OF SPAIN," ETC.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE FEATURES OF THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT DAY IS THE DESPERATE RIVALRY OF THE NATIONS WHO HAVE RESOLVED TO MAKE THEMSELVES POWERFUL AT SEA—THE PRESENT NAVAL STRENGTH OF THE LEADING POWERS, AND THE MIGHTY ISSUES THAT MAY DEPEND ON IT.

NO feature of international politics is more striking than the desperate race for sea power which the present generation is witnessing. So fierce is that rivalry in the building of fleets, so strenuous are the efforts put forth by all the powers which would be considered great, that the competition threatens to issue in the elimination of the weaker combatants by the sheer process of financial exhaustion. In thirty years the naval outlay of the four leading European powers has risen more than threefold. It was \$112,500,000 in 1880; today it stands at \$367,500,000. An enormous burden has been laid upon industries which can ill support it, for the financial progress of Europe has not by any means kept pace with these increased demands.

Many causes have contributed to bring about this race for naval supremacy. One of them—probably one of the most important—is the work of an American naval officer, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, whose demonstration of the part played by sea power in deciding the issue of the great conflicts of history, half forgotten at the time when he wrote, produced an extraordinary effect in Great Britain and in Germany. In the former country it created a new sense of the vital necessity of possessing an invincible fleet; in the latter, it seems to have decided the Kaiser in his resolution to create a powerful navy.

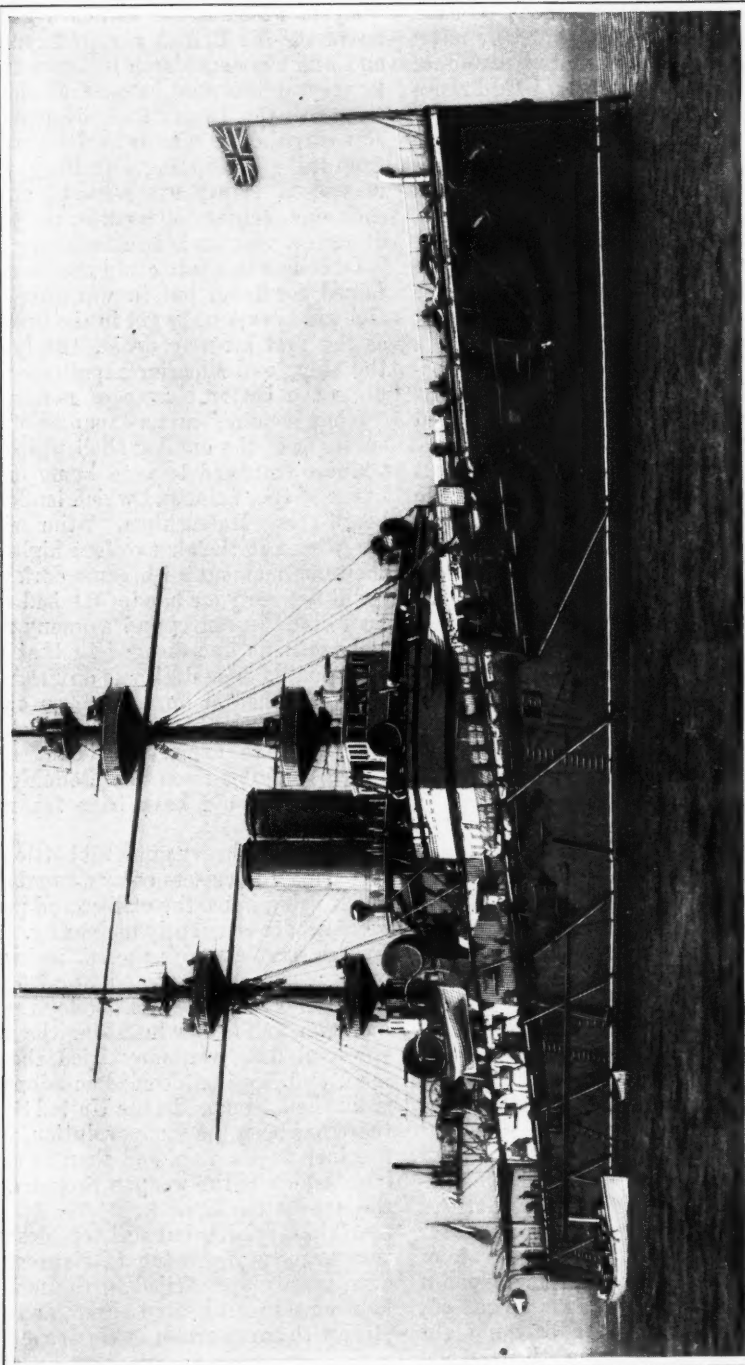
The political developments of the next few years sharpened the competition. The Russo French alliance became an established fact, causing great apprehension in both England and Germany. The war in the far east filled

Russia with fear of a naval contest with Japan. Lastly, the Spanish American struggle reminded all colonial states that their colonies could not be retained without naval force. It is an age of expansion, and every one wants colonies and a strong navy.

THE BUILDING OF HUGE BATTLESHIPS.

Looking closer into this naval rivalry, we note that of recent years the leading powers have more and more concentrated their attention upon large armored vessels. Immense battleships—in the latest and largest British pattern, the King Edward VII, displacing as much as 16,500 tons, or perhaps even more, for the designs and full particulars have not yet been published—have replaced and are replacing the conglomeration of odds and ends which a few years ago made up a navy. There is distinctly visible a tendency to build nothing but large and powerful ships, heavily gunned and well protected with armor, at one end of the scale, and at the other mosquito craft acting by speed and stealth—destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines. As it is clearly recognized, even by their warmest advocates, that the mosquito craft cannot play any great part in a transoceanic struggle, and cannot keep the sea for any long period, the powers with a world policy have naturally fastened their main attention upon vessels which can lie in the line of battle.

Such vessels are often disguised under the name of armored cruisers, but these do not in any marked degree differ from the battleship proper. Great Britain is building well armored and heavily armed cruisers of the Drake and Cressy



GREAT BRITAIN—THE FIRST RATE BATTLESHIP MAJESTIC, BUILT AT PORTSMOUTH, COMPLETED IN 1895—TONNAGE, 14,900 ; HORSE POWER, 12,000 ; SPEED, 17 KNOTS ; COST, \$4,550,000 ; COMPLEMENT, 757 OFFICERS AND MEN ; CARRIES FOUR 12 INCH GUNS IN TURRETS.

classes, displacing 14,320 or 12,200 tons, and it has been openly stated by naval ministers that they are the match of many existing battleships. In France and Russia equally huge vessels are building under the same misleading appellation, while the United States is laying down a whole class of such ships in the superb Colorados of 14,200 tons.

The general aim is more and more to construct nothing that cannot go into battle, and the old "protected" cruiser of the days from 1885 to 1895 is already obsolete and abandoned. The Belleisle experiments in England showed that before a rain of shells from modern guns unarmored structures are destroyed with terrible rapidity.

In the modern fighting ship, an effort is made to protect as much as is possible of the ship's side with armor which will keep out shells, more especially high explosive shells. The effect of these projectiles bursting on board the Belleisle was appalling. Ironwork was twisted and curled "like shavings"; wood was simply pulverized; wooden dummies, even behind armor, were blown or shaken to pieces. So it comes that a thickness of six, seven, or eight inches of steel is generally carried along the greater part of the ship's length, rising amidships to a height of perhaps ten feet above the water line. Above this again are placed the smaller guns, behind armor, and at either end of the ship is a strongly armored turret carrying two heavy guns in battleships, and one heavy gun in most armored cruisers.

THE BATTLESHIP'S WEAPONS.

Great stress is laid upon rapidity of fire. In the latest British twelve inch gun, which is carried in all the new British battleships, and which weighs a little more than fifty tons, a rate of fire of two shots a minute has been actually recorded in trials. The German Krupp eleven inch gun, which is lighter and smaller, has given the same rate of fire. With her heavy weapons alone a British ship would be able to get off, in the first minute of a battle, eight shells, weighing between them 6,800 pounds.

An even greater rapidity of discharge has been secured with the new 9.2 inch

weapon, which is the standard gun on board the big British armored cruisers, and which is henceforth to figure in the battery of the new battleships side by side with the twelve inch weapon. In actual trials five rounds have been fired from this gun, starting with the gun unloaded, in eighty five seconds, and as each shot weighs 380 pounds, the power of such a weapon is tremendous.

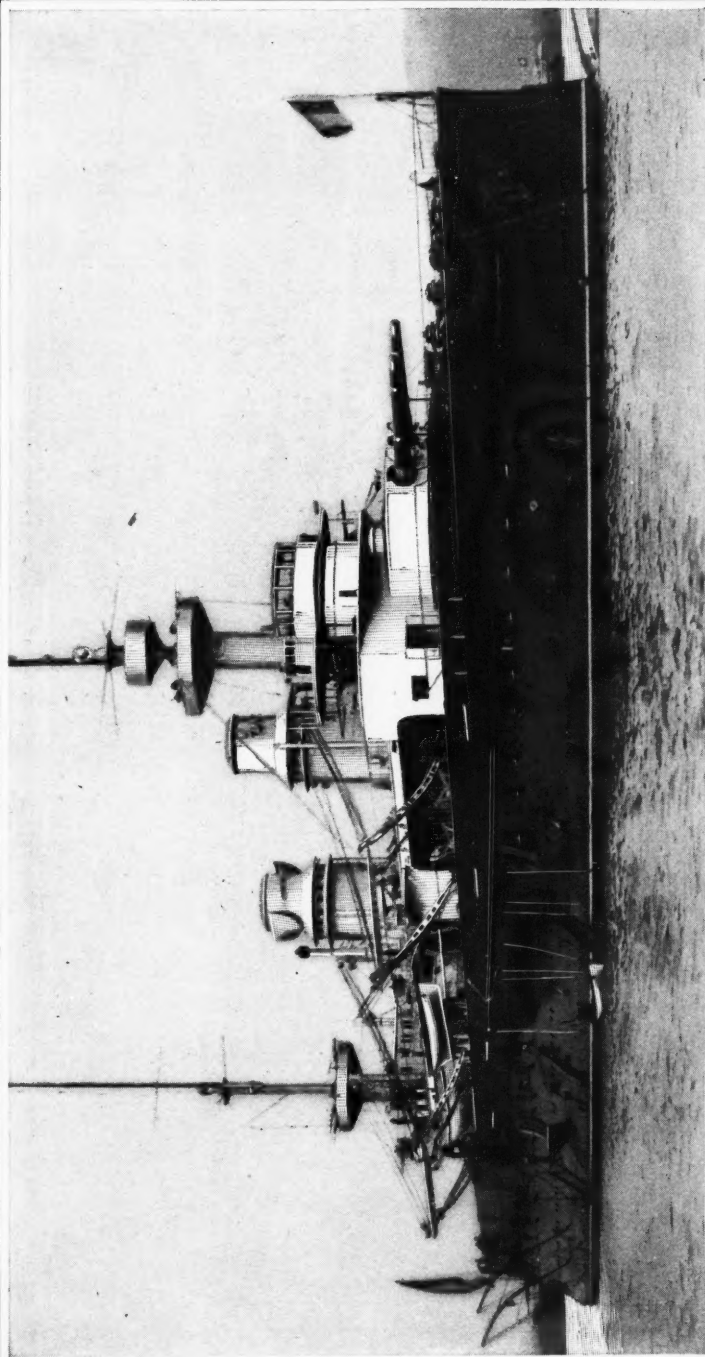
Of course this rate could not be maintained for long, but in war the great aim will always be to get in the first hit; as the first hit may decide the fate of the ship; and superior rapidity of fire gives the better chance of making it. "When it came," says a Japanese officer, speaking of the one big shell which the Chinese managed to send home in the battle of the Yalu, and which landed on board the Matsushima, "the shock threw men in the air two feet high. At the same moment all became dark; you could not see your hand. We had forty men killed instantly and as many more wounded; no one escaped in that part of the ship. The deck was on fire," and the vessel had at once to steam out of the battle. Yet this shell was not charged with high explosive, the effect of which, judging from the Belleisle experiments, would have been far more terrible.

Besides the heavy guns, all battleships and armored cruisers carry a number of quick firing guns, the caliber and power of which are constantly increasing. The British navy employs the six inch gun, but is now preparing to adopt a 7.5 inch weapon. France used to employ the 5.5 inch gun, and is now installing the more powerful 6.3. Germany tried the 5.9 inch, and has just decided to adopt instead the 6.7 inch. In the United States there has been the same evolution, from five inch to six inch, and then to seven inch, which is the weapon proposed for the new battleships.

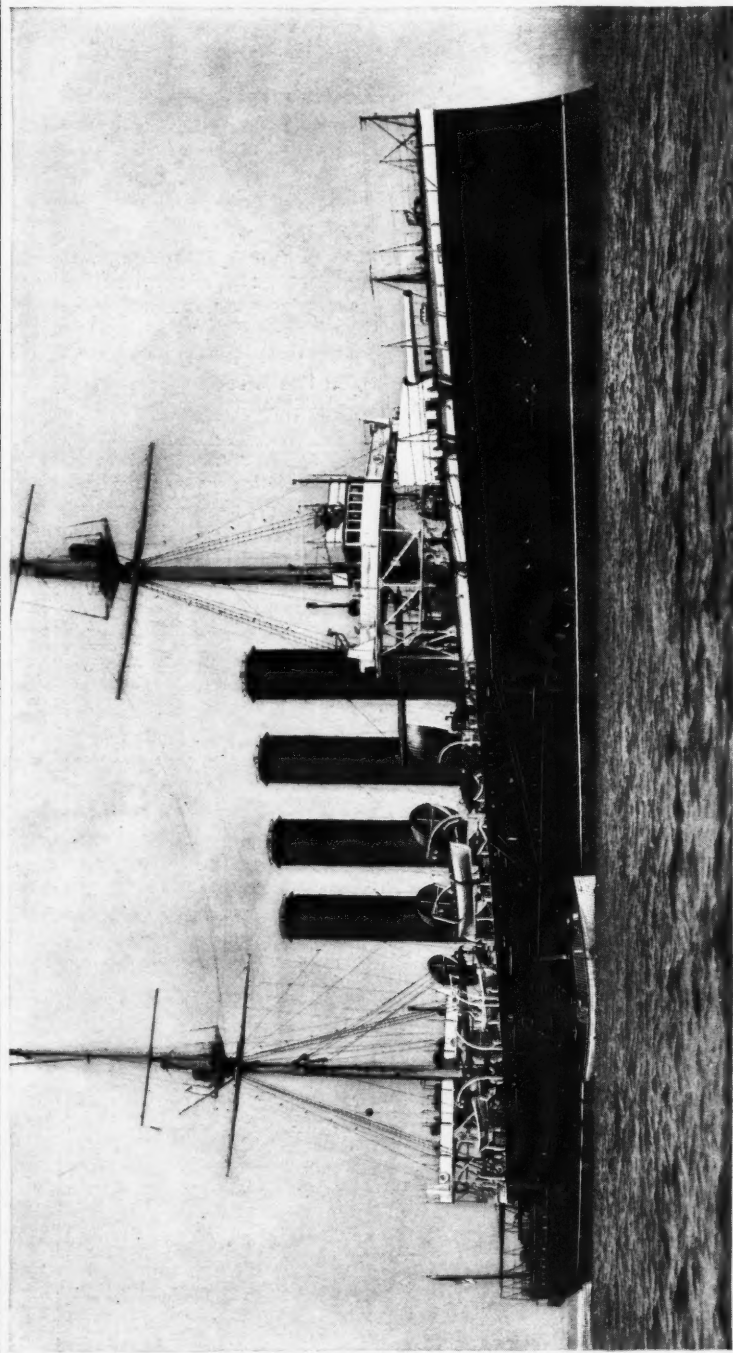
Of these smaller but still very destructive weapons, from ten to eighteen or even twenty are carried in the modern fighting ship, all behind armor, and supplied with ammunition by electric hoists.

THE BATTLESHIP'S SIZE AND POWER.

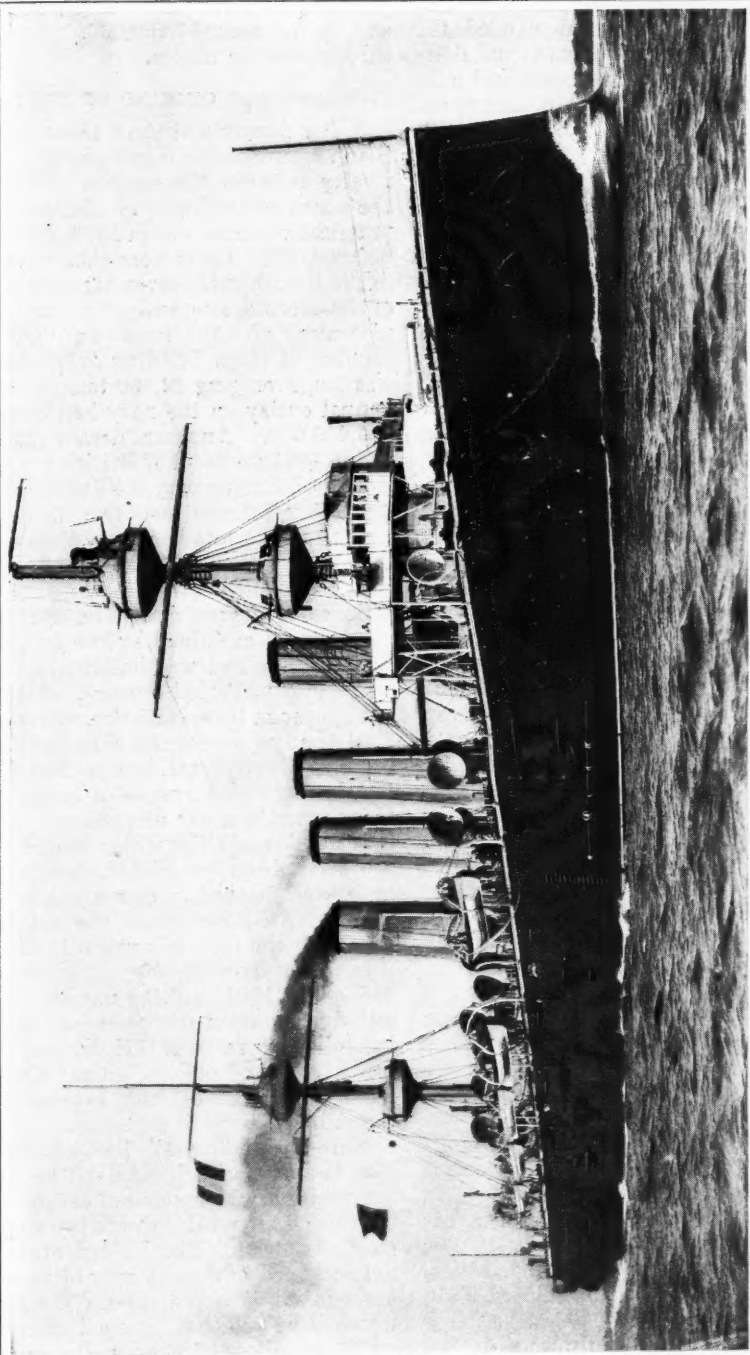
To propel the steel monsters, engines of immense power are fitted below a



FRANCE—THE FIRST RATE BATTLESHIP GAULOIS, LAUNCHED AT BREST IN 1896—TONNAGE, 11,275; HORSE POWER, 14,500; SPEED, 18 KNOTS; COST \$5,465,000; COMPLEMENT, 632 OFFICERS AND MEN; CARRIES FOUR 12 INCH GUNS IN TURRETS.



GREAT BRITAIN—THE ARMORED CRUISER CRESSY, BUILT AT GLASGOW, COMPLETED IN 1901—TONNAGE, 12,000; HORSE POWER, 21,000; SPEED, 21 KNOTS; COST, \$3,615,000; COMPLEMENT, 615 OFFICERS AND MEN; CARRIES TWO 9 2 INCH GUNS IN TURRETS.



GREAT BRITAIN—THE PROTECTED CRUISER TERRIBLE, BUILT AT GLASGOW, COMPLETED IN 1895—TONNAGE, 14,200; HORSE POWER, 25,000; SPEED, 22.4 KNOTS; COST, \$3,405,000; COMPLEMENT, 840 OFFICERS AND MEN; CARRIES TWO 9.2 INCH GUNS IN TURRETS.

horizontal armor deck. Higher and higher speeds have been demanded, till in the newest types of German and British battleships we have a measured mile speed of nineteen knots. In the armored cruiser a pace of twenty one to twenty three knots is the latest standard.

Besides the main engines there is a tangle of machinery for every conceivable purpose—pumping engines, capstan engines, ash hoisting engines, and what not. The total of these auxiliary engines in the newest types reaches ninety six in the large torpedo depot ship *Vulcan*, and this is the European record, but in few large ships does it fall below ninety.

The modern battleship or armored cruiser has an immense advantage, apart from her crushing military superiority—a superiority which can only be menaced seriously by the torpedo, face to face with which her size and her armor avail her nothing. This advantage resides in her good nautical qualities. The small craft is almost uninhabitable in bad weather, and her men are quickly reduced to a condition which can only be described as pitiable; while the crew of the big ship are comfortable in even the worst weather, and can eat and cook their meals.

Moreover, the bigger the ship, the more certain she is of steaming fast in rough weather. For all their thirty paper knots, there are few destroyers that could be trusted in a heavy sea to outsteam a good modern battleship. Obviously, the small craft will be at the battleship's mercy, unless the sea is smooth; for if she once overhauls them and brings them within range of her guns, she will knock them to bits before they can get near enough to use their torpedoes.

Size being so important, and so much being required of the naval architect, it is not surprising that the fighting ship has steadily risen in tonnage. Each year it becomes larger, and more costly per ton. The pioneer British ironclad *Warrior*, completed in 1861, displaced 9,210 tons and cost \$1,750,000. The King Edward VII of 1901 displaces 16,500 tons and will cost \$6,000,000. The French *Magenta* of 1890 displaced 10,800 tons and cost \$3,800,000; the Ré-

publique of 1902 displaces 14,800 tons and is to cost \$7,100,000. And so throughout the navies.

THE RACE FOR COMMAND OF THE SEA.

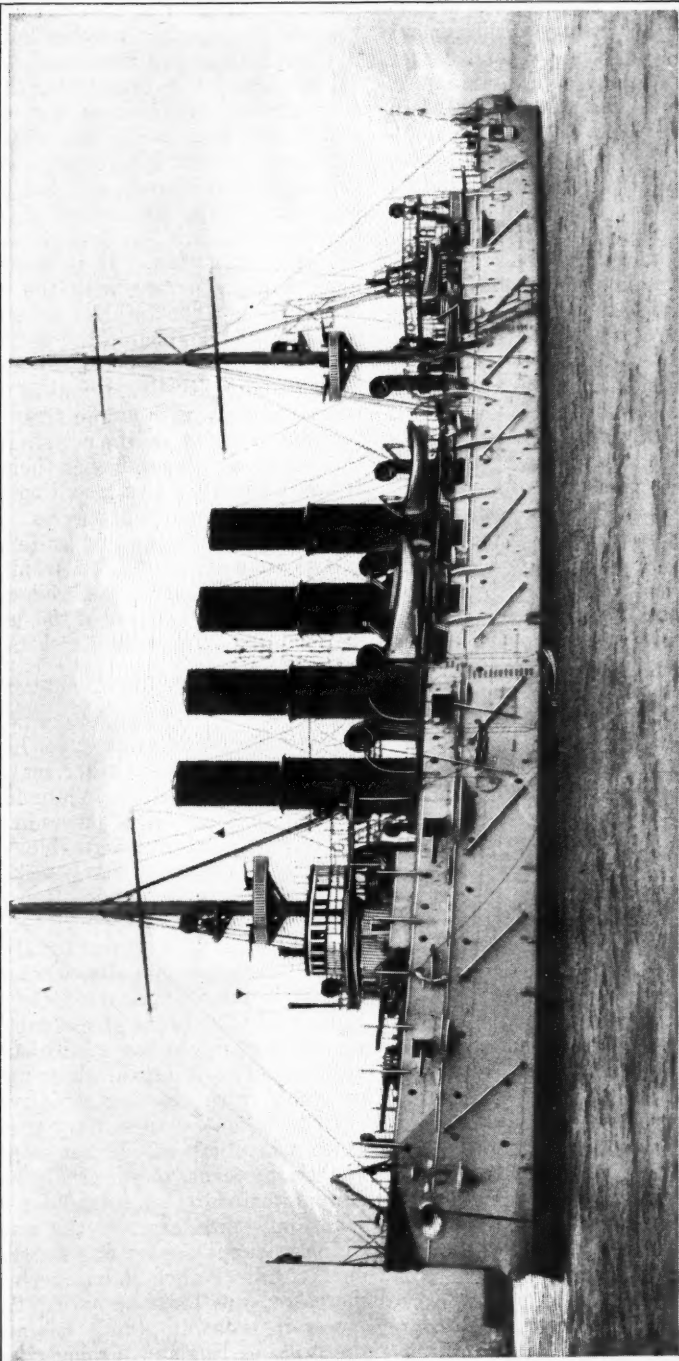
A few figures will show more clearly than any words the development of the rivalry between the powers. In 1880 the naval expenditure of England was practically what it was in 1870, just over \$50,000,000. There were then building in the British yards seven armored ships of considerable size, with an average displacement of 8,100 tons. In 1890 the number of ships building or projected was ten, averaging 12,400 tons, and the annual outlay on the navy had risen to \$85,000,000. Another decade passes, and in 1901 the total of British armored ships building or projected reaches the surprising figure of forty five, averaging 12,600 tons, while the yearly outlay is now no less than \$154,000,000.

The stupendous increase in numbers is in some degree deceptive, for it is partly to be explained by the fact that in 1890 England was building a large number of protected cruisers, which do not appear in these statistics, whereas in 1901 she has practically abandoned the building of such craft, and has laid down few but armored vessels of large size. Her figures, too, are at present swollen by a number of ships which should long ago have been completed, but which have been delayed in construction.

The British personnel has not kept pace with the demands upon it, though it has risen from 60,000 men in 1880 to 118,000 in 1901, and the navy is in the awkward position of possessing but an insignificant reserve. It is, even in peace, short of officers, short of engineers, and short of men, especially in the skilled ratings.

Notwithstanding all her efforts, it may be questioned if England has held her position. Her nominal standard is the capacity to meet the next two strongest fleets at sea. The United States is not reckoned in the category of possible antagonists, it would seem. The fleets which England has especial cause to watch are those of France, Russia, and Germany.

In the period under survey the French fleet has advanced far less than the oth-



RUSSIA—THE PROTECTED CRUISER VARIAG, LAUNCHED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1899—TONNAGE, 6,500; HORSE POWER, 20,000; SPEED, 23 KNOTS; COMPLEMENT, 571 OFFICERS AND MEN; CARRIES TWELVE 6 INCH GUNS.

er two. In 1880 it had thirteen armored ships with an average displacement of 7,200 tons building, a total larger than that of England at the same date. Its annual cost was \$36,000,000. In 1890 the outlay had risen to \$60,000,000, but the total of armored ships in hand had fallen to twelve, averaging 6,200 tons. In 1901 the expenditure was \$65,500,000, and there were under construction nineteen ships fit for the line, of an average size of 10,500 tons. Thus the gain within the period of twenty years was comparatively small.

Far otherwise has it been with Germany and Russia. In 1880 no one seriously considered the Russian fleet. The yearly outlay on it was only \$13,500,000, and the number of armored ships building was but two of an average size of 6,700 tons. By 1890 there had been a great change; the estimates had risen to \$21,000,000, while seven armored ships of 9,100 tons apiece were building. Then the stimulus of the increasing German navy, and the rivalry of the powers in the far east, necessitated a still more ambitious program, and in 1901 we find Russia spending \$50,000,000 on paper, and probably a good deal more in actual fact, while she has thirteen armored ships in hand of 12,200 tons average displacement.

GERMANY'S BID FOR SEA POWER.

But of all the great powers Germany has been the most active, considering her resources and the fact that with her everything had to be created. From \$10,000,000, her naval estimates rose in the ten years between 1880 and 1890 to \$22,000,000, while in the year 1901 they attained \$48,000,000, a figure which was probably exceeded in actual fact. For it must not be forgotten that while England and France, if anything, overstate their estimates, and at times fail to spend up to the sums voted, Russia and Germany pursue an opposite policy, and do not always let the world know what they are doing. There is also the indirect tax of compulsory service to be taken into account when comparing their estimates with those of England and America.

Moreover, Germany has displayed great foresight in expanding her ar-

senals and dockyards, concurrently with the increase in her number of ships. She has not acted at haphazard. In naval matters, as in everything that she does, she has worked upon a systematic and logical plan. She has established immense works at Ellerbeck, near Kiel, and at Wilhelmshaven, and has made a beginning in the acquisition of oversea coaling stations. Nor has the personnel been forgotten. It is being augmented to keep pace with the growth of the fleet. The total of officers and men has been doubled in the last twenty years, and it is to be doubled once more by 1920, when it will stand at 55,000 officers and men, with ample reserves.

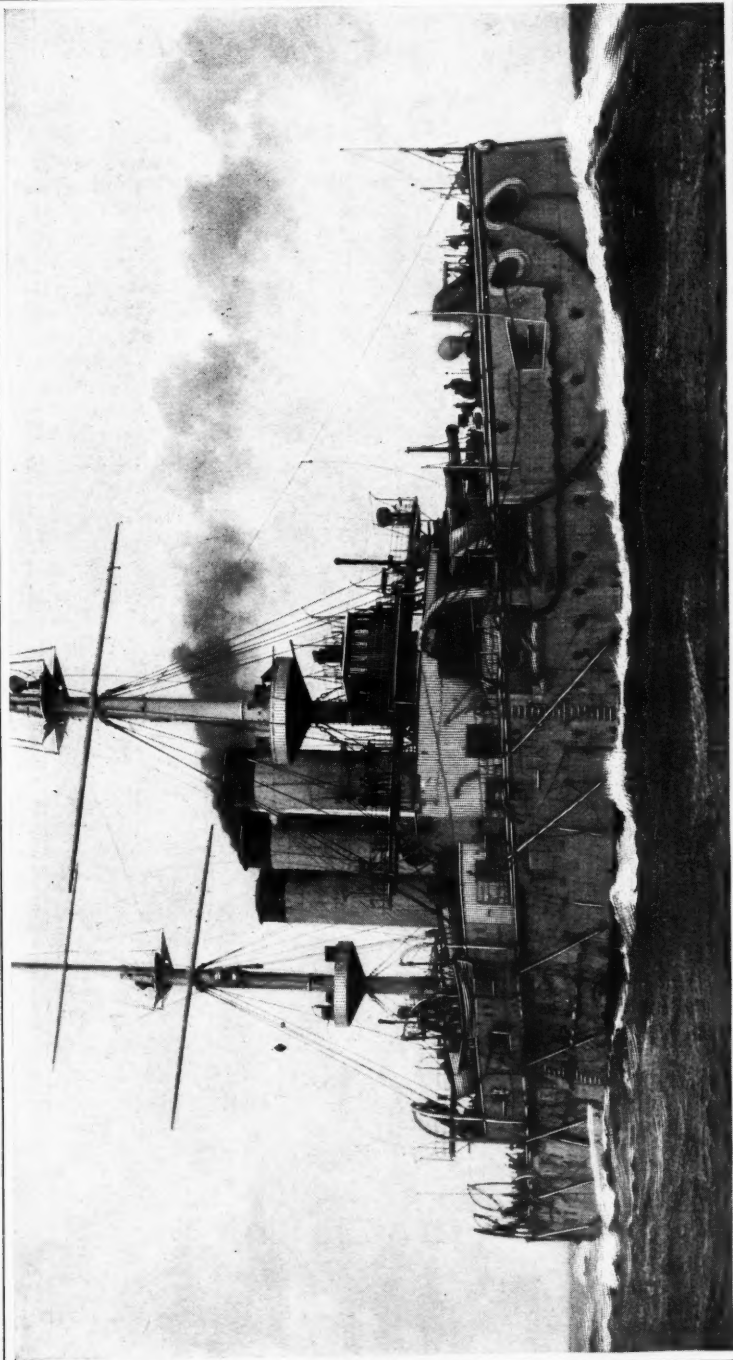
Some German military writers hold that six or eight years hence their country will be able to engage England in war with fair chances of success. And it is almost certain that, in spite of the severe financial depression from which Germany has recently suffered, further demands for the increase of the fleet will soon be submitted to the Reichstag.

AN ALLY FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

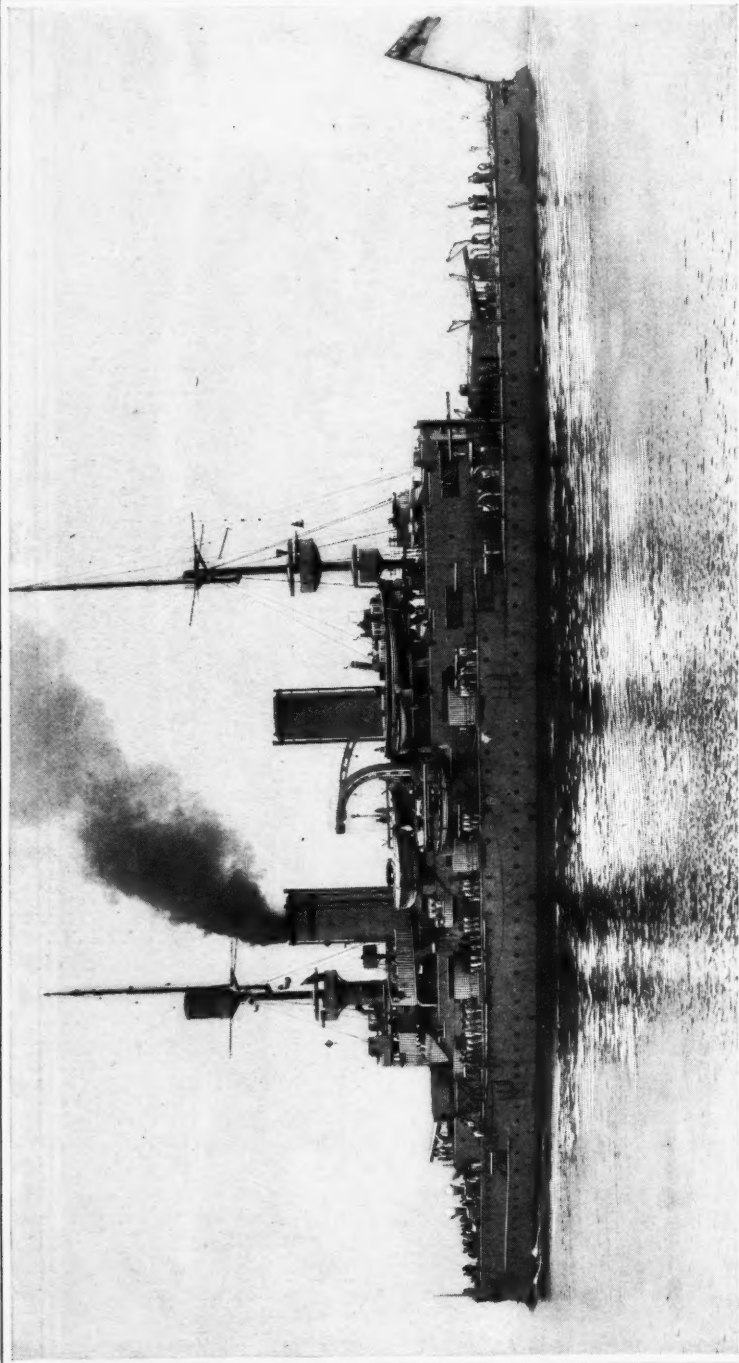
The prospects of Britain are not rosy, unless she can find an ally; yet her very existence depends upon her sea power, and were her naval predominance lost, her empire would fall to pieces in a cataclysm of almost unimaginable horror. Her free trade policy has wrecked her agriculture, and no one knows whether it will be possible to support her population in a war with a great naval power. There is one possible ally, whose interests are in the main England's interests, and who, in the event of a combination against her, might come into battle on her side. This is Japan, whose navy has developed with amazing rapidity.*

In 1890 the Japanese navy was insignificant in numbers. It was so good in quality, however, so admirably trained, and animated by so splendid a spirit, that four years later, in the war with China, it swept the sea of a far stronger enemy. Since then it has been vastly increased, and today in actual fighting power it probably stands behind only the fleets of England, France, the Uni-

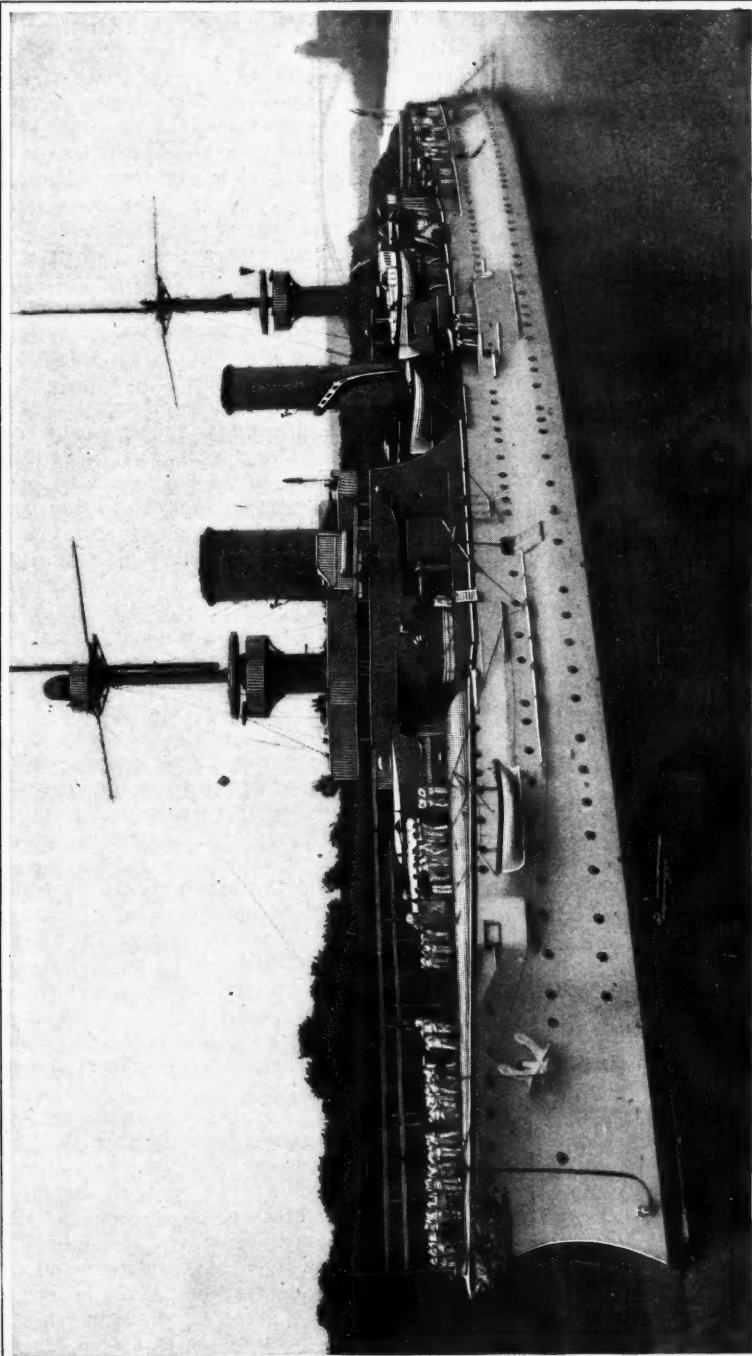
*Mr. Wilson's forecast of a possible alliance between Great Britain and Japan is peculiarly interesting from the fact that it was written a few weeks before the announcement of the treaty between the two powers.



JAPAN—THE FIRST RATE BATTLESHIP SHIKISHIMA, LAUNCHED ON THE THAMES IN 1898—TONNAGE, 14,850; HORSE POWER, 14,500; SPEED, 18½ KNOTS; COMPLEMENT, 741 OFFICERS AND MEN; CARRIES FOUR 12 INCH GUNS IN TURRETS.



GERMANY—THE FIRST RATE BATTLESHIP KAISER FRIEDRICH III, LAUNCHED AT WILHELMSHAVEN IN 1899—TONNAGE, 11,130; HORSE POWER, 13,000; SPEED, 18 KNOTS; COST, \$3,530,000; COMPLEMENT, 700 OFFICERS AND MEN; CARRIES FOUR 9.4 INCH GUNS IN TURRETS.



GERMANY—THE ARMORED CRUISER FÜRST BISMARCK, LAUNCHED AT KIEL IN 1897—TONNAGE, 10,650; HORSE POWER, 14,000; SPEED, 19 KNOTS; COMPLEMENT, 565 OFFICERS AND MEN; CARRIES FOUR 9.4 INCH GUNS IN TURRETS.

ted States, Germany, and Russia. A further building program is now being drawn up, but, like so many of her rivals, Japan is for the time at the end of her financial tether, and finds it difficult to scrape together the money required. Yet her help may be of infinite value, and, thrown into the scale on England's side, it might well turn the balance.

But when the day of battle comes, when the great gray and black monsters of steel carry their crews into action, there are many things that will count besides mere numbers—things which make little impression in time of peace, and which are sometimes forgotten by the unobservant.

First and foremost is training in fleet maneuvering and in shooting. The British navy used to show skepticism as to the scores said to have been made by American gunners on the eve of their war with Spain, but experience has proved that these were not impossibly high. Within the past year a gunner in the British cruiser *Terrible* has hit the target, at a range of fourteen hundred yards, eight times within one minute with a six inch gun. Another man in the same ship hit it five times out of six shots in three minutes with the ponderous 9.2 inch gun. And this, be it remembered, was actual work at sea, under the conditions which would exist in war, but with a target very much smaller than a warship would present.

THE HORRORS OF A MODERN SEA FIGHT.

When two great fleets meet in combat, the possibilities of the tremendous forces employed almost transcend the imagination. The gun becomes more and more terrible in its destructiveness as each year passes, while the invention of the gyroscope has augmented the efficiency of the deadly torpedo. Fire, it may safely be assumed, will be opened at extreme ranges, seeing the importance of making the first hits, and then will come the opportunity for such gunners as those of the *Terrible*.

At eight, seven, or six thousand yards, it requires an admirable shot to hit so difficult a target as is a fast moving ship. But picture the result to any vessel, however well armored, of receiving in a couple of minutes three or

four twelve inch shells, each charged with high explosive; each bursting with incredible violence, shattering to fragments all steel but the stoutest plate, tossing wood—if there is any on board—in splinters in all directions, killing men by the mere shock, setting the ship on fire, if there is anything inflammable about her, tearing down smokestacks and ventilators, and enshrouding the living target in a thick pall of smoke and deadly fumes.

It is notorious that those who watched the Belleisle experiments, when in the space of a few minutes an old ironclad was knocked to pieces by a modern battleship, felt positively "jumpy" at the thought of what would happen in actual battle. The target was hidden in a dense cloud of smoke, almost as soon as firing began; but now and again out of the vortex of destruction splinters and fragments were tossed high in the air.

With the big shells there would come, in a battle, dozens of smaller projectiles of all sizes from the six inch to the twelve pounder, destroying everything that had not armor to protect it, entering through portholes, and adding to the destructiveness of the big shells by rendering it impossible to combat the fires they started or the leaks they caused.

If the fleets are at all evenly matched in the all important matter of gunnery, there is certain to be terrible damage done, and the loss of life is sure to be heavy. The conditions will be such as to shake the strongest nerve, and to stun the sanest brain. Even under the strain of a modern land battle, where the circumstances are far less terrible, men's minds give way. From the South African battlefields no few officers and men were sent home in a state of total mental collapse. Nothing is more fearful to the civilized senses than the frightful shock and uproar caused by the bursting of a heavy shell. The roar of the projectile, the crash of its impact, the thunder of its explosion, and the sight of the dying and the dead, form a hideous combination of terrors. And below, the bursting of boilers and steam pipes under the shock of the explosion, the suffocation or scalding of the ammunition parties and firemen, would complete the ensemble of suffering.

The Desertion of Winunla.

A TALE OF THE WIFE THE HON. FRED LEFT BEHIND HIM, AND OF THEIR BABY.

BY H. T. GEORGE.

I.

IT was late autumn at Doss Fort and on the reservation. It was late autumn wherever parallels permitted, but on the agency, as is the way with agencies, it was a gloomier autumn than the rest of the world knew.

The Hon. Fred's girl wife held her baby in her arms and looked away down the wagon track—two gray lines cutting into halves the brown loneliness of the prairie. The baby gurgled ecstatically to a crack across the window pane, but his mother thought it was because he was watching for his father, even as her own eyes reached out to the sullen emptiness of the east.

"You will know him, Small One of my Soul," she said, with a mother's faith in a three months old intelligence. "See! He will walk so, as though there were no place in all the world where his foot was not welcome. And when he sees you he will laugh—so—with his head held back, and all the air will be big with his voice!"

And then, having grown gay for a moment in imitating the stride and the laughter of the Hon. Fred, the girl remembered her loneliness and held the baby against her lips to stop their quivering. For is it not the part of women to wait patiently when their men go into the East, promising with great vows to return?

"And his eyes are so blue, Dear One—his eyes are so blue!" she said.

Since he went, the winter too had gone, and the spring with its green hope, and the summer, when life holds its breath and listens under the sun, and now the autumn, when death seeks for things and a woman's heart must cling harder to the hope in it, lest it too die.

It was in August that the baby came, ushered into this world by the agency

midwife, Awanasta, while the hot darkness pressed against the windows, and a greater darkness groped for a life—and drew back slowly.

And after came the mother cry, and Awanasta laid the child in the helpless hollow of her arm. "It is a great chief, Little Dear One," she said cheerfully. "Art thou not glad that a chief shall feed at thy breast?"

Winunla looked at the brown bit of life against her arm, and a fierce, unloving protest grew in her heavy eyes before she closed them frowningly.

"He is all of my people," she said faintly. "Take him away, Awanasta."

At the agency store they questioned Awanasta eagerly concerning this new ward of the government.

"He is a man child, big like his father and brown like his mother," said the midwife sententiously, weighing her tobacco plug in her wrinkled hand.

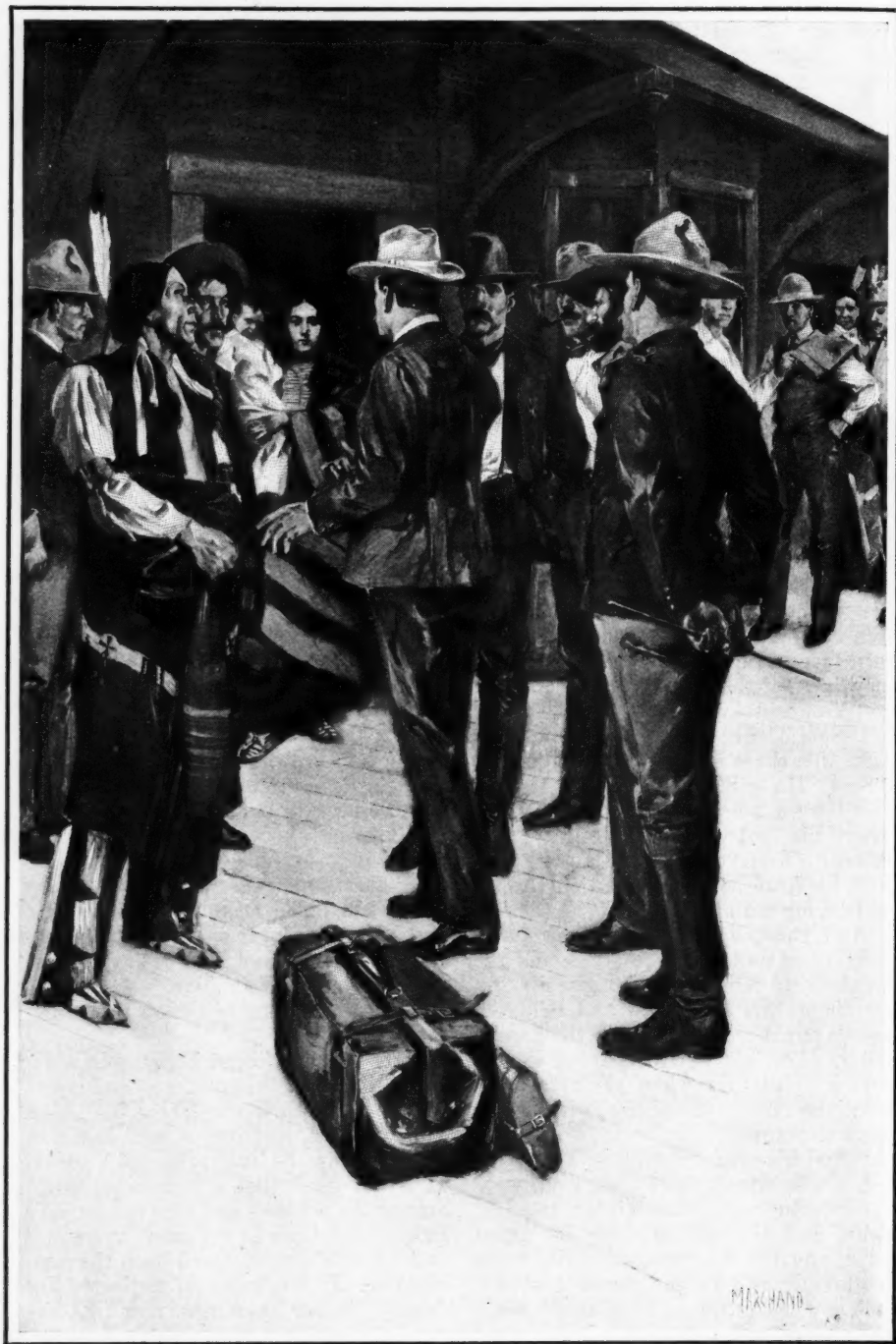
"Ah—he! brown like his mother! And what says his mother to that?" The questioner was Winunla's cousin and a full blood Dakota. Moreover, he had been her lover in the days before her Eastern school had taken her in and sent her back an alien.

Old Awanasta turned upon the young man savagely.

"If Winunla forgot her people when the white man beckoned, well and good! In the year while she tasted his kisses she forgot us, needing us not. But now—there was the full price paid today. It is not good that a woman go down among the shadows and have not a man's hand to hold her in the great moment."

Awanasta's verdict had been the general one. If Winunla had neglected her friends in her happiness, now that she needed them they came back a faithful, silent people to the call of her deserted motherhood.

"It is good of you, my people," she said to them, "and when my husband



"HE SAW HER WAITING, RADIANT AND PROUD, AND WITH A BUNDLE THAT STIRRED IN HER ARMS."

returns with that gold of his father that is his, you shall be glad with many blankets and with much tobacco. Shall they not, my Small One?" And her eyes smiled above the dusky head of the child. Something in the sober faces about her spoke certain truths to her, and she lifted the child high as though she showed them a pledge.

"When my husband returns!" she challenged them sharply. And Awanasta drove them from the room, scuttling behind them until the door closed upon their doubts.

But there were other doubts that remained beside the young mother's pillow, and as she grew stronger moved with her into familiar ways. The pity of her people wrapped her about in a cruel, whispering sympathy, and Winunla shut her lips and steeled her eyes against it, and held her head high as her loneliness grew upon her.

Over at the Fort the men talked of her and sent presents to the heir according to their means and from the common great heart among them. There was a general sentiment against the Hon. Fred, who the year before had been the friend of all of them. There was also a general disgust for his lack of taste.

"Squaws of Winunla's style ain't plenty," said Sergeant Callan reproachfully, "an' to pick 'er an' throw 'er away ain't the act of a gentleman. We all give Fred credit f'r bein' a gentleman."

"It's a mighty shabby trick to play even a Injin," said Murry. His eyes rested tenderly on his own half breed wife, washing his shirts down in the married quarters. Murry beat his wife as a matter of course, but he would never have deserted her. "For," continued Murry sententiously, "squaws is women."

But Corporal Blake was silent, lying in the dry grass with his cap low over his eyes, and thinking of Winunla and the kid. For the kid had held Blake's finger for a blissful half hour that afternoon and Blake had carried the finger stiffly separate from its fellows for the rest of the day.

Blake had been the Hon. Fred's friend back in the mother country. He

knew better than another what was the home from which the Hon. Fred had been irascibly exiled, and to which he had been recalled. He knew better than another how different would be the new-old ways and the women. He had a swift vision of it all—the luxury, the ultra culture, the traditions. And there had been a girl with cool, sweet eyes and a slow—too slow—voice, in the old days—a girl who knew Winunla's race only in posters, and who would teach the Hon. Fred to forget, or, if memory were stubborn, to groan, remembering.

Blake, with his cap over his eyes, lay very silent.

II.

THE doctor and the local missionary discussed the situation with more minuteness than they could generally afford to individual tragedies among their people. The doctor had come to this particular agency since the apostasy of the Hon. Fred, but he had lived on other agencies and he understood.

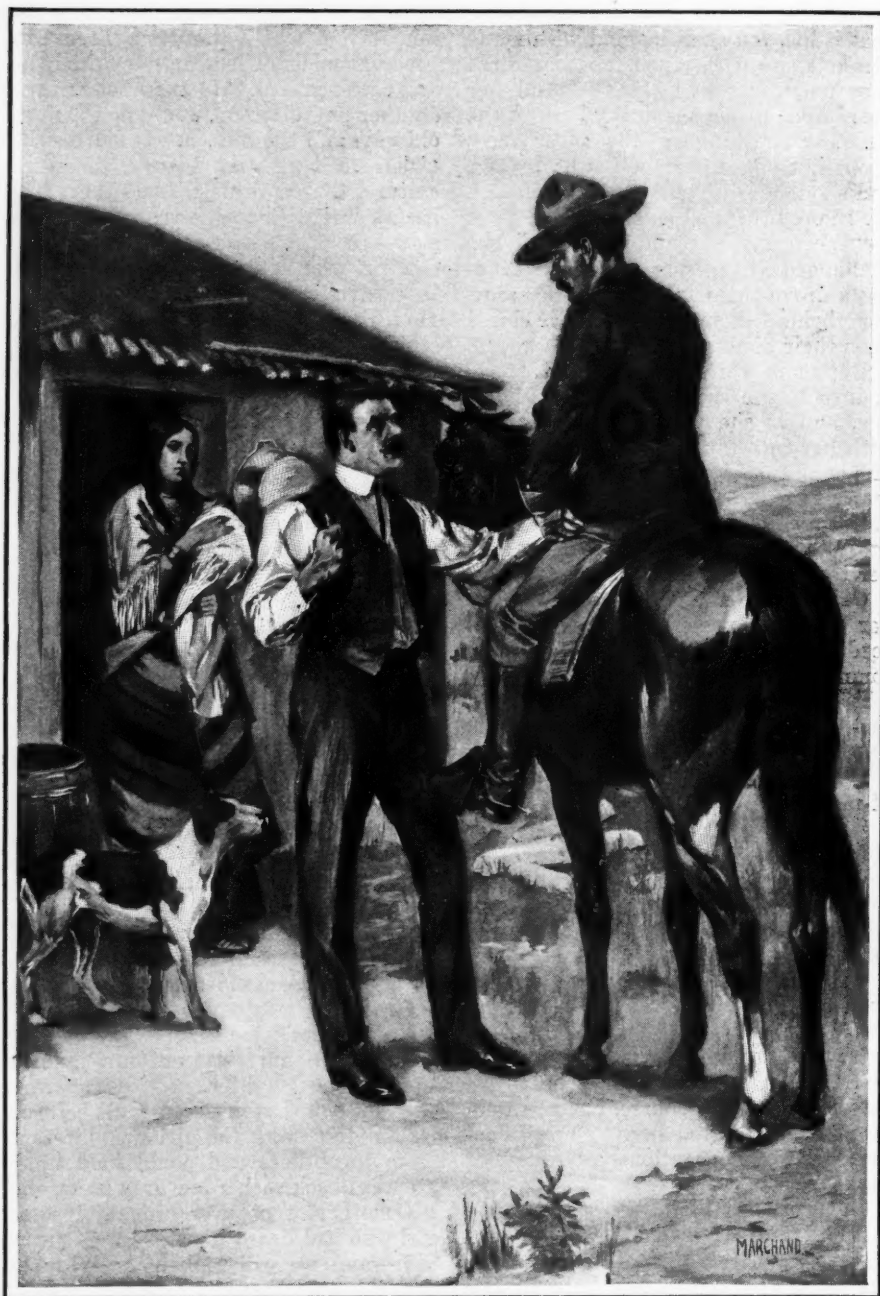
"It's largely our own fault," he said. "In nine cases out of ten it's our own fault. We pity these youngsters—these cast off younger sons who ought to be cast off, God knows! Then we let them marry one of our people—the people we are set to watch over—and we think we've done our duty if the wedding's legal."

"But he seemed to care for the girl," the missionary said feebly. "And I'm quite sure he intended to come back as soon as the estate was settled. He—in fact, he told me so."

The missionary was not surprised at the doctor's laughter.

"And you haven't seen it all before? Or did you think the girl was different from the others and could hold him? He went back with a few gray hairs, and his mother wept over him, and some girl who had heard his story will marry him—and we will look after Winunla and the half breed."

The missionary sighed. It was one of the stereotyped tragedies which he knew by heart, and could in no wise help. Only, he had warned Winunla as he had warned others of his maidens. He had said to her:



"I SHALL BE AT THE FORT WAITING TO BE KICKED."

"He is not of your world, my dear, and sooner or later there will be great yearning in him for his own, and he will go back to it, and leave you to grow

old with memories. And your people will walk apart from you and whisper when you pass them—alone. Take rather some man from among them—

your people—brave and strong and one with you."

But Winunla had smiled securely, and lifted stubborn eyes to the missionary's pleading.

"Is he not brave and strong above all men? And he has stooped to me, and he shall be one with me and I with him."

"You are a fool, Winunla," the missionary had said with unprofessional sharpness. And then he had married them, and, seeing the great light in the face of the Hon. Fred—a face grown unwontedly grave as he turned to kiss his bride—had even dared to hope that all might be well.

But so he had hoped before—and then sighed as he sighed now, walking with the doctor past the house where Winunla dwelt, as he had prophesied, with her memories. In the doorway stood Winunla, her baby held against her breast. The girl's dark face smiled at them.

Half an hour before, a man had come down the wagon track, a big man with a wide gait, and black as even a fair man would be against the setting sun. Winunla, watching from her window, had seen him, and, catching the baby in her arms, she threw the door open and stood waiting—clenching her impatient feet on the threshold. The blood flashed across her yellow cheek. When she flushed so, the Hon. Fred had said she was like a tulip—an English tulip. Her dusky eyes grew narrow to hold back the happy tears, her breath came sharp between her parted lips.

"Wait until he laughs, Dear Heart!" she whispered. "And his eyes—they are so blue!"

From the roadway Ookiye, the old chief who bore his years as a strong youth his beauty, waved his hand to her in passing. And behind him the blank November prairie grew red beneath the dying sun.

Winunla still stood in the doorway when the doctor and the missionary passed. They looked at her and their hearts were sad within them because they realized the pathos of the girl's attitude. She had been standing so for half an hour, and the wind was cold

about her, but only her heart felt the chill of it.

III.

OVER at the Fort the shortening days brought shrewd discussion of the situation.

"It will be a year next week," said Sergeant Callan. "Faith, it's not a gayer story because it's an old one. I knew the day he went away—and she at the train with him, kissing him good by like a white girl, with the tears in the eyes of her and her heart on her lips. I knew that day—and didn't you, Blake?"

Blake shifted his cap to look away over the homesick prairie with puckered eyes. "No," he said stubbornly. "Because Winunla is not a woman for a man to drop easily."

A soldier laughed brutally. "Not if you had held her first, eh? Never mind—she's for the first comer now, Blake, and that may be you—I like them white myself!"

Then, because there was a general movement in his embarrassed direction, he withdrew expeditiously and with understanding. For there are men to whom womanhood is always white.

And Blake crossed the three miles of prairie to the agency. Winunla greeted him with the grave courtesy of her people, warmed with a certain pretty gladness because he had been her husband's friend. And Blake, quite understanding, watched the girl with eyes that were used to finding new beauties in her.

That she should be left so—for men to pity and for curs to jeer at!

He pinched the baby's shapeless moccasin, and stooped to bring a brass button in reach of the groping fingers. Winunla, holding the child by its frock, laughed down at the big, clean fellow and the tiny life that was some day to be a man. And then suddenly a sob broke across the laughter, and Blake, looking up quickly, surprised a wave of tears across her heavy lidded eyes.

He straightened himself to attention.

"You are thinking—if his father could play so with him?" he asked gently.

Winunla nodded. "And so the tears come," she said apologetically. "There is such foolishness in woman. Next week he will come. On Tuesday we will go up to the town to meet him—the child and I. Will we not, O Small One?"

The tears were dried on the pink frock as she held her child against her face.

"But if he should not come?" Blake demanded brutally.

She looked at him quickly. "That will be a year that he is gone," she said. "He would not stay longer than a year."

"But if he should?" persisted Blake.

Winunla bent her face again against the baby and there was silence in the little room.

Then she lifted her eyes to Blake, and the savage woke in them and blazed at him.

"You are an evil man!" she quivered. "You wake sadness in us—the child and me—and you are glad!"

And then her eyes softened.

"Ah, no, ah, no," she said crooningly, as if she comforted the child. "It is only that he thinks foolishly, this friend of thy father, Small One!"

And Blake smiled reassuringly. "He will come," he said gently—and his heart was hot against this friend of his.

And that night a letter went out to the Hon. Fred.

"At least," thought Blake, as he sealed it with a mighty thump of a heavy fist, "he shall know what decent men think of him."

IV.

ON Tuesday Winunla and the child and old Asawunta went across the river to the town.

On Tuesday the town was gay with blankets and with grim, bronze faces.

"For though she forgot her people and believed foolishly in a white man, it is not good that her people forget her when there is trouble upon her," said old Ookiye, the chief. "After the hope comes sorrow, and then we will go back with her across the river, and she shall be one with us—her people."

And Winunla read their hearts.

And she held her head very high—higher than she had held it when from all the maidens of her tribe the Hon. Fred had chosen her. But there was in her eyes a plea that made Blake clench his hands fiercely, and the doctor clear his throat savagely. So they waited until the train drew up at the station.

She made a pretty picture, Winunla, as she stood in the station door. The gaily striped blanket had slipped back from the dusky oval of her face, and the gorgeous abandon of its loosened folds fell about her like a frame. High up against her face she held the much swathed baby in her strong young arms, and a sudden reverence grew in the hearts of those who saw her. So that whenever thereafter they looked at a picture of the Holy Motherhood, they saw again this Madonna of the plains.

But what she was saying in the baby's ear was only, "You will know him, Dear One. Big and strong and full of laughter. And his eyes—his eyes are so blue—not ugly like mine and thine, poor Little Owl!"

The train made but an unappreciable stop at the station, but today it seemed a long, long time before its four passengers stepped from it—a couple of commercial travelers, a priest, and a gaunt woman with a mission. Then there was the clank and jar of moving wheels and a low moan in the baby's ear as Winunla turned back to the gloomy waiting room. Without, her friends stood awkwardly waiting until some one should feel an inspiration to comfort her.

It was then, as the last car lurched past the platform, that the Hon. Fred, grip laden and radiant, sprang from it.

The very blue eyes took in the waiting groups, the doctor and the missionary, the blue coats from the fort—the friends—the motionless blanketed figures—his people. A delighted surprise ran across his face before he greeted them exuberantly. "Upon my soul, all of you here! How did you know I was coming today?"

He was shaking hands furiously, wringing the missionary's fingers cruelly, clapping old Ookiye rapturously on the back. And beyond them his

eyes devoured the great, good solitude of the prairies, the arid, yawning spaces that a man's homesick heart fills and vivifies with longing.

"A year away from it all—just a year! But now I've got the strings all tied. I'm home to stay!"

He shook hands all over again and his big personality radiated delight.

"The girl doesn't happen to be in town, does she?" he asked.

And then he saw her where she had come again to the station door—saw her waiting, radiant and proud, and with a bundle that stirred in her arms.

The group of Winunla's friends moved discreetly away. For the Hon. Fred, head of an ancient English line, had come into his own again, and there are joys in life which it is not even for a man's friends to look upon.

V.

BUT as he rode back to the Fort that afternoon, Blake reined up at the little house where the Hon. Fred and his wife sat in the waning light and looked into each other's eyes. They sprang up to greet him.

"Come in, old chap, come in!" the Englishman shouted. And against Blake's declining he set the privileged protestations of a returned wanderer. "Oh, come in, man! Think of all I've got to tell you—I who have spent a year within the borders of civilization! I who have worn starched collars and made after dinner speeches to my mother's tenants! I who have been bored exceedingly and am home! Think how long it is since you have listened to my voice—and I did not write, that it might be the pleasanter in your ears. Wini tells me that my last and only letter did not reach you. Come in!"

But Blake stuck his thick cavalry boot deeper in the stirrup.

"Not now," he said. "I only stopped to warn you. You will get a letter in a week or so—it's the kind of a letter that no power on earth would lose. You will get a blank fool letter that at first you won't understand. And when you do—well, when you do I shall be at the Fort waiting to be kicked. Kid all right, Wini? Here's a new

breed of rattle I found over in the town."

He stooped to lay his offering at the squirming little feet, and then they stood in the door together, the Hon. Fred and his wife, and watched him ride away in the twilight.

And a sudden comprehension came to the prodigal. "So they thought—that?" he said, and whistled slowly as he looked down upon her. "I see. I should have written."

Yet he understood how Blake had been mistaken—Blake and the others.

Had there not come to him, one night when the world was full of music and laughter and the calm eyes of women passionless in their loving, a dream of shameful things? A dream which had not shaped itself before he woke, red with the shame of it? Yes, he understood Blake and the others.

"But you?" he asked assuredly, holding Winunla's strong brown chin in both his hands.

But Winunla's eyes drooped shamefully, for only her heart knew how in the long nights when the child stirred there had been a fear upon her in the darkness. Now she turned swiftly to catch the baby from its pillows with that instinct of the woman, white or brown, which evades confession.

"Is he not beautiful, my Chief?" she demanded, holding the child for its father's proprietary inspection. "Even though he be so brown, like me, thy tulip?"

And the Hon. Fred found him beautiful.

The dusk grew to a great blankness around them, and in it there were only they three, the primitive, everlasting trio of the first scheme of things, the man and the woman and the child born of them. And the Hon. Fred turned suddenly and gathered them both in his arms—the woman and the child.

"How I have wanted you!" he cried, and there was the sob of a great content in his voice.

Over in England his mother wept over him, and women with calm eyes spoke of him pityingly, but the missionary and the doctor smiled across their pipes because there had been a mistake in their reckoning.

The Great and the Little Weavers.

THE great and the little weavers,
They neither rest nor sleep ;
They work in the height and the glory,
They toil in the dark and the deep.

The rainbow melts with the shower,
The whitethorn falls in the gust ;
The cloud rose dies into shadow,
The earth rose drops into dust.

But they have not faded forever,
They have not flowered in vain,
For the great and the little weavers
Are weaving under the rain.

Recede the drums of the thunder
When the Titan chorus tires ;
And the bird song piercing the sunset
Faints with the sunset fires ;

But the trump of the storm shall fail not,
Nor the flute cry fail of the thrush,
For the great and the little weavers
Are weaving under the hush.

The comet flares into darkness,
The flame dissolves into death ;
The power of the star and the dew,
They grow and are gone like a breath ;

But ere the old wonder is done
Is the new old wonder begun,
For the great and the little weavers
Are weaving under the sun.

The domes of an empire crumble,
A child's hope dies in tears ;
Time rolls them away forgotten
In the silt of the flooding years.

The creed for which men died smiling
Decays to a beldame's curse ;
The love that made lips immortal
Drags by in a tattered hearse ;

But not till the search of the moon
Sees the last white face unlift,
And over the bones of the Kindreds
The bare sands dredge and drift,

Shall love forget to return
And raise the unused latch—
In his eyes the look of the traveler,
On his lips the foreign catch—

Nor the mad song leave men cold,
Nor the high dream summon in vain ;
For the great and the little weavers
Are weaving in heart and brain.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

American Artists Abroad.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICA'S PAINTERS ABROAD. JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER AND JOHN SINGER SARGENT, HAVE EACH MADE THEIR WAY DESPITE ADVERSE CRITICISM FROM THE ART SCHOOLS OF EUROPE.

AMERICAN artists abroad are more numerous than American authors. In Paris they form a club where, though not always dwelling together in complete harmony, they present a distinct feature of Parisian society. They have impressed their individuality upon French art just as French art has reacted upon them.

For present purposes it is sufficient to name those artists who are best known in America and abroad. We are entitled to be judged by our best, and there will be no dispute that the two Americans who, as artists, stand above all others are Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent. Beyond their nationality and the supreme competency of each, they have not much in common, although each has had to pass through a long experience of neglect and hostility. Possibly in each case the early opposition of French and English criticism was based on a scoffing unbelief that anything good in art was likely to come out of the American Nazareth.

But let the American who makes his first pilgrimage to Paris—if he care for art and have a patriotic interest in native production—hie him to the Luxembourg. Mr. Whistler will not allow us to use the phrase "American art." He long since announced that art is of no nationality. Nevertheless, there in the Luxembourg the visitor will find two American pictures, or two pictures by American artists, hanging opposite each other, in one of those rooms admission to which is the honor that the French artist himself most covets. The two pictures are Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother and Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Spanish dancer, "Carmen-

cita." They are too famous to need description or criticism.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Whistler has ever surpassed the standard he reached in this labor of love, though there are critics who think his portrait of Carlyle, now in Glasgow, a stronger piece of work. He himself would perhaps prefer his latest production, whatever it may be. His criticism of himself rarely coincides with that of the public.

WHISTLER AND HIS FOES.

We are far indeed from the time when Mr. Ruskin undertook to laugh Mr. Whistler out of London, saying of one of his nocturnes: "I have seen many bad pictures, but this is the first time I have known a man to fling a pot of paint in the face of the public and ask two hundred guineas for it." Hence the too famous libel suit, Whistler *versus* Ruskin, and the melancholy verdict of a British jury, under the guidance of Mr. Frith and other amazing British painters, and of Tom Taylor as British art critic, of a farthing's damages for the plaintiff. Mr. Whistler, whose courage is equal to all occasions, proclaimed this derisory award a victory. He could convince nobody else at the time that it was a victory, but the public has at last come to see, by the light of his later renown, that, if not a victory for him, it was a defeat for Mr. Ruskin and a disgrace to the jury which rendered the verdict.

Mr. Whistler had against him in that controversy, and in all the earlier part of his career, the whole weight and authority of the Royal Academy. In a sense, the Academy was right. It was quite clear that if the average Acade-

cian could be called an artist, Mr. Whistler was not an artist. They had absolutely nothing in common; not the same conception of art, no resemblance in method, nothing in the art or intellectual equipment of the one which corresponded to the other. Academicians who thought themselves liberal admitted that Mr. Whistler could etch; though they allowed him this merit by virtue of those earlier experiments in black and white in a manner he soon abandoned for that which entitles him to be classed with Rembrandt. But if his work with the needle was tolerated, his work with the brush was anathema; and long continued to be in London.

Not so in France. There, from the earliest, it was seen that Mr. Whistler had rare qualities and gifts. Broadly speaking, the essential difference between a French painter and an English was that the Frenchman knew how to paint and the Englishman did not. French appreciation of Mr. Whistler was, in other words, the appreciation of those who possessed, in the highest modern degree, those technical excellencies which the self complacent member of the Burlington House coterie denied to the American.

THE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES.

There came a day when the Academy discovered its mistake and sought in its own way to make honorable amends. There was an Academy exhibition of a special and very distinguished kind which gave Lord Leighton, president of the Academy, an opportunity to ask Mr. Whistler to contribute. The invitation was sent in terms very creditable to Lord Leighton and very honorable to Mr. Whistler. It was declined. The artist, like the man of letters, belongs, or sometimes belongs, to the *irritable genus* of Horace. Mr. Whistler preferred his grievance to what was equivalent to an apology and a recognition of error offered him by the most powerful body of artists in England, or—as a corporation—the most powerful in Europe. This implacable temper has shown itself on other occasions. Mr. Whistler himself has described it as “the gentle art of making enemies”—an art he has not, even of late years,

wholly neglected. But he stands now in a position where he may afford himself that or almost any other luxury. His name is one to mark an era.

Neither in Mr. Whistler's case nor in Mr. Sargent's is it necessary to recapitulate the facts of their wonderful careers. They are known to every one who cares for art and for American fame in art. There is a curious similarity in their fates. Mr. Whistler abandoned London for Paris. Mr. Sargent abandoned Paris for London. Each found in the city of his election a more open road than could have lain before him in that against which he cast off the dust of his departing shoes. Mr. Sargent, who had been much under the influence of M. Carolus Duran, renounced Paris and his master well before M. Duran's mannerisms had reached their inevitable period of decadence. He went to London in the full vigor of his youth, and it was in London, not in Paris, that his great powers were to ripen.

Needless to say, Mr. Sargent's originality set the Academy against him.

“If this be the way to paint,” said the veterans of that home of commercial art, “what, then, have we been doing all our lives?” They may be left to answer that question themselves. The few really accomplished Academicians, Lord Leighton, Sir Laurence Alma Tadema, and one or two more, must always have had their own opinions on the subject.

MR. SARGENT'S INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Sargent never for a moment subdued his natural genius to the influences about him. He went his own way. To use the phrase ever on his lips, he painted things as he saw them. The notion that they were to be painted as other people thought he ought to see them never found a lodgment in his mind. The critics, themselves of the Academical school, derided him. He was equally unmoved. Possibly he profited in some degree by their extreme freedom of speech. They detected the element of caricature in some of his work, and this element became less frequent as years went on.

The British Philistine announced

with decision that he did not care to be painted by Mr. Sargent; still less would he like his wife to be. And yet, year by year, commissions came in and pictures were painted. What is still more remarkable, they were yearly hung on the reluctant and astonished walls of Burlington House. Even the hanging committee of the Academy perceived that, while Mr. Sargent might be denounced, he could not be neglected. His power was too evident, perverse as might be the use he made of it.

So, when the annual exhibition opened, something of Mr. Sargent's was there, and each spring the same wrangle went on—the majority condemning, sometimes ridiculing; the minority each year more confident that here was a painter who had the root of the matter in him; who really could paint; who understood the secrets of color, of composition, of the brush, and of character.

Mr. Sargent's portraits are first of all character portraits. He has never been content with a mere record of the external facts of face and figure. He has sought for what was underneath. He has not always found it, but there has always been, in every portrait, evidence of the search for it. His art is preëminently intellectual. It is also, at times, extremely uncompromising. He has painted portraits in which slight concessions to other points of view than his own—the sitter's point of view included—would have satisfied everybody. But Mr. Sargent's art conscience is an inflexible thing. He will, and sometimes does, paint a portrait three or four times over to satisfy his own conviction of what it ought to be. Seldom, I imagine, has he altered the scheme of a picture in deference to the

wishes of his client. The sitter who places himself in the hands of Sargent does so without right of appeal. His sturdy independence has borne fruit, good fruit in art.

As a whole, his art has gained, and gained largely, by this courageous independence alike in theory and in practice. If one could suppose Mr. Sargent weakly yielding to this or that criticism, painting one day to please A, and the next to avoid offending B, striving to conciliate the critics or to earn the cheap applause of the mob which throngs the Academy galleries on private view day, he might have led an easier life. But he would not be what he confessedly is today, the first of living portrait painters. That he should be that, and be an American—albeit an American whose birth and training were European—is matter for just pride for every one of us. The American abroad has justified himself to the most exacting of his countrymen. Not the most inveterate local prejudice can rise to the belief that either the Whistler or the Sargent of today would have been possible had they chosen to seek in America either the art education or the art career which they found in Europe. In Europe they found a culture and an inspiration not yet developed here.

There may be Americans, perhaps in Nebraska, perhaps in Texas, perhaps in New York, to whom these views will seem unpatriotic. To them I would say that the only patriotism of much value is that which is based on facts, on seeing things as they are, and on an unflinching readiness to accept the facts. Not whether things are pleasing, but whether they are true—that is the test.

MORNING ON THE PLAINS.

A LAND sun conquered, from yon giant peak
To this small primrose, growing where the furrows run,
New blown and reddening. A far off streak
Where sky and prairie, tremulous, yearn into one.

Sky spans the plain as with an open hand.
Between, unbroken silence holds unbroken space.
Am I primeval man that I should stand

And view God's naked world, as new made, face to face?

Helen Dunbar Thompson.

Monsieur, Madame, and Victorine.

A TALE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

I.

MADAME.

THE door opened and closed quietly. St. Simon did not turn his head, but continued to write, making his pen scratch abominably.

"Pardon, monsieur," said a soft voice. "Will monsieur have his rooms arranged now?"

The young man tossed his pen in the air, exclaiming: "Heavens, another servant to break in! That Frenchman hires a new chambermaid every week." Then he raised his voice, speaking with ill natured and brutal precision:

"No, you can't arrange my rooms now. You are not to disturb me when I am writing. I will ring when I go out."

"Very good, monsieur. It will give me pleasure to observe monsieur's directions."

St. Simon turned in his chair to look at her. "I beg your pardon," he said involuntarily, half rising.

The gray eyes were regarding him with quiet resignation. They were marvelous eyes, deep, steady, internal. The lips were parted in the shadow of a smile and there was a weary droop about the corners of the mouth.

"You will excuse me for speaking so abruptly," he said, smiling. "I am in an abominable temper this morning, with much work that must be done."

She nodded her head gravely, saying that she would not have disturbed monsieur if she had understood.

"You have not been here long, have you?" St. Simon asked, leaving his desk for a comfortable chair.

"No, this morning only I came."

"Do you live here in this house?"

"Oh, no, monsieur; I live with my husband in Christopher Street."

She pronounced the name with a curious accent on the second syllable, and

St. Simon did not understand at first. She had to repeat it two or three times for him.

"Oh!" he said after a little pause. "You don't mind if I smoke, do you? And your husband—in what work is he engaged?" There was a confidential air of friendly interest in his manner.

"My husband? Oh, he does not work," she replied with the utmost seriousness—as if it were extraordinary that such a suggestion should be made. She added with quiet dignity: "I would not permit him to work, monsieur. My husband is a gentleman."

The match which St. Simon held in his fingers went out. He thought she must be about forty years old, although the lines of suffering in her face might have added years to her appearance.

"Yes," she said in a little voice, as if speaking to herself, "I am Madame——" The name was spoken so softly that the young man could not catch it.

"Your husband was a gentleman—in France, you say?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," she returned eagerly. "He is far above me in rank. He belongs to a noble family; but now they are poor, very poor."

"And you?"

"I was the governess. That is how my husband met me. He gave up much for my sake."

"Oh, I see," murmured St. Simon.

"Monsieur, my husband—his family is very proud. His family opposed the marriage. They disinherited Monsieur because he married me, but I did not know of that until afterwards. We were very unfortunate in France. My husband was a great—what do you say?—politician. They made him an exile because they were afraid that he would restore the king. Then we had to come to New York."

"You may arrange the rooms now if



"GOOD MORNING, MADAME; I HOPE THAT YOU FIND YOURSELF WELL THIS MORNING."

you will," he said gently. "It will not disturb me at all."

He went back to his desk. She worked about the rooms so quietly that he turned once or twice to see if she were still there. When she had finished she paused at the door a moment and said, "*Bon jour, monsieur*," and he replied, "*Bon jour, madame*; I hope your fortunes will soon mend."

St. Simon did not finish the article by six o'clock. He sat thinking of France, of that exile in Christopher

Street who had been a great politician in France, and of the patient resignation on the face of Madame.

II.

MONSIEUR.

EACH morning at eight o'clock precisely Monsieur arose. It was not necessary for Madame to reach the restaurant in Twenty Eighth Street till an hour after that, but she was always astir by seven o'clock. They lived in four tiny rooms which the sign in front of

the big, pretentious building characterized as a flat.

Directly Madame had finished her simple toilet and her prayers, she set about putting the rooms in order. She moved quietly, that she might not disturb Monsieur, her husband. She cleaned and polished his boots and placed his linen on a chair beside his bed. She brushed the short jacket, and on state occasions the black redingote, with the utmost care and gentleness, that the brushings might not wear them.

When she heard him stirring she made the lather for shaving. She knocked at his door and handed him the mug—with averted eyes. Monsieur made his toilet in the strictest seclusion. Madame was as likely to intrude upon him during those sacred moments as she was to jump out of the window.

Monsieur never spoke until he had finished and made his appearance at the door. He would pause there for a moment, smiling upon her. With a slight nod he would move towards her, take the tips of her fingers in his, and, bending low, kiss her hand lightly and with profound respect, saying in fresh, tinkling tones:

"Good morning, madame; I hope that you find yourself well this morning."

Then would Madame's eyes light up. Her bow was stately and indulgent as she answered:

"Thank you, monsieur, I am as well as usual. And you—have you slept well?"

"Very well, thank you."

She could not remember when he had not gone through this formal and courteous greeting. It was never a form, never old, to her. Always it made her eyes brighten, brought a faint color into her cheeks.

He was a round little man, and he spoke the most exquisite French. He was about fifty years old. His hair was so black as to make the observant look for the gray at the roots. His mustache was always curled at the same angle and it was as black as his hair. He had a droll, bulbous middle part and his hands were plump and white. His shoes had high heels, that they might make him appear taller.

While Monsieur was drinking his coffee and eating the bread which Madame had brought the night before from the restaurant where she was employed, she regarded him tenderly. She ate nothing until she reached the restaurant.

The grace with which he raised the cup to his lips and the daintiness with which he pressed the napkin to his lips seemed to give her the greatest pleasure. When he had finished his coffee he jumped up with fussy agility and exclaimed, "Now we must go to work!"

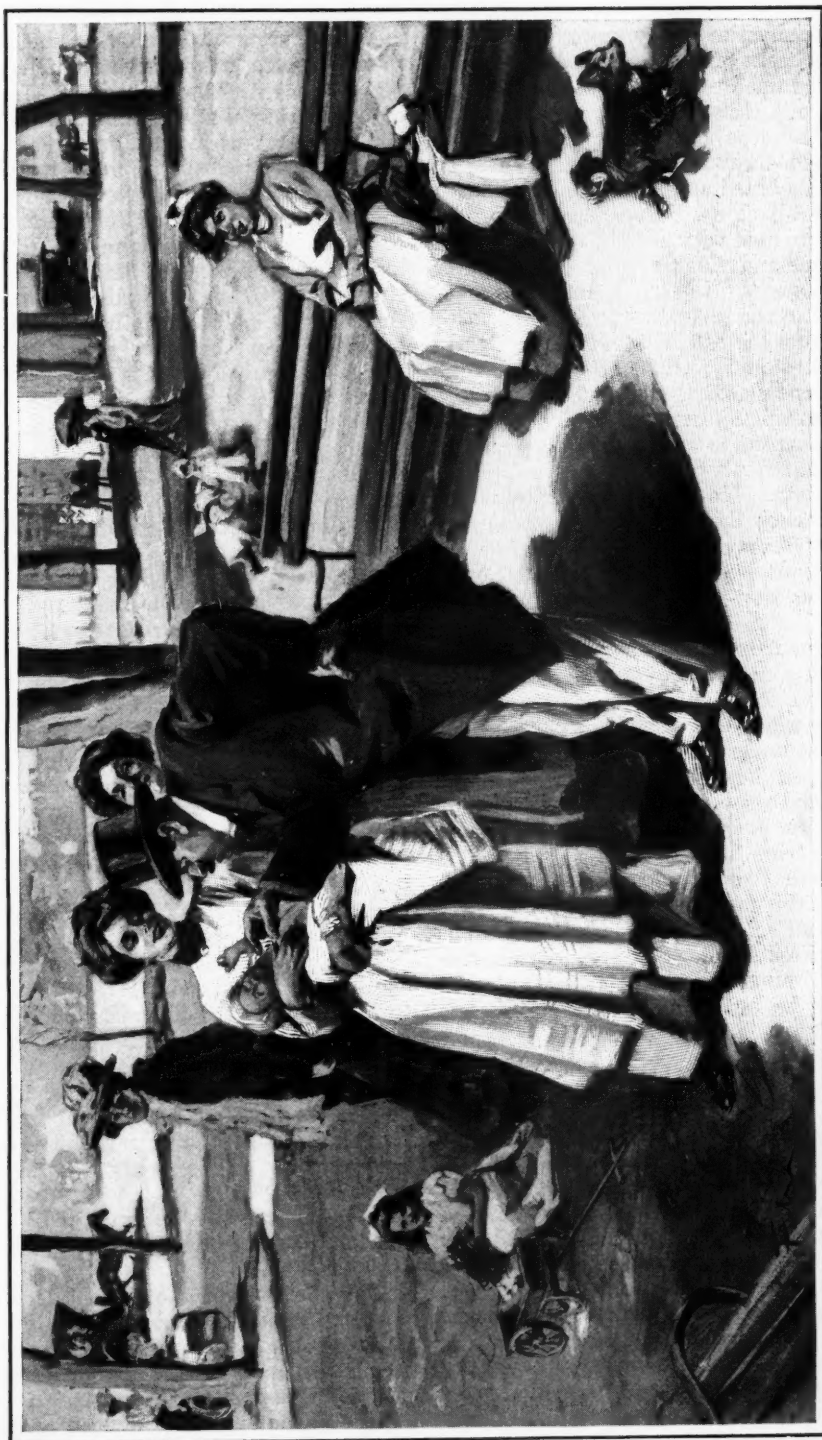
They made their way carefully down the narrow, dark stairways. Sometimes Madame would remark with a sigh, "This is not like the grand staircase of the château." Then would he reply, "No, madame," with a little break in his voice, as he whipped out his pocket handkerchief with a snap. When they reached the street Madame reproached herself for his red eyes and vowed never to make such a remark again, all the while worshiping Monsieur for his assumption of cheerfulness. When they reached Sixth Avenue Monsieur stopped.

"*Au revoir, ma chérie,*" he said, placing one of his white hands over his heart and speaking as if he were parting from a sweetheart for the first time. And Madame answered sweetly and gently.

"Ah, he loves me! He loves me!" she murmured to herself as she walked up the street.

Monsieur strolled on, across Washington Square and to a French café where he could read the files of *Le Gaulois*, *Le Soliel*, and *Le Figaro*. It was a dingy place, where tables were crowded together along the walls, with cheap prints above them. Émile, the waiter, treated Monsieur with the utmost politeness and consideration, although Monsieur seldom bought anything. The proprietor, a fat little man with nothing to distinguish him but an enormous mustache, dyed a sooty black, would listen gravely to Monsieur's exposition of French politics.

When the day was pleasant Monsieur sat for hours on a bench in Washington Square. He knew the names of all the French nursemaids and their charges,



MONSIEUR TAPPED THE CHEEKS OF THE WISE EYED BABIES AND SMILED UPON THEM WITH THE JOYOUS ABANDON OF A CHILD.

especially the pretty ones. He tapped the cheeks of the wise eyed babies and smiled upon them with the joyous abandon of a child.

When the afternoon came Monsieur made his way to the little flat, where he ate his bread and cheese and drank his wine all alone. They were never too poor to have wine. To be sure, he found it sour and vinegary, but it was better than water. In the afternoon he went back to the square.

From the restaurant Madame nightly hurried homeward, the cluggety chug and the clankety clank of the elevated trains singing her love song.

Monsieur always opened the door of the flat for her and kissed her hand in greeting. He seemed never to notice that each day the hand grew harder, more deeply stained. Madame often felt guilty. She knew she ought not to permit Monsieur to caress a hand which had become misshapen and black and callous from work. But it gave her so much pleasure that she could not bring herself to make the sacrifice. On the days when weariness made black half moons under Madame's eyes and the lids dropped heavily, Monsieur sat beside her and smoothed her hand gently.

"*Ma pauvre chérie,*" he would murmur, tears flooding his eyes, "it is terrible that you should work so hard."

At this she would start up briskly, her face all aglow, and declare that she was not tired at all. She prepared his dinner, brought from the restaurant, and when he had lighted a cigarette he was happy again.

III.

VICTORINE.

ON the fourth floor of the same house lived Victorine. She had been in the United States only a few weeks, and she made her home with her uncle, who worked in a bakery. Victorine had blue eyes and yellow hair, an unusual combination for a French woman. When she walked along the boulevards in Paris men often paused and exclaimed, "*La jolie blonde!*" In New York there were many blonde women, fairer than she, so that her fresh face and plump figure did not attract the same attention.

The few young men Victorine had

met did not please her. She thought them coarse, unappreciative fellows. She was bored. The first time she saw Monsieur she laughed at him. But he bowed to her with such grace and so fine a courtesy that she grew to look upon him with respect. Never had any one treated her with such consideration. Not even the chief actor in the Odéon kissed the hand of the first actress so charmingly. Monsieur paid Victorine the most delicious compliments. She had never met such a fine gentleman.

That evening Madame returned home two hours earlier than usual. She was exhausted, almost ill. Each step of the long stairway was an effort. When she reached the fourth floor she paused a moment to rest.

A door in the rear opened; a flood of light filled the dark hall and revealed Monsieur. He was holding Victorine's hand. He bowed and kissed it. Then the door closed and darkness enveloped them.

Madame choked. She grasped the banister for support as she sank to the floor. With a tremendous effort, she dragged herself to her rooms and fell into a chair. She rested her arms on a table and buried her face in them. She did not move; she seemed scarcely to breathe. Only when she heard the pattering footsteps of Monsieur did she raise her head. Her face was haggard. New lines had been plowed there.

"Ah, you are home early," he said cheerily. "I shall never forgive myself for not being here to greet you. We were talking politics at the café and I remained longer than I intended."

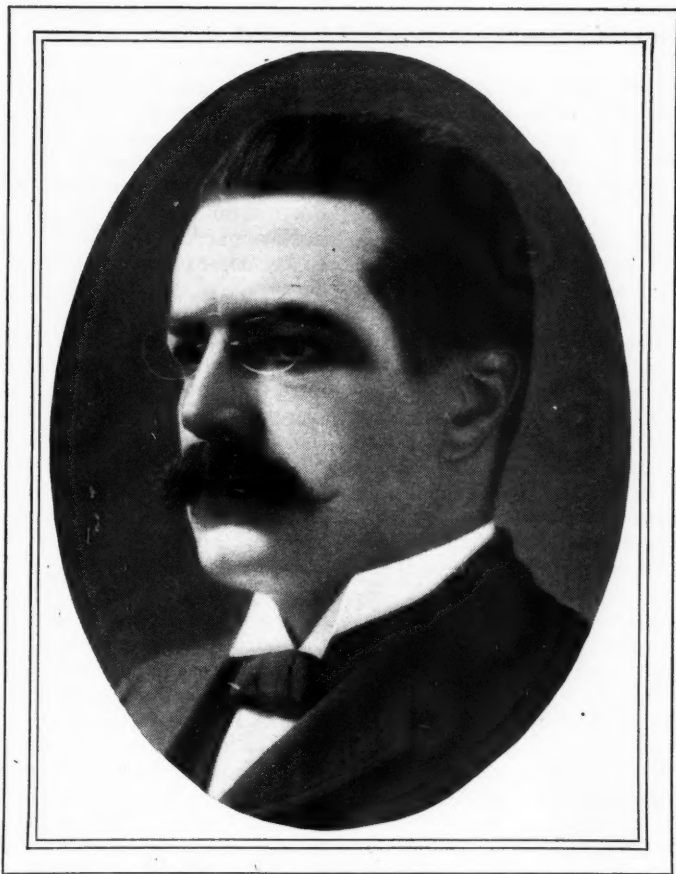
He took her hand and kissed it. She noticed for the first time that it was a formal thing with him, nothing more than a habit. She drew her other hand across her eyes.

"You are not ill?" he inquired.

"No," she answered; "I am only tired—oh, so tired!"

After he had gone to bed she placed the lamp beside the old fashioned mirror with the diagonal crack running through it. She gazed at her reflection long and steadfastly.

"Yes," she whispered at last, and it was like the moan of a soul that has abandoned hope, "I am old."



GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

The President's Secretary.

BY J. CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN.

THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE VERY DIFFICULT AND RESPONSIBLE POSITION OF HEAD OF THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF—MR. CORTELYOU'S RECORD AND PERSONALITY, AND HIS SERVICES TO THREE SUCCESSIVE PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, of New York, secretary to the President, has served three chief magistrates—men of opposite political parties, and widely different in temperament and methods. Grover Cleveland, under whose administration Mr. Cortelyou first came to the White House, was slow

and strong, with an eye single to principle, and self reliant to the point of wilfulness in carrying out his resolves. William McKinley was all kindness, tact, and dignified suavity. Theodore Roosevelt is impetuous, quick, firm, and thoroughgoing. And each of the three Presidents—all men of power and abili-

ty, yet radically unlike in character—has most materially depended upon Mr. Cortelyou.

"I class Cortelyou and Lamont," said Mr. Cleveland, "as two of the brightest young men I have ever known."

"Cortelyou is a wonderful fellow," remarked Mr. McKinley. "He never loses his head."

"Cortelyou has a remarkable knowledge of public men and public questions," Mr. Roosevelt recently stated. "He is invaluable."

If this were not enough to prove the secretary's tact and versatility, his manner of handling callers would go far towards establishing it. Besides giving personal attention to the enormous mail that comes to the President, he finds time to listen to the thousand and one things which are poured into his ears by the men and women who daily throng the White House. Mr. Cortelyou is the buffer between them and his chief. He disposes of a vast number of matters of secondary importance without bringing them to the attention of the President, either making a direct answer himself, or referring departmental questions to the proper Cabinet officer for decision. It is a task of no small responsibility, and one that demands a great fund of information as well as a high degree of judgment.

Newspaper men like Mr. Cortelyou because he treats them with unfailing courtesy. He is always ready to answer legitimate questions as to White House affairs or matters of public policy. He invariably tells the truth or tells nothing at all—a course which most correspondents appreciate.

Mr. Cortelyou has made his own way in the world, winning promotion solely by deserving it. Twenty years ago, a boy of nineteen, he graduated from the State Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts. During the next nine years he studied music, became an expert stenographer, acted as a law reporter and as secretary to the appraiser of the port of New York, and served as principal of a preparatory school in the metropolis. In 1891 he went to Washington to enter the Post Office Department, and was detailed as secretary to the fourth assistant postmaster general.

His leisure time was devoted to studying law, first at the Georgetown University and later in the postgraduate course of the Columbian University. He received a degree from each of these institutions.

He first entered the White House as a stenographer, having been strongly recommended to President Cleveland by Postmaster General Bissell. This was in November, 1895. A few months later he became executive clerk, and as such he survived the change of administration in 1897. In July, 1898, he was advanced to the assistant secretaryship, and in April, 1900, when John Addison Porter resigned as President McKinley's secretary, Mr. Cortelyou succeeded to the vacant post as a matter of course. After the Buffalo tragedy, his services were sought by more than one large corporation, but the country had need of him, and at Mr. Roosevelt's request he consented to retain his present office.

For years Mr. Cortelyou's office hours at the White House were from nine in the morning until midnight or later; and Sunday was seldom a day of rest. Recently the secretary surprised his family by spending an evening at home—a testimonial to President Roosevelt's power of despatching public business rapidly.

Hard work has been the wine of Mr. Cortelyou's life. Not a day passes without his shouldering some trying burden as part of his daily task.

When President McKinley was shot at the Pan American Exposition, his secretary was thrust into a position of unique responsibility. In the first confusion of the tragedy, every one looked to him for direction. As soon as Mr. Milburn, the President's host, arrived at the scene of the assassination, Mr. Cortelyou asked him to select a physician from several who had proffered their services. He designated Dr. Mann, who at once examined the wound.

"The President must be operated upon," he said. "Shall I go ahead?" he asked of Mr. Cortelyou.

"Begin immediately," the secretary replied without an instant's hesitation.

For a few days, while Mr. McKinley was making his brave struggle for life, Mr. Cortelyou may be said to have been the Acting President of the United States.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

The Philippine Question.

WE are responsible for government in the Philippines; we are responsible for law and order there; we are responsible for life and the protection of property there; and we, being so responsible, are undertaking to restore law and order, to establish a government that will answer the purposes to be subserved—protection of life and property, promotion of liberty, civilization, education, and everything else that will ennoble the Filipinos.

—*Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio.*

We stand before the world occupying the attitude of a country which had its origin in declaring that the arbitrary government of colonies from abroad is tyranny, and we have returned, like the dog to its vomit, to the policy of England, which our fathers overthrew at Yorktown.—*Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman, of South Carolina.*

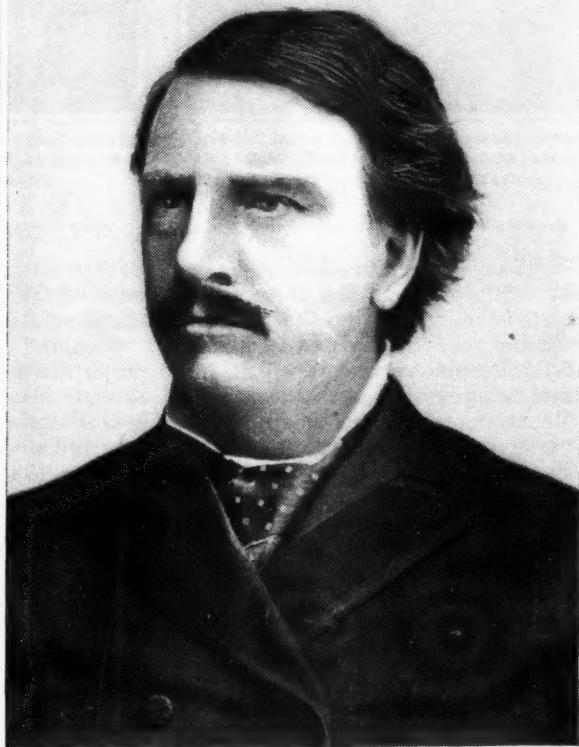
No perversion of the doctrine of independence, and no perversion of the glory of liberty, will convince the American people that it is not only its right but its duty to itself to put down armed resistance against the government, wherever it may rear its head.—*Senator Orville Hitchcock Platt, of Connecticut.*

It is a great question whether we shall refuse to stop the slaughter of hundreds and thousands of Filipinos, and of thousands of our own youth, by the simple utterance to them that they ought to have their independence in the end, or whether we shall carry on this terrible business without a limit, intensifying the sentiments of hate that that whole people feel towards us.—*Senator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts.*

Pull down your flag. Leave your stable government in the Philippine Islands to people who have never participated in government. Then what? Civil war. Internal strife. Resumption of ancient

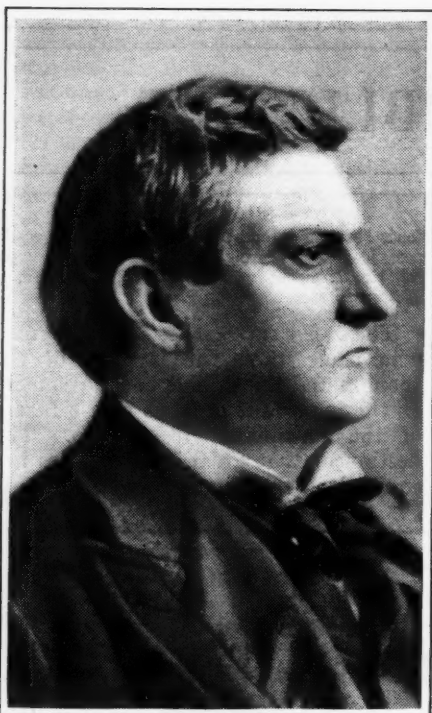
feuds between different tribes. Corruption, weakness, inefficiency, foreign seizure of the archipelago. No, Mr. President!—*Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin.*

These five utterances, and the men who made them, are typical of the thought and the thinkers of the country on the important problem of the future of the Philippine Archipelago. The destiny of that great territory lies not so much in the hands of its inhabitants



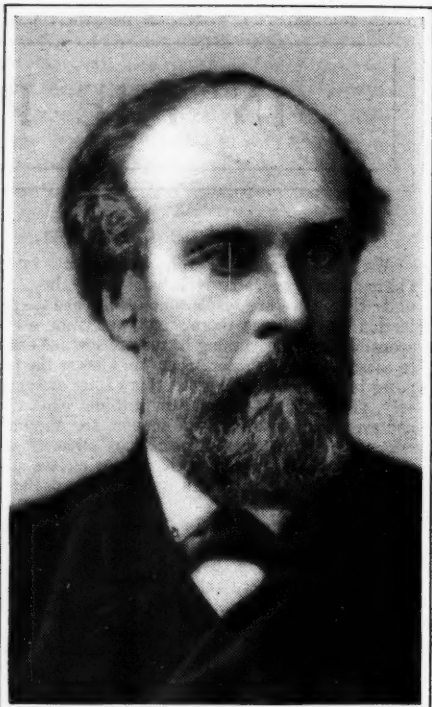
SENATOR SPOONER OF WISCONSIN, WHOSE SPEECH OF FEBRUARY 21 IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE WAS A PARTICULARLY ABLE PRESENTATION OF THE ADMINISTRATION VIEW OF THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

From a photograph by Clivedinst, Washington.



SENATOR TILLMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA, THE PITCH-FORK STATESMAN WHO AVOWS THAT HIS SYMPATHIES ARE WITH THE FILIPINO INSURGENTS.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.



SENATOR PLATT OF CONNECTICUT, WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE IN HAULING DOWN THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

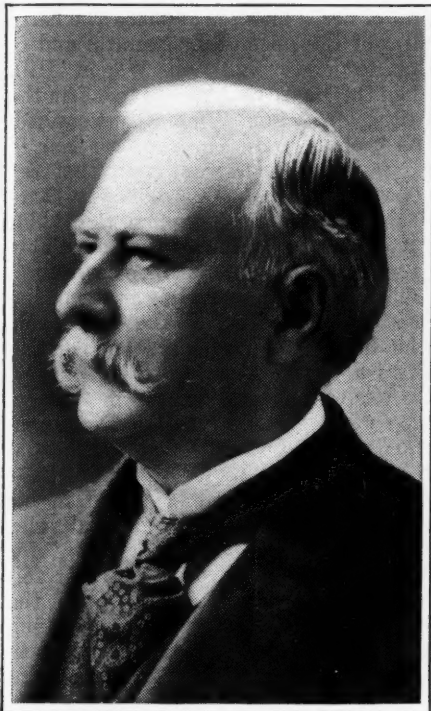
as in those of the President and Congress. Supported as Mr. Roosevelt is almost unanimously by the majority party, the policy formulated by himself and the Republican leaders will be certain of Congressional acceptance, though futile attempts may be made by the minority to place obstacles in the way of its consummation.

While American troops have been engaged in suppressing the smoldering insurrection in the islands, the Senate has been the chief battleground of the advocates and the foes of expansion. In the vanguard of the opposing forces are the men whose sentiments have already been quoted—Senators Foraker and Spooner, who fought during the Civil War that the Union might be maintained; Senator Tillman, who was prevented only by illness from joining the Confederate Army; Senator Platt, who was rocked in the cradle of New England liberty, and Senator Hoar, whose

birthplace was in Concord, Massachusetts, where the first shot of the American Revolution was fired.

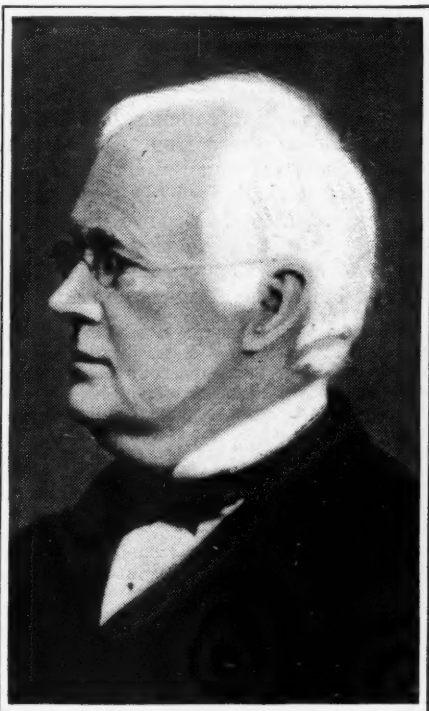
Senator Foraker delivers his facts as projectiles pour out of a Gatling gun. Senator Platt is logical and dispassionate. Senator Spooner has a sarcasm as keen and an argumentative grip as tenacious as that of Joseph Chamberlain. Senator Tillman uses a bludgeon to expose the corruption which his single eye discerns in the body politic. Senator Hoar, the most learned man in the Senate, rushes into the hurly burly of debate as eagerly as members twenty years his junior, inspired by his burning sympathy for the woes of the Filipinos.

The wordy passages at arms between these men have disclosed an encyclopedic information that has frequently astonished their colleagues. The statement was recently made in the Senate that Thomas Corwin, the Ohio Senator who strenuously opposed the war with



SENATOR FORAKER OF OHIO, WHO IS A LEADING CHAMPION OF THE ADMINISTRATION'S POLICY IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.



SENATOR HOAR OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHO THINKS THAT OUR PHILIPPINE ADVENTURE IS A DARK PAGE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

Mexico, declaring that if he were a Mexican he would welcome the Americans "with bloody hands to hospitable graves," had never afterwards been elected to a position of honor or trust. Without waiting to refresh his memory, Senator Hoar replied that Corwin was afterwards elected by the people of his district to represent them in Congress. Every detail of the government established by Thomas Jefferson in the Territory of Louisiana, immediately after its purchase, has been cited by expansionists and anti expansionists to prove that precedent supports the policy each party advocates.

From the standpoint of the administration, the future must determine the fate of the Philippine Islands. In his annual message to Congress, President Roosevelt referred to the anxiety of the American people that the natives should show the power of governing themselves. "We are anxious," he said, "first for

their sakes, and next because it would relieve us of a great burden." In Congress there is a party which favors permanent retention of the islands, and the putting forth of formal notice that it is not the intention of the United States ever to grant them independence. But there is a paramount sentiment that the question of the relations which shall ultimately exist between the archipelago and this country shall be left until such time as the people are fit to govern themselves.

If the people of that day desire independence, it shall be given to them; if they desire to be bound to America by bonds as loose as those which hold Canada to England, the government then in power at Washington will consider their wishes. Senator Hoar has made earnest appeals that a binding official declaration of such a policy should be made, but no such action is likely to be taken. Congress has just provided a revenue

tariff for the islands, it will enact a law extending the powers of the civil government now in operation, and the military arm will continue its work of pacification. So far as inducing the United States to withdraw from the islands, even Senator Hoar admits that such a result cannot be looked for under existing circumstances. Senator Platt eloquently expressed the view of the majority of his colleagues, not only of the Senate but of the House, when he said:

When the Anglo Saxon race crossed the Atlantic and stood on the shores of Massachusetts Bay and on Plymouth Rock, that movement meant something more than the establishment of religious and civil liberty within a narrow, confined, and limited compass. It had in it the force of the Almighty; and from that day to this it has been spreading, widening, and extending, until, like the stone seen by Daniel in his vision cut out of the mountain without hands, it has filled all our borders, and ever westward across the Pacific that influence which found its home in the Mayflower and its development on Plymouth Rock has been extending, and is extending, its sway and its beneficence.

The House of Blackwood.

When Miss Florence Davis, daughter of a New York banker, married Lord Terence Blackwood, a secretary in the British diplomatic service, and a younger son of the late Marquis of Dufferin, the match was regarded as an interesting rather than a brilliant or important one. It would be a case of love in a cottage, people said. The Davis fortune was not one of the great ones; Lord Terence was actually poor, and had no prospect of succeeding to his distinguished father's title.

The marriage took place in Paris, in 1893, when the Marquis of Dufferin was British ambassador at the French capital. Six years later the war with the Boers broke out. Lord Dufferin's eldest son, who bore the courtesy title of the Earl of Ava, happened to be in South Africa, and he promptly made his way to the front. Men being in demand, and Lord Ava being a retired officer of the Seventeenth Lancers, he got a place on Colonel—now General—Ian Hamilton's staff. At Elands-laagte he carried to the Gordon Highlanders, lying on the bullet swept veldt, the order to advance; and when they charged he charged with them, passing unscathed through a tor-

rent of fire. Then he endured the hardships of the siege of Ladysmith, and in the desperate fight on Wagon Hill, when the Boers vainly tried to storm the British lines, he fell mortally wounded. His brother, Lord Terence, was heir to his father's honors; and now that the veteran marquis has passed away there is another American woman who holds a high place in the roll of the undeniably select company, the British peerage.

The late Lord Dufferin was one of the greatest and ablest of the proconsuls who have helped to build the British Empire during the last half century. He was a successful viceroy in Canada, then newly formed into the Dominion, and in India, where he helped to add Burma to Queen Victoria's dominions—an achievement commemorated in his title of Ava. He was the virtual ruler of Egypt, as "special commissioner," for two years—the difficult years that followed the revolt of Arabi, when the British administrators were working against all sorts of embarrassments to bring order out of the political and financial chaos into which the land of the Pharaohs had fallen.

He also won the highest rank as a diplomat. A Liberal in politics, and a disciple of Russell and Gladstone, he was intrusted by Conservative governments with some of the most important posts in the foreign service. It was Lord Beaconsfield who made him ambassador at St. Petersburg in 1879, and Lord Salisbury who sent him to Rome in 1888 and to Paris three years later. Literature was the favorite amusement of his leisure. His "Letters from High Latitudes," the record of an arctic voyage, is a book that won high praise.

Unfortunately, the ending of his life was clouded by misfortune. The brilliant Irishman's patrimony was small, and he had never found time or opportunity to add to it. In his old age he was induced to lend his name to a speculative company, which was wrecked by the associates in whom he had blindly trusted. It was the case of General Grant over again. It is to be feared that the present marquis and his American wife will receive no heritage beyond the title and the old family home of Clandeboye, near Belfast; but as she is her



A NEW AMERICAN PEERESS—THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN, FORMERLY MISS FLORENCE DAVIS, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

father's only daughter they are not likely to be in actual straits.

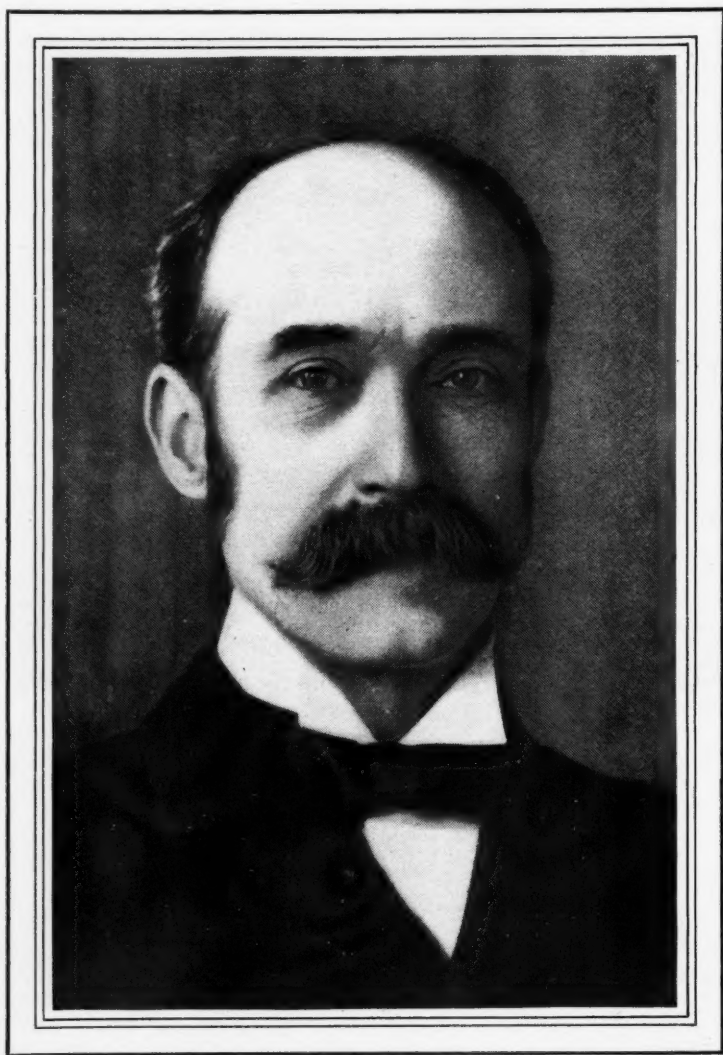
Very little has been heard of the new marchioness in this country since her marriage. In such cases there is a decided presumption that no news is good news, so eagerly are the failures of international matches heralded by the chroniclers of the press. She is said to have become "quite an Englishwoman"—or, rather, "quite an Irishwoman."

Two children have been born to her, both of them girls.

The British Foreign Secretary.

No man in all the world of British politics is more difficult to assign to his right position than the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Born in 1845, Lord Lansdowne has had a career of remarkable brilliancy,



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN LORD SALISBURY'S CABINET, AND SIGNER OF THE TREATY OF ALLIANCE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND JAPAN.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



THE MARQUIS ITO, "THE BISMARCK OF JAPAN," WHO NEGOTIATED THE ANGLO JAPANESE ALLIANCE, A COMPACT WHICH MARKS HIS COUNTRY'S ASSUMPTION OF A PLACE AMONG THE GREAT POWERS OF THE WORLD.

and yet no publicist has ever called him a brilliant man. A lord of the Treasury in Mr. Gladstone's ministry from 1869 to 1872, he became under secretary for war in the latter year, and held the position until the dissolution in 1874. When Mr. Gladstone returned to power in 1880, the Marquis of Lansdowne was made under secretary for India. In 1883 he was sent to Canada as governor general, and served there his full term. In 1888 Queen Victoria

appointed him governor general of India, and in 1895 he became secretary of state for war.

As head of the War Office, Lord Lansdowne was responsible for the condition in which Great Britain went to war with the Boers. From the commencement of the war to the dissolution in 1900, he was subjected to the most severe criticism from all classes of the British public. Service men blamed him for inadequate supplies.

Lord Wolseley, the commander in chief, definitely charged him with having obstructed practical men in the execution of their duty. His resignation was demanded by the press, and nowhere was there enthusiasm in his defense.

When Lord Salisbury announced the composition of his present Cabinet, the supreme surprise was his choice of the Marquis of Lansdowne as secretary for foreign affairs. It had been confidently expected that the secretary for war would be permitted to withdraw from public life. To the astonishment of the nation, he received the most important position next to that of prime minister.

In explaining his appointment as secretary for foreign affairs, the only good thing that has been said of him is that he can speak French. Beyond that, no man knows of his capacity as a foreign minister. And yet with him rests the nominal credit of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. How far he is responsible for that very important treaty is one of the secrets of the inner cabinet council.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is a man of a long descent. He is the twenty sixth Baron of Kerry and Lixnaw, a title founded in 1181. He is one of the largest of British landowners, owning large estates in Wiltshire, England; Perthshire, Scotland; and in County Kerry, Ireland. In 1869 he married a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn. His son, the Earl of Kerry, holds a good record as extra A. D. C. to Lord Roberts in South Africa.

Statesman or mere *locum tenens* for Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne holds a position in Britain that commands attention in all the chancelleries of the world powers.

Ito's Great Achievement.

When Marquis Ito, the inscrutable, passed through New York, there were many who wondered what diplomatic mission his ill health concealed. It was not until the Anglo-Japanese treaty was announced to the world that men understood the full significance of his journey. The little sun dried man who stood near President Roosevelt at

the Yale celebration carried, locked up within him, one of the most remarkable state secrets of modern times.

He was going to London to form an alliance between the greatest naval power of the world and the most effective land fighting force of its size in existence. That alliance has been formed. Britain has given up her traditional policy of splendid isolation, and Marquis Ito has seen the attainment of his life's ambition—an alliance of Japan with one of the great European powers.

The results of that alliance have yet to be written in history. Be they what they may, the treaty is a monument to the statecraft of Marquis Ito, a testimonial to his patriotism.

The Dean of French Literature.

Born in Paris on January 12, 1842, François Coppée has remained a Parisian throughout his artistic life. Best known as a poet, he is also a critic of weight in France. As a dramatist he has written much and has had considerable success. Sara Bernhardt played in his "Le Passant," and his "Jacobites" was produced in America under the title "For Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Educated at the Lycée St. Louis, he was first a clerk in the ministry of war, then he became librarian of the Senate. In 1878 he was appointed keeper of the records at the Comédie Française as a result of his work "Théâtre."

A stylist in French, his work loses something in translation, but always through it all one is aware of a delicate fancy, a vivid imagination, a graphic pictorial power. These have gained for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor and a seat among the Immortals of France in the Academy. This seat he gained in 1884.

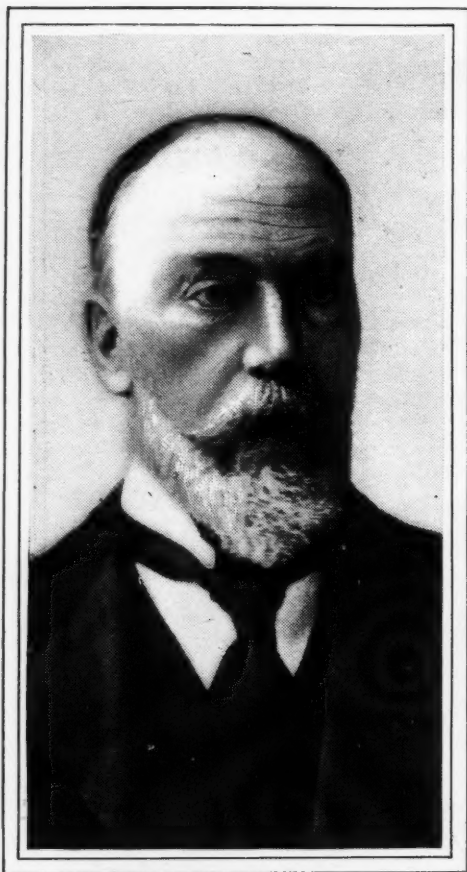
Confessedly a Parisian, Coppée has a heart that beats with the country folk of Brittany and Normandy. In a little story of his he tells how, in a Brittany churchyard, his eye was caught by an inscription on a plain wooden cross:

H IRE RESTS
NONA LE MAGUET.
Died at sea October 26, 1878,
Aged 19 years.



FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, THE FAMOUS FRENCH LITTÉRATEUR, MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY, AND OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, WHOSE ARTICLE ON "THE LEGION OF HONOR" APPEARS ELSEWHERE IN THIS MAGAZINE.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, BART., M. P., WHOSE ARTICLE ON "THE ARMIES OF THE POWERS" APPEARS ELSEWHERE IN THIS MAGAZINE.

From his latest photograph.

Pathetically he narrates how an old Breton fisherman told of the death of Nona, swept into eternity by the quick rushing tide of the Channel while lobster fishing.

"And we found her, my Nona," went on the old sailor, whose voice was breaking. "We found her on a rock covered with seaweed, where, seeing herself lost, the brave darling, she had made herself ready to die. Yes, she had fastened her skirts below her knees with her neckerchief, for the sake of decency, and, still adhering to her old belief, she had tied her hair to the seaweed, her beautiful black hair, certain in this way that she would be found and buried in consecrated ground. And I can tell you, I who know well what bravery is, there is hardly a man bold enough to do the like."

The old man ceased speaking. In the last gleam of twilight I saw two great tears roll down his tanned cheeks. We went down towards the village, side by side, without speaking a word. I was

deeply moved by the courage of this simple girl who, even in the agony of death, had preserved the modesty of her sex and the piety of her race. And before me, in the distant spaces, in the somber solitude of sky and sea, gleamed the lighthouses and the stars.

Oh, brave people of the sea! Oh, noble Brittany!

Sir Charles Dilke, Bart.

One of the most remarkable men in Britain today is the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, member of Parliament for the Forest of Dean division of Gloucestershire. After a university career of extraordinary brilliancy, during which he was head of the Law Tripos of Cambridge, was twice vice president and twice president of the Cambridge Union, and, in athletics, stroke of his college eight, Sir Charles set out upon an extended tour of the world. He returned to Britain a convinced republican.

In those early years of the seventies, he was the best abused man in Great Britain, caricatured as "Citizen Dilke." The United States hailed him as the future President of England. During the illness of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, Sir Charles thought it timely to enter upon a crusade against the expense of maintaining a royal family.

With age, Sir Charles Dilke has lost his aggressive republicanism, has become an authority upon foreign affairs and imperial defense. Admittedly one of the best informed men of his time, he has written books upon the British army and upon imperial defense. One of the strongest men of Great Britain, his opinions are invariably listened to whenever a question of foreign policy or of the armed power of the nation arises. He is today more of scholar and publicist than of statesman or politician.

Paderewski as a Composer.

It has been left for Paderewski to translate Wagner into Polish. The pianist has written an opera—a work which puts on record his interpretation of a dozen masters. In "Manru" he has held hands with Berlioz and

Wagner, Bizet and Mascagni, Schubert and Chopin. Not that the work is lack- transcendence of his memory in this his first great composition. It could not be



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI, THE FAMOUS POLISH PIANIST, WHO HAS MADE HIS DÉBUT AS AN OPERATIC COMPOSER—HIS GIPSY OPERA, "MANRU," WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVELTY PRODUCED BY THE GRAU COMPANY THIS SEASON.

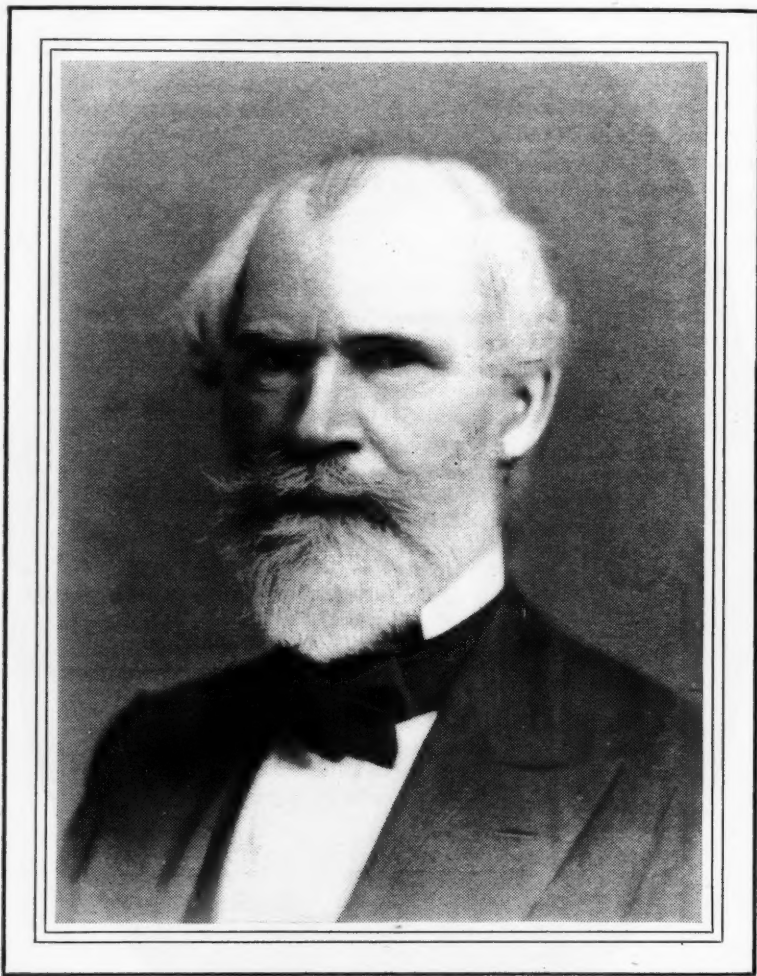
From his latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1902, by Theodore Narceau, New York.

ing in originality, but Paderewski, the otherwise in one whose originality has
 exeutant, has been trammelled by the lain more in his interpretation of others

than in his interpretation of nature. Paderewski has not yet learned to dissociate himself from the guidance of his predecessor in seeking the fountain of inspiration. He has remembered,

flexibility. His technical knowledge is a revelation, and the score of his opera is sufficiently intricate to embarrass its production.

Paderewski's reception as a composer



GALUSHA A. GROW, CONGRESSMAN FROM PENNSYLVANIA, AND FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WHO HAS ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF RETIRING FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

and in his memory lies whatever of weakness there is in the score of the Polish gipsy opera "Manru."

And yet is there much of glad promise in Paderewski's first opera. The pianist has proved himself an orchestral writer of power and of wonderful

has been enthusiastic as ever was his recognition as a pianist. His opera does not mark a new era in music, but it is a wonderful contribution from a man forty two years of age, a king among pianoforte players, a tyro in orchestral composition.



The Legion of Honor.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

THE revolution, as every one knows, placed French society upon a plane of equality, and on August 6, 1791, all orders of chivalry were abolished.

There remained, therefore, for the magnificent soldiers of that essentially warlike epoch no reward save promotion in rank. As the illiterate, who were then in great numbers, could not aspire to that honor, the injustice of such an institution towards the humbler heroes became manifest. A veteran who could not read, but who, nevertheless, had fought for France and liberty from Valmy to Zurich, carried no outward sign attesting his bravery, and it was not until 1799 that national rewards were bestowed upon those military men who had distinguished themselves by brilliant action.

Hence the institution of "arms of honor." Guns, swords, sappers' axes, and even drumsticks and bugles of honor were distributed. It was owing to this custom prob-

ably that Bonaparte, at that time First Consul, conceived the idea of a uniform recompense for military valor. In the mind of this great genius the conception was bound to be amplified, so in 1802 he founded the Legion of Honor

for the purpose of rewarding all—civilians as well as soldiers—who had rendered particular service to the country.

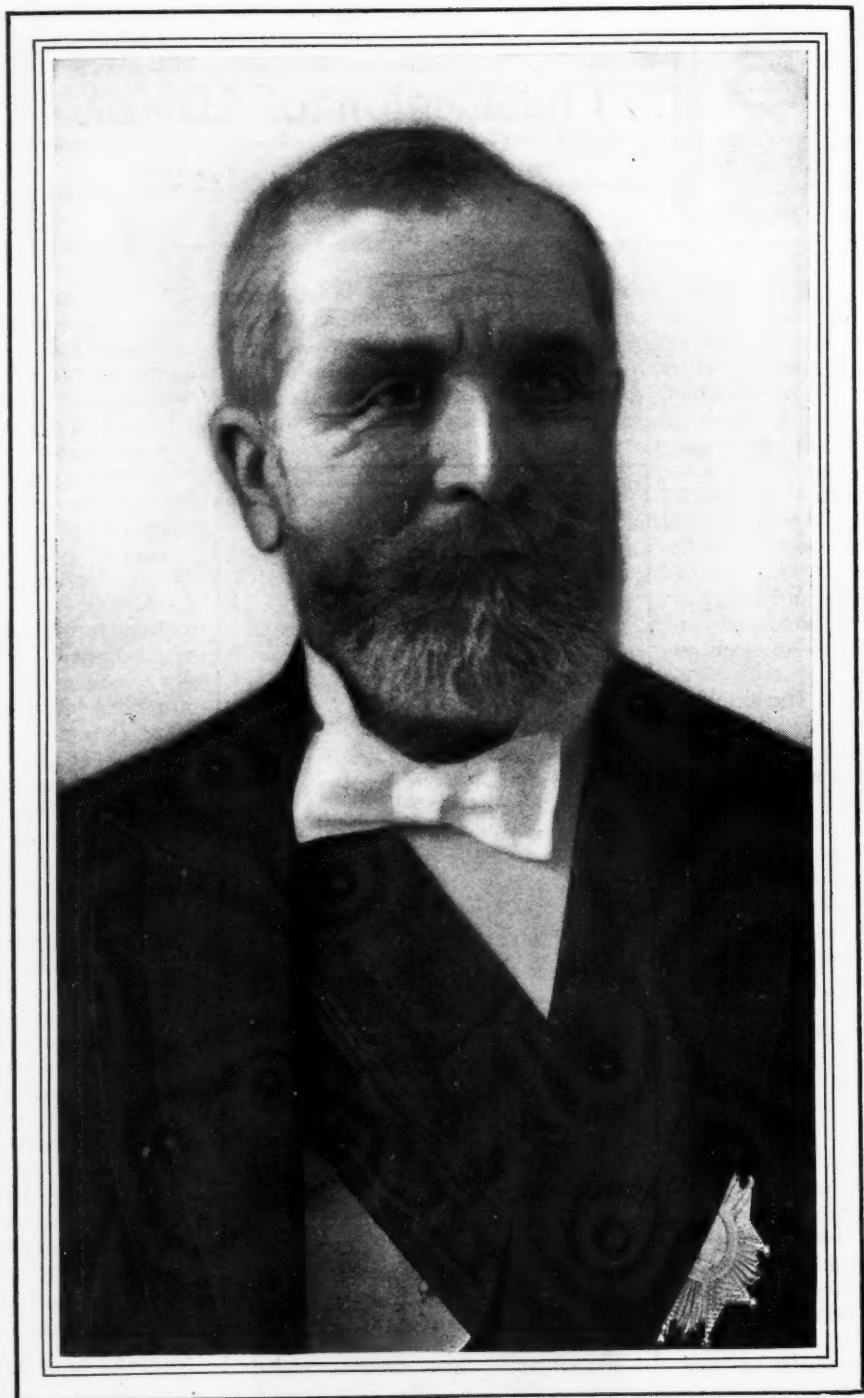
In vain the old republicans—and they were many—protested against what they termed the reestablishment of a "bauble of vanity." Bonaparte knew, and often said, that men were best led by an appeal to their imaginations. He foresaw what value would be attached to these insignia of a nobility merited by courage or by talent, by a selection made with justice from among citizens without distinction of class. In a word, it meant the establishment of a democratic élite.

MILITARY LEGIONARIES.

The Master of Battles very naturally gave to his



ABBÉ LANUSSE, DECORATED AS A REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMAN.



PRESIDENT LOUBET, WEARING THE GRAND CORDON OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.



GENERAL FLORENTIN, GRAND CHANCELLOR OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

own soldiers the main share in the order which he had just founded, but from the very first he admitted thereto legislators, diplomats, magistrates, scientists, men of letters, and artists. In order to prove emphatically that the Legion of Honor was destined for all sorts of merit, he desired that the first grand chancellor should be a civilian, and chose for the post Lacépède, the famous naturalist, Buffon's illustrious successor.

Doubtless, Napoleon during his reign—the most glorious as well as the most sanguinary in the history of France—was obliged to bestow the five pointed enameled star with a lavish hand among his soldiers. To cite an example of this, the cavalry regiment of Grenadiers of the Guard—about a thousand swords—contained three hundred chevaliers of the Legion of Honor. It is certain that in order to maintain the prestige of the order, he distributed the honors far more rarely among civilians. With respect to them, he showed himself very exacting in the qualifications of candidates.

Bourrienne, his old comrade of the military school—Bourrienne, who for several years was his confidential secretary, but whose probity he came to suspect—was never able to obtain this distinction. As the prejudice against actors was at that period very strong, neither was Talma ever decorated. Talma, friend of the youthful lieutenant of artillery, Bonaparte, the man who had opened his purse to the Little Corporal in the dark days; Talma the great tragedian, with whom the emperor had always maintained the most cordial relations, and from whom, it is said, he took lessons in deportment, died without the cross.

CIVILIAN LEGIONARIES.

However, if Napoleon off the field of battle showed himself so parsimonious with his cross, it gained thereby inestimable value in the eyes of civilians. Besides which, he took good care to maintain its democratic character.

A child of the people, an artisan, whose name has been given to one of the principal thoroughfares of Paris, and who will be remembered as a great bene-

factor to the laboring classes, Richard Lenoir, discovered a process for the fabrication of cottons and calicos which permitted him to raise a powerful competition with the manufacturers on the other side of the Channel. In the midst of the continental blockade, when all the ports were closed to English products, Richard Lenoir thus rendered valuable service to the imperial policy.

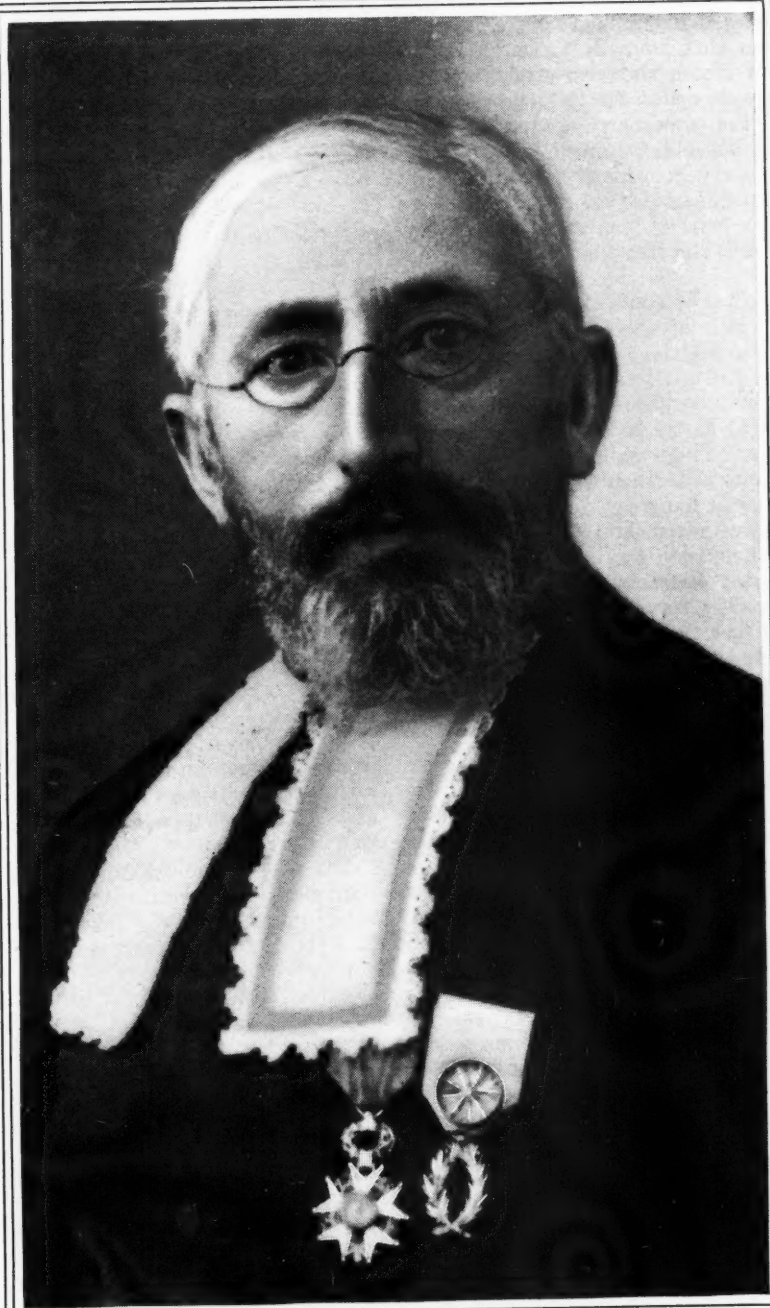
Napoleon made his way to a distant suburb at Charonne, and, surprising Lenoir in his workshop, surrounded by his workmen in their blouses, decorated him with his own hand, saying, "You are more successful than I in fighting the English." It is easy to imagine how a civilian legionary would prize a cross received under such conditions; the emperor could not have done more for one of his grenadiers, had he brought him a captured flag.

THE CEREMONY OF INAUGURATION.

In the beginning, the Legion of Honor comprised sixteen "cohorts," each having a chief, seven grand officers, twenty majors—now called commanders—thirteen officers, and seven hundred and fifty legionaries. It numbered in all, then, six thousand five hundred members. Salaries were attached to each grade, from the great eagle, who received twenty thousand francs, to the simple chevalier, who obtained a modest pension. Two schools were established for the daughters of the legionaries, on whom the emperor reserved the right of bestowing dowries. It was, in fact, a magnificent institution, well worthy of its founder.

The Legion of Honor was inaugurated by two profoundly touching ceremonies of extraordinary pomp. One was celebrated in Paris, in the chapel of the Invalides, under the splendid dome filled with souvenirs of Louis XIV. The other was at the camp at Boulogne, where Napoleon took the insignia for the new legionaries from off Bayard's shield and out of Du Guesclin's casque.

It was thus that Bonaparte, the prodigious poet in action, conjuring about him souvenirs of the heroic past of old France, attempted to reconcile it with the new, and he, the modern Cæsar, born of the Revolution, proclaim-



RABBI ZADOC KHAN, DECORATED AS A LEADER IN JUDAISM.

ed himself the natural heir to fourteen centuries of monarchical glory.

From that hour, July, 1804, the Legion of Honor shone in every scene, in every episode of the Napoleonic epic. When the emperor passes on horseback among his soldiers, and a gust of wind lifts the revers of his gray redingote and shows the enameled jewel upon the green uniform within, one might truly say, "There is the star which led the Grand Army!"

To win it by merit so that through the thick cloth of their coats they might feel its martial warmth upon their hearts, these indefatigable foot soldiers with their begaitered legs are ready to march to battle in the four corners of Europe. These gallant cavaliers with their long tailed helmets or plumed col-backs await but a sign to charge through a volley of grape shot. These severe artillerymen, their foreheads wrinkled under heavy bearskin caps, consider the cannon they serve as sacred as the flag, and, rather than abandon them, will die by their side.

THE MEANING OF THE ORDER.

Each one of these men has but one desire, one ambition—to see the cross fastened upon his breast by the little hand of the emperor, and even in that fabulous moment of history—not so far distant—the humblest of these heroes may dream that his bit of ribbon will be transformed into a broad red sash like that which decorates the gold braided coat of Ney or of Masséna, the commander of an army corps, and who, too, was once but a simple soldier.

Such was the Legion of Honor under the reign of the Emperor Napoleon. That remarkable series of victories, among which figured Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, Smolensk, and Moscow: that even more heroic resistance to defeat which faltered not from the retreat from Russia until Waterloo; that intoxication, that mania for glory, which possessed the whole nation; the sacrifice by France of a million of her sons—all these things, it may be said, Napoleon obtained with the aid of a strip of red ribbon and a jewel of insignificant value.

And what is fully as surprising is the

fact that the Legion of Honor, which has existed for a century, and which the various régimes that have ruled over France have tended, consciously or otherwise, to depreciate, has maintained an incontestable prestige. It is astonishing, but it is true, and nothing better proves to us the tremendous force of Napoleon's conception—a nobility among the democracy.

MISTAKES OF THE BOURBONS.

The first blow—and a serious one—was dealt the Legion of Honor upon the return of the Bourbons. By the charter of 1814 the decoration was kept up, but it represented the work of the usurper, it kept his memory alive, and had it not been for the fear of military sedition it would have been abolished. The Bourbons added to the cross and imposed upon the army and the officials the Order of the Lily, which became immediately ridiculous; reëstablished the old orders, reduced the appointments of the legionaries by half, and substituted the effigy of Henry IV for that of Napoleon. They did more than that, and much worse, in distributing the cross promiscuously right and left, even bestowing it upon altogether unworthy individuals. During the last six months of 1814 more than ten thousand crosses were distributed.

Without entirely calming the fury of the reaction, the return from Elba and the Hundred Days did much to modify it. The second Restoration finally understood that, far from destroying so powerful an institution, it was better to appropriate and make use of it: and the following régimes—alas, too numerous—under which France has lived have tried, if not to restore the star to its original splendor—for that were impossible—at least to preserve some of its brilliancy. Let us say at once that in France the undertaking was an easy one, for at all times social superiority had been sought after.

For one cross obligingly bestowed upon a political agent or other individual of doubtful reputation, there are twenty, thirty, which honor brave soldiers, worthy servants of the country, useful and honest people of all kinds; and, since it is not disdained by men of

superior talents, by eminent persons in the world of science, of letters, of bears the device "*Honneur et Patrie*", is always much sought after.



ÉDOUARD DÉTAILLÉ, DECORATED FOR PROMINENCE IN ART.

arts, and of industries, who are the shining lights of the order, the jewel which In France, where the spirit of irony is widespread, we often speak flippantly of

the cross; but when we do so it is in thinking only of the little red ribbon then that back there on a stretcher lies a poor fellow who bleeds and suffers,



ADMIRAL DE CUVERVILLE, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NAVY.

fastened to our civilian coats. We become serious at once when the echoes of the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry come to us from one or other of our distant colonies. We remember

who thirsts and calls for his mother. We know that to revive his fading sight, to bring a smile to his fever parched lips, to save him from death, perhaps, it will suffice to pin the cross upon his shirt.

A NEW REAR ADMIRAL.

BY BABINGTON REID.

HOW A POOR LAD OF VIRGINIA HAS WORKED HIS WAY UPWARD THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE SERVICE TO BECOME SURGEON GENERAL OF THE NAVY AT AN AGE YOUNGER THAN ANY ONE OF HIS PREDECESSORS.

IN appointing Medical Inspector Presley M. Rixey, of Virginia, to be surgeon general of the navy, President Roosevelt carried out a promise given by the late President McKinley.

The promise was made during the sad return of the Presidential party from their tour across the continent nearly a year ago. On her way to San Francisco, a felon developed on one of Mrs. McKinley's fingers; the pain brought on a fever, and for a time she lay desperately ill in the Golden Gate City. When she had sufficiently recovered to stand the journey to Washington, the start for the East was made.

One day, when the patient was resting comfortably, the President sent for Dr. Rixey. The latter entered the Presidential car, and bowed to Mr. McKinley, who sat between Secretary Long and Secretary Wilson.

"Dr. Rixey," Mr. McKinley said after a word of greeting, "I want to say to you what I have just said to these gentlemen. For your devotion to Mrs. McKinley, if there is anything I have, it is yours." The President stopped a moment. "If you want to be surgeon general of the navy you shall have the appointment when the vacancy occurs."

An assassin's bullet prevented Mr. McKinley from keeping his promise. Dr. Rixey, who was at Buffalo in attendance upon the distinguished sufferer, accompanied Mrs. McKinley to Canton after the death of her husband.

Mr. Roosevelt heard of his predecessor's determination with respect to Dr. Rixey's future.

"I shall faithfully observe Mr. McKinley's wishes," he said in a message to Mrs. McKinley, "and will appoint Dr. Rixey surgeon general."

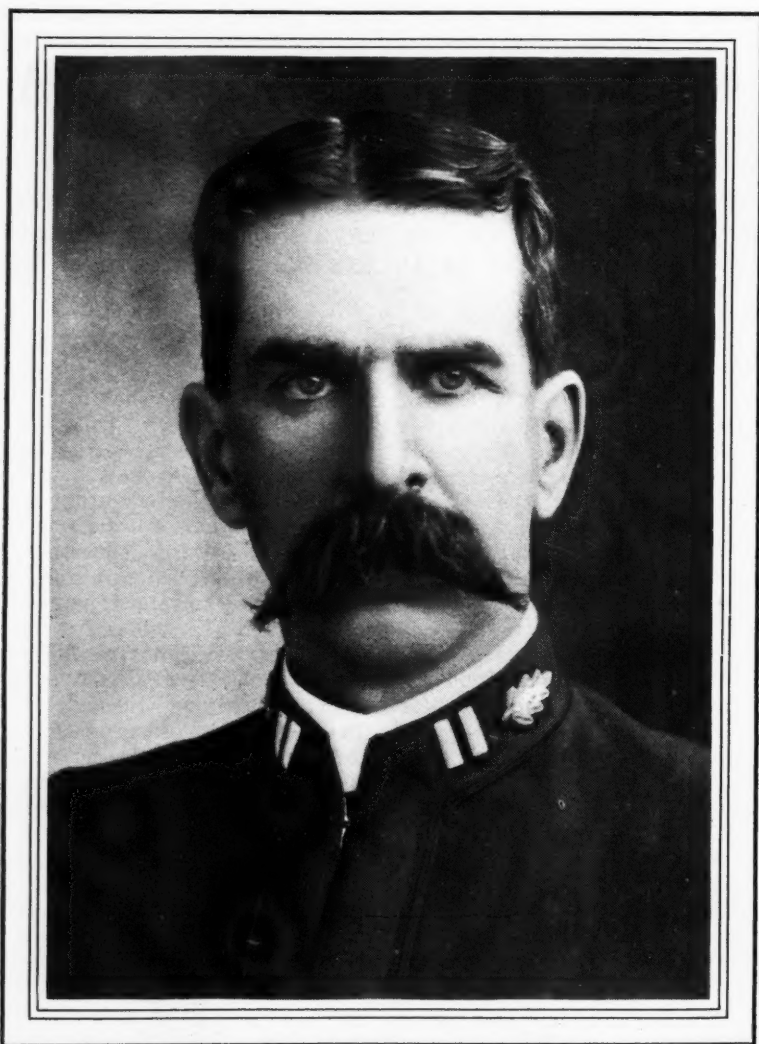
Rear Admiral Rixey entered upon his office with fewer years on his shoulders than any of those who held the post before him. He was born near Culpeper, Virginia, and during the Civil War saw the male members of his family espouse the Confederate cause. His father was ruined by the war, and in order to finish his education young Rixey was compelled to borrow money.

His funds being small, he resolved to lose no time in graduating from the University of Virginia, and he received his diploma after a course of nine months. Learning through a friend that the navy was in need of surgeons, he decided to enter the service in that capacity. He went to Philadelphia, studied medicine, and passed the prescribed examination.

Of his twenty seven years in the naval service, eleven have been spent at sea. He has served in the old screw sloop Congress, in the Mediterranean; in the unlucky Tallapoosa, with the North Atlantic Squadron; in the Lancaster, which cruised in European, African, and South American waters; and in the despatch boat Dolphin. On shore, he has been attached successively to the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, the Naval Hospital at Norfolk, and the Naval Dispensary in Washington.

During the war with Spain, Dr. Rixey applied for duty on a battleship, but there was no vacancy. He went to Cuba, near the end of the brief campaign, on the hospital ship Solace. On his return he was again assigned to the Naval Dispensary.

His intimacy with the late President began at the time of Mr. McKinley's visit to Atlanta. Dr. Rixey was in official attendance upon the Secretary



REAR ADMIRAL PRESLEY M. RIXEY, SURGEON GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.

of the Navy and Miss Long, who were with the Presidential party; and during the journey he was called upon to prescribe for Mrs. McKinley. The President was greatly impressed with his gentleness and skill.

Not long afterwards, Dr. Rixey met the President, who asked why he never called at the White House.

"I did not know you wanted me, Mr. President," Dr. Rixey answered.

"Well, I wish you would come over and see Mrs. McKinley; and when we

make railroad journeys I should like to have you accompany us."

When Mr. McKinley was shot in the Temple of Music at Buffalo, Dr. Rixey, who was in attendance upon Mrs. McKinley at the moment of the tragedy, was immediately summoned, and joined Drs. Mann, Mynter, and Parmenter in the unsuccessful attempt to extract the fatal bullet. It was he who broke the news to the President's invalid wife, and he labored devotedly for both patients until death took one from his care.

STORIETTES

A Woman's Heart.

FREE! That was the one dominant note in Anne's thoughts. She was not certain that it was not also a triumphant note. The letter had been a difficult one to write, and she flattered herself that she had done it well. She read it over now, before slipping it into the envelope.

DEAR JOHN:

I have thought, and thought, and wondered. It is hard to read one's heart sometimes, but I know now that it is only liking I feel for you. I like you better than any man I know, but love must be a different thing from that.

Let us remain friends, John, good friends—chums, if you will—but put away from you all thought of any other possibility. Our friendship has been good for both of us, but my promise of aught else would be a hypocrisy.

Sincerely,

ANNE.

"He will be as glad to get it as I am to send it," Anne told herself as she sealed the flap. "It is the woman's prerogative to break, as it is the man's to make, compacts of this sort."

It troubled her somewhat to think that she could not mail the letter until morning; but it was late, and there was no one to send with it. Not that she was at all doubtful about her own mind in the matter. Still, when one takes a decided step, one does like to have it over and done with.

She gave the letter to her father when he left for business in the morning; and watched him from the window to make sure that he did not forget it as he passed the lamp post.

She was going to a luncheon that day, and as she rode up town in the cars her eyes were attracted to the big type on the front page of an afternoon paper in the hands of the man seated next her. He was so absorbed that he nearly missed his station. Then, in his haste, he rushed away, tossing the paper behind him, so that it fluttered into Anne's lap.

With languid interest she picked it

up to satisfy her curiosity about the large type, and was at once electrified into rigid attention. There had been a frightful railroad accident on the road by which John came daily to the city—to the 8:45, his train.

Her heart hammered against her chest, her eyes were staring, glassy, as they settled on the list of the killed and injured. Then there was a little gasp as she read his name—the fifth one—John N. Fitch—dead.

It meant so much, and yet so little, that she thought only of the letter she had written. It would come to the house where that silent thing lay to whom it had been addressed—a stab to the dead.

The note she had been so proud of the night before would wound the heart that had been faithful to her. If she could but get it back! There was but one possible chance. She must go straightway to Bryketttsburg.

The luncheon was forgotten, and Anne made her way at once to the railway station. She felt as though she were in a trance as she bought her ticket and walked out to the train, noting the air of suppressed excitement that lingered about the place.

"Please take my name to Mrs. Fitch," she told the maid who opened the door for her.

It was all so horribly trite and conventional; she felt an insane desire to laugh—to break through the numbness oppressing her.

The girl hesitated and looked from the card back to Anne's resolute face. Then she vanished up the stairway and instantly Anne, feeling like a thief, snatched at the three or four letters lying on the hall stand. Thank God, there was her own! Owing to the excitement, the mail had been left just where the postman had delivered it. She snatched the fateful envelope from among the others, concealed it in the depths of her jacket, and then nerved



"IT IS THE WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE TO BREAK,
AS IT IS THE MAN'S TO MAKE, COM-
FACTS OF THIS SORT."

herself to face a mother so terribly be-
reft. All the world was swaying about
her. The reaction had set in. She

clutched at the door post to
support her.

Down the reeling stairs
came a figure familiar yet
fantastic—a strange figment
of her fancy—and, out from
the infinite distance, she
heard a voice:

"I'll send Margaret up
with the letters."

It was John's voice; the
figure was that of her lover
—John in the flesh, and no
ghost. The horizon came
nearer; the stairs solidified;
the figure stood over her
with wide, welcoming arms
stretched out to her.

Anne crept into them without a
word; snuggling close to the heart, at
length she understood. There was a
new light in her eyes, and John, too,
was satisfied.

"Who told you that mother was ill?"
he asked later. "She is better now,
but I did not go to town this morning.
Thank God, I didn't, precious! I had
an appointment with poor Fred Wayne,
and he is dead—killed in the accident."

"But oh, John, have you seen the

papers, and the awful thing they say of you?"

"Yes, darling, I have; but that was Wayne, not I. He had my card in his pocket and they identified him by that."

And then relief came to Anne and she cried. So that John needed no answer to his question of the day before.

Matthew White, Jr.

Rudolph of Mis-Hapsburg.

I.

"If only he would do something really striking!" said Gitana to her papa.

"Box your ears, for instance," that gentleman suggested in the manner of fathers.

Father and daughter were walking home together in the evening dusk, she hanging on his arm with both her hands. She liked to walk half way to his office and meet him of an evening. Some evenings, of which this was one, Rudolph Untermeier would be waiting at a convenient corner as she passed, and walk with her to the meeting. He was an open admirer—or lover—not seeming to understand that secrecy has a charm of its own for girls of eighteen.

Gitana said, both behind his back and to his face, that he was too stupid to understand anything; and if you argued with her that a young man who had taken high college honors in electricity and such matters could not be so very stupid, she would simply wither you with a little sniff and upward toss of the chin.

"He must be stupid, you know, daddy," she said, as they were nearing home that evening, "because he's always tumbling into some misery or other. That's why I gave him his name—Rudolph of Mis-Hapsburg. I got it out of history, with a little alteration."

"Impudence!" her father commented. "I wonder he has any patience left. Which of them is going to take you to the dance tonight?"

"Gilbert."

You may see by the way her father put his question, and by Gitana's ready answer, that Rudolph and Gilbert were rivals. According to Gitana's account

of the matter, Gilbert Masterson was the more favored, being bright and infinitely amusing. Gitana did not stop to reflect that half the entertainment was really due to Rudolph, whose doings afforded Gilbert excellent pegs on which to hang witticisms.

II.

THAT night, at the dance, Gilbert seemed to be having everything pretty much his own way. Gitana was looking lovely, a big half opened red rosebud stuck into her dark hair on one side wonderfully heightening the effect of her big brown eyes and glowing cheeks. The eyes became all the brighter, and a deeper flush of impish enjoyment showed in the cheeks, when poor Rudolph, to whom she had refused the first dance, and the second as well, led Annabel Scotton from her seclusion under a big palmetto near the door. Miss Scotton was pulling after her a train of wonderful length, full of dire possibilities for Rudolph.

Before the couple had made one round of the room, the expected had happened. But Gitana had the grace to bite her lip hard as she stooped to disentangle Miss Scotton from the awful incumbrance and helped her to her feet.

It looked to Gilbert like the promising beginning of a chapter of accidents. Miss Scotton was too angry with her partner even to listen to his apologies. She indignantly retired, alone, to the shadow of her palm tree. Gitana waltzed away like a blown petal, flashing merry smiles at every turn upon crestfallen Rudolph from the crook of Gilbert's arm.

"Well, hardly," she was cruel enough to tell Rudolph, when he came to her at midnight to beg for the third time for the favor of just one dance.

"My dear Mis-Hapsburg, it's nearly two hours since you tripped up Annabel Scotton; you don't know how funny it was, Rudolph. Your next mishap is overdue. If I gave you a dance now, I just *know* something terrible would happen. You can't help it, poor boy; it's your awful fate."

Just then the hostess interrupted

their one tête-à-tête of the evening. She had come to ask Gitana for a performance of that Spanish dance of hers.

"Everybody is begging for it, my dear," she said. "And with that red rose over your little ear you look just in the vein for it."

"I didn't bring my castanets with me," demurred Gitana, "and I don't know how to get

combine a service to Gitana with escape from the lights and the crowd into outer darkness. If he stayed there much longer he might violently assault the elegant Gilbert Masterson. As for



"PAPA WILL TAKE ME HOME, THANK YOU,"
SNAPPED GITANA.

the supper he would miss by his midnight journey to Gitana's home, he wanted none of it. Peace lay outside.

III.

RUDOLPH's finger was already upon the bell button of the front door of the parental mansion when he noticed that the outer door stood slightly open. He softly went in and examined the inner door. That was closed, but a circular slab had been neatly cut out of one of the upper panels. It was a manifest case of burglary.

He crept stealthily into the hall and looked about for something that might do as a weapon. On a rack was a rusty Cuban *machete*, with a canteen and other warlike decorations. Rudolph promptly ripped the *machete* away from the four brass nails that held it in place, and straightway the water bottle and other things came down with a crash and a clatter.

Quickly he crouched, *machete* in hand,

them now—unless you have a pair?" She put the question as though complacent hostesses carried castanets with their powder.

No, there were no castanets obtainable. But there was Rudolph. He was only too glad of an opportunity to

in the shadow of the stairs, waiting. Down the stairs came muffled footsteps—of two feet and then of four. The stairs creaked. Something clinked like a hastily packed sackful of assorted silverware. Presently the light from a bull's eye lantern began to flutter over the banisters; but Rudolph remained hidden in the shadow.

Both the marauders—he in front with the lantern and pistol, and he behind with the sack—kept close to the wall, away from the banisters. Fortunately, the wall was on their left, which brought the pistol in the first man's hand within reach of the rusty *machete* in Rudolph's.

Suddenly Rudolph sprang up and struck at the pistol; the hand that held it fell, and the pistol went off. The sack, filled with heavy, hard things, and a something in the hand of the second burglar, struck Rudolph simultaneously on the head and ear. He dropped, with the sack on top of him.

There was a stampede of burglars through the front door, and Rudolph was left lying alone and senseless.

IV.

"THEY came pretty near killing him, I can tell you," said Gitana's father, telling the tale to an excited crowd an hour later. "I found him there, stunned, with his neck nearly broken from the force of the blow. Gitana, you ought to be ashamed, making a young fellow like that fetch and carry for you! Now you'll have to come home with me and nurse him."

For once Gitana looked ashamed.

But Gilbert was not wise enough to be silent. "It was just like Rudolph," he snickered. "If a burglar happened to be around with a slungshot he'd be sure to run into it."

"You'd run the other way, wouldn't you?" snapped Gitana. "No, papa will take me home, thank you."

And Gilbert stayed with the girls and the supper. He shone better in the glare of the ballroom than in the gloom of the hallway.

Six months later Rudolph looked back upon that mishap as the luckiest

of his life. And he has not found reason to alter his opinion since.

Ewan Macpherson.

The Vengeance That Followed.

I.

"DESTROYER—inshore—fifteen miles to the southeast—on reef—heavy firing," to the volunteer cruiser said the despatch boat. Her signal lantern shot out the message in weak glints of white light through the misty aftermath. She had no time for more. Indeed, that was all her hurried commander knew, for he had just barely ascertained the fact, then carried on again at top speed. More than a mere destroyer was at stake that dirty December morning. England, mistress of the high seas, was hard pressed by fierce enemies.

There had been a sore mistake somewhere, or that doomed destroyer, scouting too close inshore on the rocky, dangerous coast, had broken down—this was all that Captain Philipps, R. N. R., in command of the Pacific, could surmise. His lantern had blinked in reply to the impatient despatch boat as the big ship came slowly round, plunging majestically among the white tufting seas.

Now, it was known to some very few folks in the navy that Agnes Philipps had died broken hearted. Gravener was the man. He, just a sub lieutenant then, had met her on her father's boat when coming home invalided from the Sussex.

The history of the affair is as ancient as the very hills. Two young folks left overmuch to their own bright selves and sweet devices, and then the inconsequent engagement. Most people excused him. They attributed the matter to his parents, his prospects, his unwillingness to shackle such a young and lovely creature.

Others were more skeptical, and wisely blamed the man himself. He was of that type for which women themselves are the Devil's own advocate; was handsome, well built, and plausible. He had a jocund, winning manner; was clever, nay, even brilliant in a degree; was one who began splendidly, rose rapidly,

then felt short of higher promotion; a lieutenancy was his post at this time. He was smart, but lacking in foundation, as shallow as a river punt.

Women were consoling him sweetly when Agnes Philipps died, so he had neither time nor opportunity for sorrow.

And she? Died of a broken heart, although the doctors declared it was owing to utter debility of system: "Poor blood, sir; poor blood!"

II.

MAYBE the commander of the despatch boat knew the story, the destroyer, and her senior officer. It is ten thousand chances to one he did not. At any rate, he made no mention of names; he merely gave his information. Be it as it may, the Pacific came pelting down to succor her little kinscraft.

No doubt Captain Philipps read his "McLean's List" and "Official Appointments" well enough to know that Graverer was in "G" unit patrolling that section of the channel—for hatred, and money lent, are the best acerbatives to man's attention. On the prime objectives of these most of us glue our eyes, unless we are in love. And Philipps was not.

It was about five bells in the morning watch, and with the loom of the land growing big, that Captain Philipps rang off his engines and took soundings. As the leadsman bellowed, "Ten, by the mark!" the crackling rattle of a light quick fire dropped down the lulling wind, to be soon overwhelmed by heavier and more menacing reports. These developed into a continuous cannonade. "Half speed ahead" sent the cruiser further inshore towards the source of firing. Then the bow look-outs' simultaneous yells of "Breakers ahead!" confirmed the captain's knowledge of the spot.

The officers of the watch made out the destroyer. Nigh two miles away, she was hard and fast by her bows, apparently grounded on an outlying shoal within a wilderness of intricate reefs, shoals, and high toothed snags. There was a slight joggle of sea, and the little vessel lay black against the whitish

surface—an evident mark to the pounding battery on the tall cliffs little under two miles beyond her. Faint crimson thongs of fire lanced the weakening darkness before the reports smote the ear. Very intermittingly was the Britisher returning their fire.

Philipps came out of the chart house, threw up his chin, and through his night binoculars took a long survey of the scene. "Well, gentlemen," said he to the first and third lieutenants near him, "sure enough, she's one of ours. The Pacific can't get in there, so it is 'out cutters,' and we'll see what we can do to help them. The big boat 'll stand by at from twenty to thirty revolutions, and the lead constantly going. The current round the bay 'll have carried her in. Lucky for her she's taken the ground far out! Devilish ugly spot inside, Mr. Cairtares"—turning to the first officer. "Was twice driven ashore there when I was a mate. Devilish spot, sir! 'Man and arm ship,' in case the enemy bring heavy metal to bear on us, once they see us. Ye never know these foreign devils! By God, there's something gone aboard her! Enemy's stopped firing, too."

III.

It was a desperate squad, scanty, and sweating like horses, that worked the fated destroyer's one available gun—the conning tower twelve pounder.

Graverer, for one, knew not wherefore he was fighting now. At root, it was with him as with his maddened men—the old, healthy business of a blow for a blow and the devil take the hindmost. His destroyer was battered to pieces; her boats were masses of splinters and rags; a great, smoking gap was where the stoke hold and engine room had been; only her forward compartments, bows, and conning tower were holding together. Nothing but wreckage, torn plates and twisted beams, dismembered and tattered bodies, and dangerous rushes of sea were aft of the lop sided funnel that swung threateningly to and fro with every stagger and rock of the boat's frayed carcass. Himself and five men were the sole survivors. Traitorous currents had betrayed the

Vulture in her pursuit of a stranger well acquainted with the accesses through the reefs.

Then the worst happened. Fate directed a bursting light shell against the panting seaman as he crawled anew out of the forecastle hatch hugging precious ammunition. A great, irregular, fiery splash shot into Gravener's eyes; something gigantic pressed him instantly down; a fearful thundering stunned him. When the lip of a wanton surge swept the bows, washing over him, he came to his senses. He was alone; his left hand clutched tightly round a fragment of lower platform rail still standing. It was thus he had kept aboard. Silenced, the quick firer stared landward. Limbs, parts of eviscerated bodies, brains, and blood were strewn about; the gun was thickly plastered.

The lieutenant rose to his knees with difficulty and shouted. Never an answer came; the wind whistled derisively in his ears; to his torture, he could smell the land in its wet, cold breath. A head of sea broke upon the bows and nigh threw him from his foothold. Only the gray, lifting night, miles of seething wild billows, the black, yawning jaws of reefs and snags in the dip of the sea met his eyes.

Vaguely he wondered, not when death would come to him, but why the enemy had ceased firing. Then he rubbed his burnt, lashless eyes, and cursed. From inshore three large boats were putting out to him; he could distinguish them against the foaming waters. Slowly they were approaching, obviously with keen eyes to the dangers of their passage. Steam launches they were, and coming at an easy pace that suggested they feared nothing from him.

IV.

HE cursed again, and sprang to the gun. It had been recharged. In disgust he wiped the débris from its barrel. Gravener cared not a whit to live. His boat he had lost through his own carelessness in not allowing for the speed of the cross currents; his crew were dead, slain by the enemy's sustained and accurate firing. His was the shame

and obloquy. Better die fighting than disgraced, was his one intelligible thought.

He reckoned up the distance with his eye. Less than ten minutes of life remained to him. As the boats leisurely and cautiously neared, they saw him, and began taking pot shots at him with their bow rifles. With his wet face tense, hard in outline like a skeleton's, he sighted his gun on the leading craft. Crash went its sharp, ear splitting report.

Shrieks, groans, and curses rang loudly; that boat was sunk. Its fellows spouted shell with their bow quick firers. The enraged lieutenant, shouting oaths, bobbed down and frantically looked around for a weapon. Then he heard an English cheer. A cutter swept past the wrecked bows, and closed with the leading launch. He saw men in grips topple overboard as the frail boats swayed to and fro and lurched up and down and steel flashed. He heard revolvers crackle, and furious strangling cries, and blasphemies, as the newcomers cleared that launch with death. As Gravener began to cheer, the Pacific's second cutter scurried by, opening a hot fire upon the other boat of the enemy.

V.

CAPTAIN PHILIPPS fought well, warily, and with infinite cunning; for he had prejudged correctly that the battery on land, afraid of sinking their own boats, would remain inactive. When the last of the foe had bade for surrender he came alongside Gravener.

In the murky half light of the winter morning the lieutenant beheld a red faced, elderly officer, out of wind with fighting—a new trade to him—blood trickling down his left temple, and with his right hand bandaged. The boat was sheered closer, and Philipps stood up, wiping the brine and blood from his eyes.

Gravener stood above him, clinging, drunken with fatigue and weakness, to the portion of platform rail, his scalp singed to the skin, his handsome face ghastly, swollen, and blistered, his uni-

form in rags. Philipps' eyes rested on him for a second.

"I congratulate you, sir, on your defense." Then, as the boat lurched upward, "My God! You?" he cried shrilly.

"Yes," replied Gravenor in a strained, thick voice, drawing back a few feet from the father of the woman who had died of a broken heart because of him.

With a curse Philipps sank back into the stern sheets.

A stupid, dazed expression fled over the lieutenant's appalled face. He staggered to the tumbling of the bows in the quick, unruly flow. His numbed fingers relaxed. Crying in his agony, he sprawled headlong down the starboard bow of the turtleback and shot into the yeasty waters.

The twelve pounder and a few rounds of ammunition were all that the Pacific's men secured.

Patrick Vaux.

The House of Rahmana.

I.

"THIS is the house of Rahmana."

I was startled, for what had seemed to be a brown bag left carelessly on top of the stone wall contained a voice. Two long bones covered tight with skin resolved themselves into legs, while, from under the hood of a *jalubiya*, a pair of keen eyes looked into mine—an electric spark in a parchment case.

Had a wandering astral body, tired of space, taken possession again of its previous dwelling place, cast aside the cerement of a mummy in the Boolak Museum, stolen the soiled *jalubiya* of an Egyptian, and come again to Morocco?

"Do you speak Spanish?" I demanded in surprise.

"Why not?" replied the Moor as he rose to his feet. "I have lived in Cadiz."

He waved his hand towards a group of ruins. "There is El Mamora, the house of Rahmana, but not the one she loved the best."

I leaned against the wall. Far below me lay the sea, with the city huddled near, its mosques and minarets shining in the sun. Mountains, purple with

haze, raised their heads in the distance. On the slope of the hill where we stood were terraced gardens, protecting with high stone walls the women of the harem from the prying eyes of the curious wayfarers of the street.

II.

"COME," said the Moor, "I will show you the citadel, for my time is short; I must return to the mountain tonight."

There was a gleam of madness in his eyes as they met mine, and then I understood. He might wander at will without fear among his people, for, as the Arabs say, "God had called his reason back to Himself," and the old Moor was now a saint.

Half way to the gate he paused and, counting the stones in the wall, first upward, then to the left, he pressed steadily on a small one. The large one above it swung slowly outward as if on a pivot, leaving a space large enough for the head and shoulders of a man.

"It was here that Arusi first saw Rahmana," said the Moor. "He was riding up the hill on his black Arabian, and just here he rose in his stirrups to watch for a signal from that mountain. Rahmana had just risen from her rug and stood near the wall. She, the most beautiful woman in all Morocco, looked into the eyes of Arusi, handsome as a god. Do you wonder that all else was forgotten?"

"It is not the custom for our women to be seen of men, but sometimes the laws of ages are swept away by the onslaught of a great moment. A cunning artisan from the west made this opening, and when it was finished mysteriously disappeared, never to return. No one save Arusi, Rahmana, her slave girl, and myself knew of the place. From that time until the faint sickle of the moon told that the fast of Ramadan had begun, no night passed without the meeting of Arusi and Rahmana."

We passed into the garden, and in fancy I beheld the Moorish girl among the orange trees and the oleanders, her eyes darkened with kohl, a scarlet kerchief on her unbound hair, her brilliant costume of vari colored silk tied at the waist with a soft sash, a richly em-

broidered velvet jacket, wide trousers half revealing silver anklets, with tiny yellow slippers embroidered in red covering her feet.

The faint sound of a musical instrument came from another garden, and I saw, in reality, a mulatto slave girl in her one white garment open to the waist on one side dart across the ground and disappear in a court.

Climbing the terrace, we entered the palace. Even in its decay it was beautiful with its brilliant mosaic floor, marble pillars, the paintings on the arches, and the delicate tracery of the woodwork. The Moor was muttering to himself as he walked in and out of the other courts which had fallen to ruin. He came back to me as I lingered by the fountain, threw back his hood, and his wrinkled head looked more mummy-like than ever in the dim light. The perfumed oil long since had been forgotten in the lanterns hanging from the arches.

III.

"It was here, in this room," he said, "that her father, the great Sid Mohammed Abd el Djebbar, told Rahmana that he had promised her in marriage to Sid Ali, the son of the pasha of Salé. The sheik had discovered that Arusi had seen Rahmana and was angered, not only because of the tradition of his people, but because of a feud that nothing but blood could wipe out. He sent for her, and in this room told her of his will. Cunningly he withheld his knowledge of her love for Arusi.

"It would be strange for a Moorish maiden to question the will of her father, but she tried to gain time and, being the daughter of her father, her wits were keen.

"'It is well, my father,' she said; 'but let me stay with you until after the next feast of Ramadan. My life is happy here, and no man will be to me as you, my father.'

"Sid Mohammed, proud of her beauty, and knowing that Arusi was already in prison loaded with chains—denounced that very day by the great sheik himself as the despoiler of a French vessel—laughed as he granted

her wish, well knowing that for the time between that hour and her wedding day she would be safe from Arusi.

"The fact that Arusi was innocent of the crime for which he was imprisoned but added zest to the matter for the sheik."

IV.

"COME this way; these are the apartments of Rahmana."

Here again were exquisite mosaics, and I fancied that I caught the odor of rose and the faint rustle of silks. It was here, then, that she waited in hungry silence for tidings of Arusi, who, after that dreadful day, came no more to the opening in the wall.

The sun was low in the west as we stepped again into the garden where palms nodded their graceful heads and the rich perfume of flowers filled our senses with the very breath of the Orient. The low voice of the Moor took up the story again.

"Time passed. The feast of Ramadan came a second time, and the great sheik, busy with other matters, seemed to have forgotten the wedding of Rahmana. Arusi had made his escape from prison, and it was rumored that he was chief of a band of brigands preying on the fat Moors of the city. At last the feasting for the wedding began and Rahmana resigned herself to the fate awaiting her. Only the mulatto girl knew of the sleepless nights and the tears shed while the household was wrapped in slumber. The night came when the bridegroom would escort Rahmana to his home. The wedding party would pass through this gate and then through that narrow defile beyond."

I looked at the yawning cliffs as they almost met over the tiny road.

"Sid Ali was ill favored, and his rich costume made his deformities uglier than ever, but Rahmana had never seen him and her heart held only the image of Arusi, seated on his great black horse. His trousers and haik were of the finest silk and his caftan heavy with gold embroidery, while his face, illumined with his great love, shone like the face of a god.

"The wedding party left the citadel

after the night had fallen; first a guard of soldiers, then Rahmana on a mule accompanied by the great sheik, the bridegroom, Sid Ali, and her brother. Just as they reached the bend in the road at the foot of that defile, there was heard a mighty cry:

"Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid Mohammed Abd el Djebar."

"Mounted men could be seen on the hills, and there were shouts and many shots. Rahmana could see nothing through her veil, but she felt strong arms lift her from the mule to the back of an Arab stallion. The voice of Arusi in her ear whispered, 'Beloved, I have come for thee.' I know, for my horse was neck and neck with his, and on my saddle was the slave girl."

"You!" I cried in amazement, for the story of Rahmana and Arusi was generations old and he was telling it as personal history. As he looked up at me the cunning look of madness came again into his eyes and I held my peace.

V.

"Do you see that mountain covered with blue haze?"—he pointed south. "The woods are almost impenetrable, but just below the highest point Arusi had built a resting place for Rahmana. You think the citadel magnificent? It was a hovel in comparison. Ah, I could tell you of the honey, the sweetmeats, waiting her."

He stopped for so long a time I thought that he was quite lost in the past. But he began again. "In all countries, with all people, the one great thing is love, and so it was with them. A steady flame, burning brighter and brighter as the days passed.

"When he was away from her she would not grieve, fearing that the beauty she wished to preserve for his sake might be harmed by the adding of a line of care; her only thought was for Arusi.

"On his return he would pour riches in gold and silks into her lap, but she would push them all away and, putting her arms about his neck, would draw his head down to her bosom and croon over him until he slept, and woe to the

slave who moved so much as a finger for fear of waking him.

"Down in the city, on the night of the wedding, there was wild disorder. The sheik demanded of the sultan an armed company to help him seek Arusi, for he swore a terrible oath that he would kill him. Days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and they had not found him; but the circle was ever growing smaller, and there came a night when Arusi did not return to Rahmana. She could not be comforted.

"The forces of the sheik and Sid Ali had cornered Arusi, and the injured bridegroom had leveled his musket and shot him in the eye. Arusi staggered. It was only an instant, but long enough for the devils to reach him, twenty to one, and bind him. They cut his toes off, one by one, and left him bleeding on the ground while they designed further tortures to inflict. At last they slept.

"Suddenly, out of the night, came again the cry, 'Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid Mohammed Abd el Djebar!'

"Instantly the camp was alive, but far in the distance was Arusi mounted on the sheik's own stallion. Sid Ali lay quiet with a poniard in his eye.

"They were quick to follow, but the trees were thick and the underbrush tangled so that they halted, baffled.

"A riderless horse, spattered with blood, came out of the distance towards them; then they knew that they were near the hiding place of the man they sought. The old sheik and a few of his guard crept cautiously up the path. There was no need now of fear, for as they pushed open the door of the court they heard a low moaning.

"Rahmana, with unseeing eyes, was rocking back and forth over the body of Arusi. She had wrapped the poor feet in a silken haik, and was murmuring words of love into deaf ears.

"They brought her back to the citadel, but listen"—he put his lips close to my ear—"in three days' time she disappeared; she went back to the mountain, alone. I buried her there; I watch over her grave. I came down to look once more at the stone where I, too, kissed a woman; but she was a slave

girl—not the daughter of a mighty sheik.”

The Moor ceased to speak and turned from me. I heard the faint call of the muezzin from the minarets of the city, and as the Moor prostrated himself I turned to watch the sun sink into the sea. A French ship passed; the lights shone out from the distant windows; a shadow fell on the citadel; the Moor had disappeared.

J. V. Z. Belden.

Through Devious Paths.

I.

THE rain, the cheerless, persistent rain of Oregon, dripped and drizzled through the boughs of the fir trees bordering the railroad tracks. On the short siding stood half a dozen cars, all dark but the rear one, and that was so brilliantly alight that its windows fairly blinked and twinkled out upon the surrounding gloom.

Three men with ulster collars up about their ears and hands deep in their pockets lounged aimlessly on the back platform of the car. They had been summing up the situation in somewhat strong language and addressing Nature in no gentle terms for her prodigality in the matter of landslides.

“One ahead of us and one behind us,” complained the youngest of the trio. “As you Americans never do things by halves, no doubt you have arranged for a third directly upon us.”

“I trust not,” laughed the only American of the group. “What do you say, Duke, to avoid destruction by a visit to the hotel yonder?”

They turned and looked down at the little group of dingy buildings on the river bank. There was a cheerful glow from the window of the largest, and they could just make out the letters G-R-A-N-D H-O-T-E-L staggering across the glistening panes.

His Grace of Teevor assented with a nod and they spattered out into the wet and Western mud.

“We’ve come over for a drink,” announced Bradley to Joe Waters, genial proprietor of the place, as he led the way into the cheerful, fire lit room.

Joe, being unfamiliar with the general and particular equipment of private cars, was unconscious that there was the element of a joke in the remark, so he leaned hospitably over the bar and said:

“You the English gents off the special? Then you’ve come to the right place; I got some whisky here that’ll remind you of home.”

“Why, so you have!” exclaimed the youngest with the face like the old aristocrat, as Joe produced a fat brown bottle. “It’s Talisker, upon my soul!”

Bradley laughed; he was the American, and keen visaged as a sparrow hawk. “I rather think it’s on me, then. Won’t you join us, gentlemen?” he asked of the interested spectators about the fire.

The group disintegrated with flattering rapidity and came together again in a line at the bar.

“You didn’t expect to find this here brand in a two by four lumber town on the C’lumbia, I guess?” remarked Waters with a lingering glance at his empty glass. “But it’s the only kind Bennie drinks, so I laid in a lot for him.”

“Used to drink, you mean,” corrected one of the men gruffly.

“That’s right,” said Waters amiably. “Bennie, he don’t drink now, and so I’ve got this here Scotch on my hands. I s’pose you know Bennie?”

“Who is he?” asked Bradley idly. “Your oldest inhabitant?”

“Not much, he ain’t,” replied Waters importantly. “Bennie, he’s a lord!”

“A what?”

“An English lord.”

“And what did you say his name is?” asked the duke, looking up from the pipe he was carefully tamping.

“I don’t know as I did say,” answered Waters calmly. “We used to call him ‘His Lordship,’ but he likes us to just call him Bennie now. His name’s Lord something or other Bennington. I’m postmaster here, so I seen it scrawled all over his mail. Know him?”

“It is a very familiar name,” remarked the duke in quite a matter of fact tone.

“What about him?” queried Bradley, hoping for something to pass the

time. It was still raining, and he saw an opportunity to interest the tourists with something typically Western.

II.

"WELL," began Waters, "he blowed in here two years or so ago, I should say, and he was about the seediest youngster ever I saw. He'd been drinkin' like a fish for I don't know how long. But all of a sudden he quit drinkin'—quit as hard as nails, too. Took to trampin', then to huntin', got a fancy for the hills and built a little shack right on the top of the high bluff. Sent to Portland for his fixin's, and now he's got the nicest little snuggerie ever you saw.

"At first us fellers didn't go much on him, he was so blame onsociable and uppish, but last winter a lot of us got snowed in up to his place and something happened that made us see he was a real white, he was. That's when we quit referrin' to him as 'His Lordship' and slapped him on the back and called him Bennie.

"We'd been out on the mountain and got caught in a blizzard, and made for Ben's place, as we knew we couldn't get back here to the settlement. Ben, he'd had a fall on the mountain and had been cooped up for a week or so, and you bet he was glad to see us trampin' in and askin' to be put up for the night.

"The snow kept on a gettin' deeper and driftier, but we didn't care, for Ben had things very slick. At first he was rippin' good company, laughin' and jokin' with us, but after a day or two he got kind of silent and grouchy, and finally as restless as a bull moose. I thought the grub was givin' out, but gee, he had enough for a year! So I up and asked him what was the trouble.

"And what do you think it was? Just about his birthday! He was wild to get out and come down here to git his mail. Oncet a year he gits a regular sackful of letters and picture papers; his lawyer sends 'em on from Frisco 'cause I don't think Ben's folks knows or cares where he is now.

"He was pretty lame, though, and when it come to the last word not a

durn one of us felt like buckin' up to the long trip just for a bunch of letters that would keep anyhow. There wasn't no tellin' when the storm would die out, and the feller caught out stood a good show a deliverin' the mail in heaven.

"Ben, he never said a word to us, but he yanked out his boots and snow shoes and was pretty near ready to get out when Bill there come in and said Hop Lee, Ben's Chinese cook, was a carryin' on like he was good and sick. I went out to his little room, and there was the Chink lyin' in his bunk, his face the color of a pan of ashes.

"'What's the matter, Hop Lee?' I asked him.

"'I go dead bime by. Want talkee Lee Yep,' and that was all I could get out of him.

"I went back and told Ben, and he said, 'Who's Lee Yep?'

"'Lee Yep's your Chink's brother. He's down to section house six, and I guess old Hop's goin' to pass in his checks and wants his brother here to hold his hand while he's doin' it.' And then I laughed like it was a good joke.

"'You think he is ill and homesick?' Ben asked me, kind of considerin'.

"'Sure,' I said, grinnin' like the fool I was. 'Homesick's just what he looks like.'

"Ben, he gives me a look that must a gone clean through my head and out the back.

"'You don't know what it is to be homesick, perhaps?' he said, still very polite and quiet. Then he whipped around and went out to Hop Lee's bunk.

"'I'll get your brother for you, Hop Lee,' he said; and without another word to me that blame young cub lit out into the storm, leavin' us feelin' like a fly looks in winter time.

"You see the point is just here. Section six is 'way down the south side of the mountain and this here settlement is due north, so in startin' off for that bloomin' old pot washer's relation Ben was just turnin' his back on the letters he was ready to risk his life for.

III.

"THE night was a bad 'un an' we'd give Ben up, when long 'bout five o' the

next day we heard a yell outside. 'Twas Ben and the frozenest, measliest Chinaman ever you seen, out in the drift.

"They was nearly tuckered out, but Ben, he staggered on out to Hop's room and handed over the Chink to him.

"Honest, if ever a Chinaman got any expression into his face it was that pasty old heathen as he grabbed Lee Yep.

"But it was Ben's face, as he watched the two o' them jabberin' like mad, that made us fellers sort of choke up. It was just like a kid wantin' something he knows he can't have, and he was so blame near played out anyhow he could hardly stand. That's all," finished Waters abruptly—"only, we call him Bennie now.

"Well," he went on, "guess you'd better all have a drink on me this time."

"Did you say that the boy is still stopping about here?" asked the duke as the men moved over to the bar.

"That's what he is. He's got a job with the lumber folks. We ain't much on style here, but you bet your boots we know a white man when we get him."

"I should like to go up to his place tomorrow," the duke went on slowly; "could you show me the way?"

"Sure," replied Waters, wondering at the light in the other's deep set eyes. "Thought you said you didn't know him?"

"I couldn't have said that," answered the duke with quiet dignity. "He's my son."

"Humph!" grunted Waters, staring. "You don't say!"

Wynn Coman.

The Corner Window

THE house stood on the corner of a street in an old Dutch American city. It was built of gray stone and had been there many years. It stands there now if you care to find it.

For long years the shades were drawn and the blinds closed, the outer door barred and the low iron gate locked, because the master wandered in foreign lands

One spring day after the robins had come, while the crocuses bowed to the wind, and the green grass carpeted the lawn, the windows and the doors were thrown open so that the sunshine might penetrate every nook and corner of the mansion where generations of a family had lived and died.

Men and maids could be seen busily setting the house in order.

The master and his bride were coming home, and the house would be lonely no longer.

From that day the gate stood hospitably open and the years went on.

One day a little girl dressed in white sat in the corner window. Her blonde hair was parted and the quaint little braids turned up on each side of her forehead were tied with light blue ribbons.

The child smiled and waved her hand as a little girl outside paused by the low iron gate.

Day after day, the two children smiled and waved their hands, but there came a day when the blinds were tightly drawn.

The child outside watched in vain for the tiny braids tied with light blue ribbon, and she could not understand.

One day as she passed the corner window she called to her nurse, "See, Annette, see!"

In the window stood a wonderful white azalea in full bloom. Daily, the child waved her hand to the white flowers in the corner window.

But there came no answering signal. The blinds were up now, and the life of the great house went on as in the days of their childish courtesy; but the master's step was heavy and the bride-mother had become a gentle, sad faced lady. Together the two went abroad and once more the blinds were drawn.

Years passed.

A debutante, dressed for her first ball, chose from her many flowers a bouquet of priceless orchids.

Her eyes filled with tears as she read on the card:

With love to a little maiden who will perhaps give one thought to the memory of the child in the corner window.

The hand had once more waved to her from its distant corner window.

Janet Badoin.

The Molly Le Rocs.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN TWO WOMEN SET OUT TO REFORM EACH OTHER.

BY MARIAN WEST.

WHEN the Molly Le Rocs, after a very brief interval in the festivities at the studio, reappeared as the parents of an infant daughter, there was a general laugh from the younger members of the community, foreseeing what that baby was in for. The more serious drew in their breath with a sharp sigh, gently shaking their heads; it might serve to steady Molly, but it was certainly a risk for the child.

Miss Emily Warren felt this so keenly that she was one of the earliest to call on the new mother. The first view was decidedly encouraging. Molly sat in a big rocking chair before the studio fire, looking tenderly down at the pleasant little mound on her arm, while Nicholas worked at his easel near by, the whole presenting such an effect of sacred domestic intimacy that Miss Warren would have slipped thankfully away if Molly had not seen her.

"Hello, Cousin Emily!" she called. "Come right in. I can't get up, because Nick is sketching us, but I can talk. Nick has just got a story all full of mother love and babies to do. Wasn't it lucky the kid had come?"

Miss Emily was really hurt.

"I hope that isn't the only reason you are glad of your baby, Molly," she said, instinctively choosing a rigid oak chair, uneasy with carving, in protest to the Le Roc atmosphere.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Molly with her unsuspicious cheerfulness. "We are going to have loads of fun with her. Do stop now, Nick; I want Cousin Emily to see her. Her face isn't much, as yet, but her legs are lovely."

Nicholas laid down his crayons and came to enjoy the exhibition, studying the group with the quiet, amused look that had grown normal to his eyes since he married Molly.

"She's improved," he said thought-

fully. "First day she was just the color of tomato catsup."

"Only redder," commented Molly.

"What shall you name her?" asked Miss Warren. She felt a constant need for making hasty diversions with the Le Rocs, whose conversation seemed to be always threatening her comfort. Figuratively speaking, she sat as though there were a mouse in the room, a ready hand on her skirts.

Molly met the question with her own peculiar laugh.

"Peterson!" she said. "You know it's a family name. And won't it be funny to call 'Peter!' and then have a little girl appear?"

Miss Warren's fine, strong face grew cold and set.

"Molly Le Roc!" she said sternly. "Do you realize that that is the reason you gave for naming that great black Newfoundland elephant of yours Pearl?"

"Well, and didn't every one howl?" said Molly triumphantly.

Miss Warren looked weak for a moment, then turned to Nicholas for help; surely he could not so utterly have missed the point! But he was filling his pipe in a tranquillity that evidently went to the bone. She took up her duty unaided.

"My dear Molly, a child is not a toy—you cannot play jokes with it! How would you like it if your mother had named you Popocatepetl or Digitalis, to make people laugh?"

"But, Cousin Emily, she can change it if she doesn't like it." Molly evidently began dimly to suspect disapproval. "She can put any pretty name she chooses on in front. She'll want to be Lily or Violet first, and I won't say a word; I know how I ached to be Lily when I was nine! And then she'll be Phyllis or Imogen for a few years, and I'll stand that too—I'm going to be a

nice mother, Cousin Emily! And then she'll go through the Constance and Beatrice and Dorothea stage, and in the end she will probably call herself Molly, after her old mother, and stick it out with that. Won't you, Petey girl?" And Molly's face burrowed affectionately in the heap of baby clothes.

Miss Warren rose, troubled and discouraged, and stood looking coldly down on the group as she fastened the funereal "set piece" of black chiffon that protected her throat. Then she took breath for one more effort.

"It isn't just the name, Molly; it's your whole attitude. It shocks me to see you take that child as if she was a puppy!"

Molly laughed comfortably. "Well, really, she isn't much else, as yet. Don't worry, Cousin Emily," she added kindly. "Really, it's all very easy and simple. If you had ever had one——"

"Well, good by, Molly. I will be in again;" and Miss Warren left.

Molly smiled brightly up at her husband, after he had closed the door.

"You know, Nick, I don't believe your Cousin Emily quite approves of me," she said, with the air of a discoverer.

The amusement in Nick's eyes deepened for a moment. "Well, I approve of you," was all he said, however.

"She must have had such a horrible life," Molly went on thoughtfully. "I know when she was a girl she only went to hen parties—where every one said, 'Isn't it nice to be just ourselves—no men!' I went to one once;" and Molly shook her head so expressively at the memory that Nicholas roared with laughter. She gave him an absent smile, being intent on a growing idea. "She is always conscious that she's doing her duty; that's why it's all so dull and dreadful. Doing one's duty ought to be unconscious, like good digestion. Nick, I wonder if we couldn't shake her up, make her more human! She isn't much over forty, and she is fine looking—when she hasn't that black seaweed round her neck. Let's have her here more, and see if we can't help her out of her shell!"

"But she's a very strong character. You don't know what you're up against," Nicholas objected.

"All the same, she's flesh and blood," returned Molly, gathering up the baby with the energy of a new purpose. "I'm going to see what I can do. That is a kind of missionary work I believe in. You needn't laugh! You'll see. Now kiss your daughter good night."

When, several weeks later, Miss Warren received a note from Molly, asking her as a great favor to come and stay a few days while Nicholas was away, she felt that duty had called her with no uncertain voice. Here, perhaps, was a chance to implant in that flighty young head some appreciation of her responsibilities as wife and mother; and, incidentally, to save the baby's life and reason. So Miss Warren put away her reluctance, and with homesickness already dragging at her spirits, packed a few clothes, some sewing, and her Bible, and set out much as her missionary ancestors had turned their faces towards savage, heathen islands. Molly had her own pangs of dismay, but her kind heart would not listen to them, and the excitement of a new experiment kept her spirits up. And so these two women, full of unselfish plots for mutual reform, faced each other over the plump and kicking person of the unconscious Peterson.

Molly wrote to Nick the next day:

I'm going to undermine her gradually. This morning I made her have breakfast in bed—wrapped in my pink silk kimono. She looked so unhappy, I felt mean; I had tricked her into it by having the tray whisked up the moment I heard her little waking up cough. But it's for her own good. Afterwards, to comfort her, I let her talk a lot about the Proper Principles to Inculcate in a Child. I didn't listen much—for if little Petie is good and kind and happy, we don't care about frills on her character, do we?—but I gave an intelligent "Yes, indeed," at intervals, and planned out a jolly fancy dress supper. We must give it as soon as you come back. Cousin Emily thinks it awful to have thoughts of parties with a young child in the house. Such nonsense, when Petie sleeps through anything.

That same night Miss Warren wrote to her sister:

I really believe I am gaining some influence over Molly. She is flighty, very trivial in many ways, but with great patience and "the word in season" I think I can help her to be more the sort of wife that we would have chosen for Nicholas. I talked to her seriously today about the young soul committed to her care, and she listened very sweetly. Of course I cannot judge how deep it went. She made no reference to it afterwards, but a certain reserve on grave subjects is natural to the young

and I am not sorry to discover it in her. I am going to make a strong effort to enter into her interests and pleasures; there can be no real influence without an established sympathy. But I feel very hopeful tonight. I will add to this from time to time during the week, and let you know how I progress.

Molly's next letter was full of triumph.

I am doing wonders. Really, Nick, she's getting more human every hour. And it has been so funny. I had Tommy and Arthur here for lunch, and told them just what I was trying to do. They thought it was lovely—wouldn't you know that they would? Well, Tommy began by trying to flirt with Cousin Emily, and of course she nearly bit his head off. Then the diplomatic Arthur got to work, and, oh, my dear, is there a woman living that doesn't warm to a friendly, interested, deferential, good looking young man? You never saw any one come out so in your life. She enjoyed it so much, it made me ache—think of having grown up without all that, just knowing women and clergymen and doctors. And she really was interesting, too. Once she made us all howl with laughter over a description of her first long dress, and, oh, I don't believe she had ever made three people howl before. She flushed all up, and had to just hold herself not to tell it over again.

And then that blessed Arthur said he had to drive out to look at some lots, and asked her to go with him. She was a mass of scruples, but I hurried her off—in my chinchilla boa. She looked awfully handsome. She is really nice, only she is so strong and good and sensible, no man would ever discover it by himself. She came back in fine spirits, but I suppose there had to be a reaction, for she was dreadfully glum, not to say cross, all the rest of the day. I finally cheered her up by saying I intended to have Petie call us Molly and Nick, and letting her give me fits for it. I took the lecture as seriously as possible, but Petie chuckled out loud in the middle—the darling. *She* knows.

Miss Warren's addition to her letter that night was very brief.

Am too tired to write more than a line. I feel burdened, too, as if I had not done my whole duty. I came here with a purpose, and today I have neglected it. It is harder than I supposed to withstand a frivolous atmosphere, and I long to go back to my own quiet life. However, I shall stay the week out, and no time spent in earnest effort is really wasted. I was glad of an opening tonight to say something about teaching the child respect. I really think Molly means well; but she has very little sense.

By the way, do you remember the brown silk dresses we had when we were fifteen—yours with green and mine with maroon? Something set me thinking of them today.

Molly's next letter began:

Oh, Nicholas! If ever there was a tired missionary, it's me. Do you know what you'd have seen today if you could have looked in? Molly Le Roc at a lecture, a congress of affiliated mothers of some kind, all bursting with duty and the serious-

ness of existence! It really was awful. What do they want to take life so hard for? Am I a little fool—or are they big ones? Of course I only went to jolly Cousin Emily, and appease her for having tried my new hat on Petie (she was terrible funny in it). Cousin Emily seemed to think it irreverent, or something. There was only one thing worth hearing at the congress. A nice woman in a really good gown—blue velvet with white cloth pipings, and ducky sleeves that I am going to copy; I'll draw you a picture of them—talked about knowing what to do quick, before the doctor came, if a baby was taken ill, and told how a friend of hers had saved a child's life when it was taken with convulsions by knowing about hot water and things. You try the water with your elbow, because your hand isn't sensitive enough. There was some sense in that, and I dilated on it all the way home, to Cousin Emily's pride and joy. I shouldn't wonder if she had some dim hope of reforming me! We had a slight set to about Petie's name later, but I dodged the issue. I don't see why Peterson isn't a very handsome title.

That same night Miss Warren wrote:

How wrong it is to lose patience if we do not see immediate results! I took Molly to a mothers' congress today, and she showed surprising interest. It may be that a truly earnest spirit is hidden under her frivolity. And so far she has had little to bring it out, as her child—I cannot bring myself to call it Peterson—is blessed with remarkable health. Illness is a great educator. On the whole, I am thoroughly glad I came. I see a good deal to make me hopeful of Molly. And in a way she has unconsciously done me good—I feel fresher, and have laughed heartily a number of times. I sometimes wonder if we do not lay too little stress on the lighter side of life—miss opportunities of innocent and beneficial pleasure. I know you will not misunderstand me.

For the next two days no letters were written in the Molly Le Roc household. Then a tired, pale Molly wrote scrawlingly in pencil:

Oh, my dear! It has been so terrible. But it is all right now, and the doctor says there isn't a thing to be worried about. So you are not to be frightened.

I was just going to write to you last night when Petie began to fuss. I did little things to quiet her, and finally took her up. And then suddenly, right in my arms—oh, Nick, I thought she was—I can't write it! All stiff and still, with her little head thrown back and her face drawn. For a moment I just sat there, holding her. Then—I don't know how—that lecture flashed into my mind—the convulsions and the hot water and the woman who saved her baby. I jumped up and ran with her to the bathroom and dragged her little tub under the hot water, and then I meant to call for help, but I must have screamed, for Cousin Emily—oh, Nick, God bless her and love her always!—she came running, and when she saw, she just said, "That's right, you're doing right!" and then flew and sent for the doctor. When she got back I had baby in the water, and she knelt down and helped me hold and rub her and drag her little clothes off—I had

remembered to test it with my elbow, though I didn't know it till I found my sleeve all soaked. And the dear darling came out of it in a moment, and when the doctor got here I had her rolled up in blankets and hot things, and I was crying worse than she was. And he said if we hadn't been so quick—oh, don't you see it was all Cousin Emily, and without her I would never have gone to that lecture? I don't want to reform her—she's the loveliest woman in the world just as she is, and I love her dearly. And I'm going to study hygiene and babies and learn everything. But please, please come home!

Cousin Emily finished and sealed her letter that night. This was the final paragraph:

I hope I am always ready to own when I am in the wrong, and I think I have been about Molly. All her flippancy is on the surface, and below are

sterling qualities which she scarcely knows herself. I have formed a real affection for her. I came here to teach, but I may say that I have learned instead. The little girl is to be called Emily Peterson.

To the world outside, the Molly Le Roc household was still a source of amusement and anxiety, and the bringing up of Emily Peterson was a topic that never grew dry. But Miss Warren always maintained that Molly was a fine and serious woman, absurdly misjudged, and Molly always insisted that Cousin Emily was the best fellow in the world when you really knew her; which perhaps only shows what a deep affection can do.

THE CRAZE FOR CURES.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

AS IN THE DAYS OF PONCE DE LEON, MANKIND IS STILL SEARCHING FOR A FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH, AND EAGERLY RUSHES TO EACH NEW ONE DISCOVERED BY THE CURE INVENTORS.

ONCE upon a time there was a noble born, courageous, and presumably sane gentleman of foreign extraction, who spent the better part of a year thrashing about in the swamps of Florida, in the expectation of discovering and putting to practical use a spring known to story as the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. He is described by his contemporaries in terms of considerable admiration and respect, but—my countrymen, what a fall is here!—he is probably regarded by the average intellect of today as a silly ass. So much for the progress of civilization.

But civilization is not in every respect all that it pretends to be. Ponce de Leon discovered to his sorrow that nature her custom held, let Spain say what it would, and daily observed in his portable mirror new additions to his already abundant supply of gray hairs. In the end he was unwillingly obliged to fall in with the established custom in this respect, and so we are not at liberty to cast further reflections upon his intelligence, for *de mortuis nihil nisi*

bonum. Doubtless he was more annoyed at the outcome of his endeavors than any one else.

And this is where the main flaw in our boasted civilization is made manifest. Curiously enough, there are certain main points in our intellectual operations in which we do not appear to profit to any considerable extent by the lessons of experience. Albeit clearly appreciating the consummate idiocy of Ponce de Leon's hypotheses, and in the very act of smiling with pitying scorn at the fallacy of his convictions, we keep half an eye, nevertheless, upon the possibility of arranging that perpetual youth question to the satisfaction of all parties. If we do not actually believe that the problem is destined to be solved one of these fine days, at least we stand ready to listen to any one who has a solution to propose; the which is an excellent encouragement to the cure industry.

Now, the cure industry is a plant which blooms perennially with flowers of curious and amazing variety, and the

Sunday newspaper is a kind of forcing house whereby its cultivation is marvelously facilitated. For months you will not have thought about a cure; and then some morning upon glancing into the journalistic hotbed, lo and behold, there is the same hardy old plant proudly uprearing an entirely new blossom, the like of which was never yet on land or sea. You will then learn to your alarm and chagrin that all sanitary, hygienic, and tonic methods, from the time of Esculapius up to and including the preceding day, have been founded upon entirely false and baseless theories. Under these discouraging circumstances, it is both a surprise and a delight to read in the following paragraph that the human race has been almost miraculously saved from total annihilation by the fortunate appearance on the scene of Z. Phineas Cobb, inventor of the hydraulic electro carbonate nerve cure, whereby in the entirely reasonable period of six weeks the most abject of human wrecks is made over as good as new and twice as handsome.

A BENEFACTOR OF HUMANITY.

A reporter, it would appear, has been to see Z. Phineas. He found the sage seated in the office of his newly installed establishment at 41144 Broadway, and willing to tell something of his discovery. The glad tidings of the stupendous benefit which he is prepared to confer upon all comers are told in such simple words as these:

"Oh, yes," said Professor Cobb, "it is true that I am the originator of the hydraulic electro carbonate nerve cure. You doubtless know that all our nervous energy radiates from one common center known to science as the cerebellum. Now, I have discovered that the vitiated vitality of the victim of nerve diseases may be restored to normal activity by the force exerted at the base of the brain by a single jet composed of equal parts of compressed air and carbonated water, and strongly charged with electricity."

And so on. Perchance in the distraction of more pressing matters you may overlook the significance of this gospel of rejuvenation according to Z. Phineas Cobb, or his words may slip

your mind if you be of those who read as they run. But there are others who run as they read—run to the establishment of Z. Phineas, and are duly submitted to the stimulating influence of the hydraulic electro carbonated jet, at so much per submit. So that Z. Phineas prospers greatly thereby, and his patients are killed or cured, as the case may be, until his system falls, in the natural course of things, into innocuous desuetude, and the Sunday newspaper turns its attention to other matters till the soil is ready for the cure to bloom anew.

And bloom it will. Mme. Viola Zaneska crops up some clear morning with her new system of saline massage, and is followed by Professor Planter with the vegetable vitalizer cure, and Count Escroc with his muscle manipulation system. And from the great and good public, which, in spite of Abraham Lincoln, comes so dangerously close in one way or another to being fooled in its entirety all of the time, each promoter draws a certain tribute, and so is able to retire into prosperous obscurity, there to philosophize with Puck, upon "what fools these mortals be."

It is Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Perpetual Youth all over again, and the wisest of us is pretty sure to join, at one time or another, in the pursuit of the rejuvenator will o' the wisp. Who is there of us all who has not in some moment of weakness been "cured"? Most of us escape with our lives. That is something, at least.

THE BAREFOOT CURE, AND OTHERS.

Time was when the only apparent chance of preserving our health and happiness lay in walking barefoot in wet grass. Perhaps it will never be known how many converts to this "cure" conscientiously courted pneumonia. Half a dozen American municipalities were convulsed by discussion for and against permitting the grass of the city parks to be thus utilized, and at least one enthusiast fell into the clutches of the law for presuming upon the doctrine of personal liberty to the extent of cavorting daily over the turf of Central Park, unshod and unashamed. That was before it became possible to exist indefi-

nically through the simple expedient of injecting a saline solution into one's veins, and before one could add, if not a cubit to one's stature, at least a decade to one's life, by lying supinely on a plank for one hour daily, and breathing with system.

These, in turn, were before somebody discovered that the secret of long life lay in eating a raw leek each night before retiring, and before limitless youth and vigor were found to follow in the train of a daily shaking up in an apparatus midway between a seesaw and a churn. But all of these have come, and if it must be acknowledged that the majority of them have also gone, we can console ourselves with the thought that there are as good cures in the human brain as ever came out of it, and that since man has been able to do us, man can do us again.

After all, it pays to be philosophical. Perhaps, in the end, it is no worse to be hydropathicured, and hydraulicured, and electrocured than to undergo those medical martyrdoms of our childhood which necessitated clapping clothes pins on our noses before taking, and a hasty resort to lemon juice immediately after. It is surprising, in any event, that so many of us live to grow up. In the ordinary course of things, we might be expected to survive the common ills that flesh is heir to, but it becomes a veritable miracle of endurance when we survive the methods of curing them.

Some day there is bound to be a catastrophe. The pace is too swift. Man has become nothing more nor less than a lump of animate dough whereof our metaphorical baker, the cure specialist, is able to make pretty much any kind of cake which may be called for.

It is the intention of the present writer to startle the scientific world at some not distant period by the discovery of the absolutely indispensable organ—a thing which cannot be said to exist at present. Once arms and legs were removed, in cases of extreme necessity, with some difficulty and more danger. In these enlightened days they are as readily detachable as the lobster's claws. Mere limbs simply unhook. We have even passed the experimental stage of removing any interior organ which

appears at the moment to be inconvenient or unnecessary. Men live and prosper without tonsils, stomachs, vermiform appendices—or, apparently, anything in the form of organs whatever.

So perhaps our cure inventor can hardly be blamed if he regards the human frame as fair prey for his experiments, and bathes, massages, sprays, shakes, and in general manipulates it to his heart's content. It seems to stand practically anything, does this antiquated mechanical device called man.

THE PHILOSOPHIC BASIS OF THE INDUSTRY.

The social status of Zaneska, Planter, Escroc, Cobb and Company is curious, but not, on the whole, contemptible. Deep down at the bottom of its busy complex heart the Great Public loves to be made a fool of, at intervals, and always provided the deception is not practised in connection with its food, its national government, or its fire department. Its credulity is easily played upon, even its pocketbook may be judiciously tampered with, and still its resentment is not aroused. From the days when P. T. Barnum led the public by the nose with his advertisement of a cherry colored cat, the supply of quacks and quackery has been constantly inadequate to the demand. Add to this the inherent inclination of man to tinker with his ailments and experiment with every remedy that comes his way, and one begins to understand why the cure specialist finds his fields continually white unto the harvest.

There was a serious old negress a few years ago in a big Maine hotel, whose special task it was to inspect each room as soon as it was vacated, in case the recent occupant might have left some valuables behind. Valuables or not, what she did almost invariably find was a number of medicine bottles more or less repleted, and perhaps a box or two of pills. "An' I takes them all, de Lor' love yer," she said gravely. "I done get great ben'fit from 'em. On'y it's kin'er hard s'picionin' which one done me de mos' good!"

Now, that is the crude form of our own average inclination. Some of us—enough to make the experiment profit-

able—stand constantly ready and willing to confide in any one with sufficient power of invention to concoct a cure which will sound plausible. And if our quack (the word is not complimentary, but there is no other) will trim his specialty with a few extra frills—wear long hair, for example, or decorate his establishment in salmon and pea green—that, in his particular game, is equivalent to throwing double sixes. Surprising the public is like running into a stout and timid old lady on a crowded street. If you do it with sufficient force and suddenness, the chances are vastly in favor of your getting away with her purse, her commutation ticket, and her gold watch and chain.

A SURE ROAD TO WEALTH.

There is no need, then, gentle readers, for any of you to starve. Invent a cure. Let it be as extraordinary, as unheard of, an innovation as you will. Beat your patients over the shoulders with pine boards of a special make, parboil them in a tank of particular build, shock them electrically, massage them furiously, prescribe the most absurd of diets. It makes no difference what your form of appeal to their credulity may be. Make it but bold and preposterous enough, and add thereto a pose of great gravity, and a few yards of conversation about "revolution of established principles," or "reform in hygiene," and the great public will rise to your bait like brook trout to a silver doctor skilfully cast. What is more, it

will smack its lips when it feels the hook, and will smile cheerfully at you when it finally lies flapping on the grass.

If P. T. Barnum had only had a cure department in connection with the greatest show on earth, how much greater that greatest show had been! What wonderful "open letters" he would have written to that willing partner in all his schemes, the great confiding public! His was the "right Promethean fire" of inspiration in the field of amiable, candid, and inexpressively attractive imposition. Where the host of latter day cure specialists are able to make us swallow with cheerful confidence the whitebait of their plausible inventions, Barnum would have contrived to accomplish our consumption of veritable whales. In this he missed a noble opportunity. It appears, to do him justice, to have been the only one which ever escaped him.

But in the absence of that superior capacity for captivating public credulity, let us not scorn the minor intellects that we have always with us. The water cure and the milk cure and the electric battery cure are still in the running. Parboiling is still periodically popular. Mechanical massage contrives to hold its own. And, if we are patient and cheerful, we may yet be able to test the mucilage cure, the sleeping on the sidewalk cure, the nothing but spinach diet cure, and who knows what beside? For so far as cures are concerned, all things are possible, and a large majority of them highly probable.

A REVERIE.

I THINK of you, my dainty love and sweet,
When rising sun transforms with wand of gold
The hills which, till he comes, are gray and cold;
And with each wind that ripples o'er the wheat,
I waft a thought to you, fair love and sweet.

I think of you, my loyal love and true,
When leaden clouds, withholding all the light,
Make life seem one long, tempest riven night;
But with each blast that starts the storm anew,
I breathe a prayer for you, brave love and true.

I think of you, my only love, my own,
When dying day in opal shroud appears,
And streaks the sea and sky with crimson tears;
And though, alas, you're still to me unknown,
I think of you and wait for you alone!

Francesca di Maria.

To the Readers of Munsey's Magazine

THIS BUSINESS HAS BEEN PUT INTO
A CORPORATION, CAPITAL STOCK,
\$10,000,000. A STATEMENT BY MR. MUNSEY.

I HAVE just incorporated my magazine interests under the name of THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY. I should have done this several years ago, but mainly because of sentiment I have continued the business on as I founded it, a personal enterprise.

It has, however, grown to be so big that a further continuance on the old individual lines is unsafe and in every way inadvisable. This is especially true because I have no partner or partners. In a corporate form, and under the protection and guidance of the laws of the State of New York, the business has an entity of its own—a foundation and permanency that no individual business can have. The life of man is limited, but the charter of the State is perpetual, everlasting.

NET EARNINGS LAST YEAR, \$698,615.21.

This statement is not designed to be in any sense a formal prospectus such as newly organized corporations usually publish. It is merely a personal talk to you, who, by your unwavering and splendid support of this magazine, have coöperated with me in giving it a place of marvelous preëminence in the publishing world.

I wish you to know my reasons for changing the business to a corporate form, to know its inside history a little more thoroughly, and to know, too, something of my plans for its future.

Few of you, I fancy, have any idea of its magnitude, closely as you may have followed it—have any idea of the money it has earned and is earning. You know simply that the magazine has an enormous circulation, but volume does not always mean profits. Hitherto, I have had no occasion to tell you about the income of the business; but now that it is a corporation, and will naturally have others interested in it as well as myself, I may very properly say something to you about its splendid record as a money earning property.

In a word, its net profit for the year just closed, 1901, was six hundred and ninety-eight thousand, six hundred and fifteen dollars and twenty-one cents (\$698,615.21). This amount, I feel confident, is greater than the net income for the same period of any other publishing property in America, daily papers included, with the possible exception of the *New York Herald*, which is the largest money earner of any newspaper in this country.

THE WORK OF BUT EIGHT YEARS.

Prior to eight years ago I had been getting my education in the publishing business, and had been working mainly along lines that were obsolete—the weekly paper lines. The weekly paper as a factor in the publishing world was killed by the development of the great modern Sunday newspaper.

It was just eight years ago last October that I began the publication of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at its present price. It was the first magazine of any size and dignity ever issued in the world for so small a sum, and it was considered an impossible venture by every one other than myself.

And it would have been impossible, if conducted on old lines. But it was conducted on brand new lines, involving a tremendous fight with a great monopoly that had hitherto done all the wholesale news business of the country. This company had crushed all competition

and all attempts, on the part of publishers, at dealing direct with the individual newsdealers of the country.

Here was the vital point in the problem. It was either abandon the idea of issuing a magazine at ten cents, or go over the head of monopoly and take the question to the people for their verdict. I did the latter, and you all know the result.

It was a fight that some one had to make and win, or neither you nor any one else in this country would today be reading a first rate magazine at the popular price of ten cents a copy—a price at which most magazines are now sold. *Some one had to do just what I did do to bring about this result.*

I have recounted here so much of this history because it should properly be recounted to give emphasis to the marvelous growth of this business in eight years. And the conditions that confronted the venture made it impracticable, hopeless—insane, even, as the world saw it.

A GAIN OF \$100,000.00 ANNUALLY.

The first year after launching the magazine at its present price, it made no money; but the second year it began to show a profit, and the average net gain for the last seven years, one year over another, has been, in round figures, \$100,000.00. The gain for 1901 over 1900 was considerably more than \$100,000.00.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is very strongly intrenched with the people; so strongly, in fact, that we have not spent so much as half a dozen cents in half a dozen years in circulation building in any way whatsoever. The money that other publishers spend in advertising and in a great expensive subscription agency system, and the money that they lose on clubbing offers and combinations of one kind and another—all this money we put into the magazine itself, and leave the question of circulation to the people.

The same thing, too, is true of THE ARGOSY, another

of our magazines. Its circulation has grown in the last few years from a few thousand to 265,000, and not one cent has been spent in booming it. Its net earnings for last year were double the amount of the preceding year, and I should think that this year they will again double over last year.

PLANS THAT REACH OUT TO A VAST BUSINESS.

On the 15th day of last November, I bought *The Washington Daily Times*, and ten days later I bought a controlling interest in *The New York Daily News*. These interests have been turned over to THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY. I have been doing a lot of hard work on these newspaper properties since they came into my hands, with the result that they are now so far improved, and are on so much better and sounder business lines, that I think I am justified in saying they will become very large money earners. *The New York Daily News* alone has earned for a good many years an average net profit of over \$100,000.00 annually.

But these two papers represent merely the beginning of what I have planned to be a very large newspaper business. Every section, and every town of any size, must have its daily newspaper. Expansion in this field is practically boundless. There can be but few successful magazines or publications of general circulation; this is not true of the newspaper, whose reason for existence is its local interest. Once a luxury, it has now become a necessity, and in the line of necessities there is the foundation for limitless growth. I will venture the assertion that it will not be very long before we shall have a larger income from our newspapers than from our magazines, big as is the income from the latter.

Another line of expansion marked out for the future of this business is the addition of a book section. We shall either create this department or buy out an established business; and handled as we should handle

it, with our great advertising facilities in magazines and daily papers, and with our matchless equipment for distribution, owning, as we do, our own wholesale system, we should make it an important source of revenue.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$10,000,000.00.

I have capitalized this business for ten millions of dollars (\$10,000,000). This is what it is worth to me, a valuation below which I am not willing to sell any part of it. I base this value on both its present earning capacity and what I am confident it will earn in the future.

I will tell you why I have a lot of faith in it. It began, as most strong concerns have begun, at the bottom, very much at the bottom. In starting, my cash capital was \$40.00—\$40.00 merely, and the faith and energy of youth. It was slow work in those early days, when, of necessity, I had to be everything to every department; but they gave me a grounding in the fundamental principles of business, and the publishing business in particular, such as no man can ever have who traverses an easier road to success.

The magnitude of this business, developed from so small a beginning, developed without capital, without aid from any one, financially or otherwise, thought out and wrought out by myself, leads me to feel that now, with my experience and knowledge of the reading public, and with the momentum the business has, I should be able to carry it on to a vastly greater enterprise than it already is.

Last year's income of \$698,615.21 was derived from our magazines alone. With the growing income that should be had from this source as the magazines are further developed, with the profits that should be earned by the daily papers we already have, and with the greater revenue to come from the papers we are yet to acquire—from this source, from the book publishing branch, and from still other branches to be developed, I see no reason why we should not go on increasing the

earnings year after year for many years to come. Our charter is very broad. It does not confine us to publishing interests. It permits us to conduct almost any rational business, or to own or control other corporations.

100,000 SHARES OF \$100.00 EACH.

The ten million dollars of this corporation have been divided into one hundred thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. I shall retain at least fifty odd thousand shares of this stock myself. This means that I shall continue to control the property as heretofore, and with so big an interest in it that it will have in the future, as in the past, the best thought and energy I possess.

This suggests, and in fact brings me face to face with, the matter of selling an interest in the business. I don't like to talk to you about it. I don't like it, because the thought of parting with any interest in the property makes me feel like drawing back from the whole corporate scheme and continuing on as I have done in the past. I feel this way because this magazine business is pretty close to me—a part of my own life, in fact. It is the crystallization of the dreams and plans of my boyhood, and the work and thought and struggle of years. I realize that this is sentiment. But if I were still to be guided by sentiment, and refuse to part with any of the stock of the Company, it were folly to have incorporated the business at all. In selling the stock, my preference is that it go to you, the readers of the magazine—the old friends of the magazine who have followed it from the first. You, beyond all others, I should wish as my partners in this enterprise—and every one holding one share or more of stock at once becomes my partner.

If I were to sell forty odd thousand shares of stock and all should go into the hands of small holders, the benefit that would result from such a big army, financially interested in the growth and general expansion of

the various enterprises of this Company, would be greater even than I would venture to fancy.

IS THIS STOCK A GOOD INVESTMENT ?

A question that will suggest itself to many of you on reading this announcement is this: Is this stock a good investment? I will answer by saying that it will depend largely upon what you consider a good investment—whether you want something that is as certain as a government bond, and are willing to take the small return that a government bond brings, or whether you are willing to take rational chances for the sake of larger dividends—not only larger dividends, but a probable increase in the value of the security. I have given you the facts about this property and made clear to you my own reasoning. I have told you that I shall continue to hold over 50,000 shares of the stock, and told you what I think of its future. Under the worst conditions that might reasonably follow, I can't see that the stock can ever be a very bad investment. The country is growing all the while, and established properties should become more and more valuable as our population increases and wealth accumulates.

While, on the one hand, I cannot fancy that the stock will ever cease to pay a pretty good dividend, it is not difficult for me to understand how in the near future it may earn two or three times its present income—even a good deal more. I would rather you would not buy any of this stock if you are looking for an absolute certainty, something as certain as a government bond. But if you are willing to take reasonable chances, and these must be taken in most things in life, certainly in most investments where good returns are had, it is my judgment that you would make no mistake in investing some of your surplus funds in this stock. DIVIDENDS WILL BE PAID QUARTERLY, AND WILL BEGIN TO ACCRUE FROM APRIL 1, 1902.

Unlike most men who incorporate their properties and

offer shares to the public, I am in a very independent position. I have no need of money with which to develop the business, or for any other purpose. If this statement needs verification, it should be pretty well sustained by what I have already said of the annual earnings of this property. I have employed no underwriters to dispose of the stock for me, and shall not part with a share at less than par. At this price (\$100.00 a share) it paid me last year seven per cent, and this is a higher rate of interest than I should be likely to get on anything that is equally good, equally promising for the years to come. Consequently, I am content to sell little or much of the minority stock as the case may be. The majority interest I shall certainly keep myself. While I am not willing to sell any below par, I can't say just how long I shall be willing to sell at par. This is the present price at which I am willing to part with it, but it is quite possible that later on, as the business further develops, I should want more for it.

I perhaps lean backward a bit in my seeming independence in this matter, but my reason for doing so is my desire to make it clear that this is no scheme to unload a worthless stock on you or the public generally. I believe thoroughly in the property; I know what it has done, and believe I know what it is capable of doing along the broad lines laid out for its future development. My aim will be to make this Company, which bears my own name, one of the great big, strong corporations of the country, so big eventually and so sound and so secure that it will be a factor and a power in affairs and in the financial world.

Should you wish to purchase any of this stock, certificates will be forwarded to you on receipt of the price, \$100.00 per share. All letters should be addressed to the Treasurer of THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FRANK A. MUNSEY.



THE STABLES AT FAIRLAWN—THE MODERN KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED HAS FINER QUARTERS THAN THE FAMOUS HORSES OF A GENERATION AGO, AS WILL BE SEEN BY COMPARING THIS ENGRAVING WITH THAT ON PAGE 112.

The Home of the Thoroughbred.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

IN THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY, OF WHICH LEXINGTON IS THE CENTER, ARE RAISED THE ÉLITE OF AMERICAN BLOOD HORSES—IT IS A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY DEVOTED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

AS all the world knows, Kentucky is traditionally famed for the beauty of its women, the excellence of its whisky, and the quality of its horses. To say of a thoroughbred, a trotter, or a saddler that it is a Kentucky horse is to stamp it with the hallmark of blood and breeding.

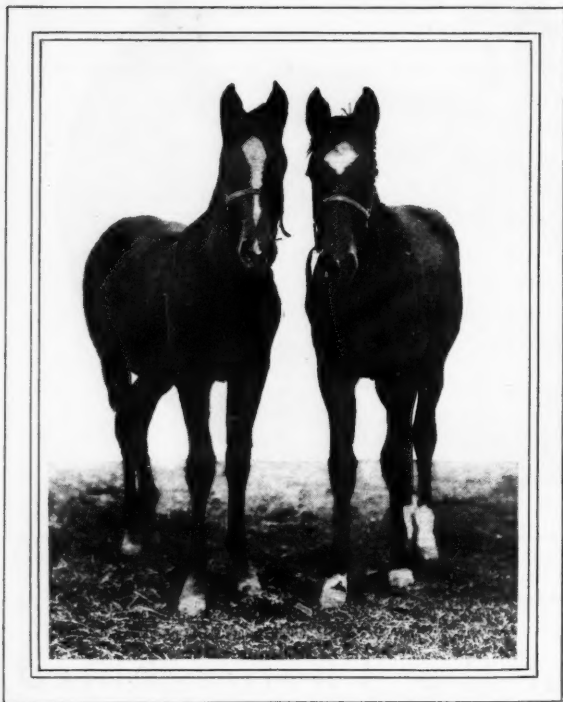
The last few years have seen the inauguration of a new era in the history of the blue grass region of Kentucky, the finest of all horse breeding grounds. The old fashioned stock farm of a few hundred acres, from which came trotters and racers famous in the annals of

track and turf, is disappearing. It is being swallowed up in the great modern estate, baronial in extent and perfect in equipment. For instance, eight of the old farms were joined to make the splendid domain of Walnut Hall, with its two thousand acres of unsurpassed land. Twelve of them were merged into the J. B. Haggin estate, of which Elmendorf, made famous by Daniel Swigert, was the nucleus.

Among the owners of the great new stock farms are some of the richest men of both East and West. Many professional horsemen—men who make a

business of raising speedy colts, either for sale or to race under their own colors—are blue grass landlords, and some of them are adding to their holdings; but they cannot compete with the

Within a radius of twenty miles from Lexington are the whilom homes of countless famous sires and noted performers on the track. George Wilkes, the matchless, and Lexington, "the blind old Milton of the turf," are still names to conjure with in the world of sport, and many a man who may never have heard of Longfellow, the poet, takes off his hat to the memory of Longfellow, the racing sire. "Speed seems to spring from the soil with which the dust of George Wilkes mingles," is a saying whose truth has been abundantly attested by the performance of many an equine son or daughter of the blue grass.



BABY THOROUGHBREDS AT CASTLETON, JAMES R. KEENE'S KENTUCKY FARM—ONE IS A KINGSTON COLT, THE OTHER A BEN BRUSH.

THE BLOOD OF KENTUCKIANS.

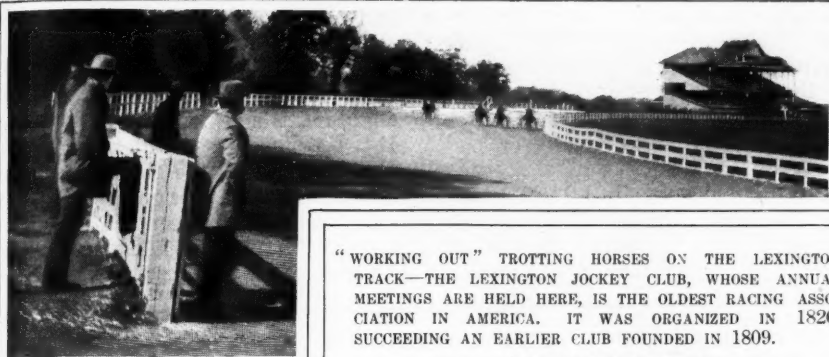
The sporting instinct is native to the blood of the Kentuckian. The region which its own people modestly call "the garden spot of the earth" was devoted to the turf when Lexington was a mere village. As early as 1787, the Commons, as what is now Water Street was called, was a favorite resort for horsemen.

possessor of many millions who has taken up racing as a sport, who seeks the pleasure of victory rather than prizes or purses, and who will spend money like water to secure a complete breeding and training establishment.

The blue grass district lies in the heart of Kentucky. The city of Lexington lies in the heart of the blue grass district. Lexington has been termed "the city that goes on wheels," and its people are, without exception, loyal subjects of his highness the thoroughbred, or his majesty the trotter. The broad white roads, hard as polished granite, which radiate from it in every direction, cut through the velvet fields like strips of satin ribbon. Each of them leads to one or another of the famous stock farms from which have come the kings and queens of the American turf.

In 1802 racing was in high favor, and in 1809 the Lexington Jockey Club was organized. It existed until 1823, holding its meetings near Ashland, the historic home of Henry Clay. The present association, the oldest club in America, was organized at Mrs. Keene's Inn in Lexington on July 27, 1826, by fifty prominent turfmen. Its annual meeting is held each autumn at the Lexington race track, the principal stakes being the Transylvania and the two divisions of the Kentucky Futurity.

The bicycle and the automobile have had their influence upon the question of locomotion; but who does not feel a keener thrill than any mere mechanical contrivance can afford at the grip of whip and rein, or the grasp of the pliant "ribbons" held over the back of a



"WORKING OUT" TROTting HORSES ON THE LEXINGTON TRACK—THE LEXINGTON JOCKEY CLUB, WHOSE ANNUAL MEETINGS ARE HELD HERE, IS THE OLDEST RACING ASSOCIATION IN AMERICA. IT WAS ORGANIZED IN 1826, SUCCEEDING AN EARLIER CLUB FOUNDED IN 1809.

From a photograph by Jenks, Lexington.

mettlesome Kentucky roadster? "The steel thewed trotter with his massive chest, short back, long barrel, clean limbs, magnificent quarters, and mighty reach; the light stepping thoroughbred, deep of girth and broad of loin, with small, compact head and arching crest, with splendid shoulders bossed with sinew and muscle quivering with restrained power beneath the silky, supple hide"—where is the invention of man that can ever take the place of either in the world of sport?

THE KENTUCKY SADDLER.

As for the saddle horse, English custom may make the trotting hack popu-

lar in the East, but fashion can never abolish the Kentucky saddler, which has been praised by good judges from all over the world. Beauty, manners, conformation, action, and endurance—such are the qualities which made the Kentucky saddle horse the standard half a century ago; and no other has its gaits. Of these the chief are a smooth, swift rock and a well collected lope or canter. The running walk or "single foot," once so popular, has lost its vogue in recent years.

The rider of a trotting horse is likely, in the nature of things, to display more of agility than grace, but the Kentucky equestrian on a Kentucky gaited saddle



ON THE RICHMOND PIKE, NEAR LEXINGTON—A TYPICAL VIEW IN THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY.

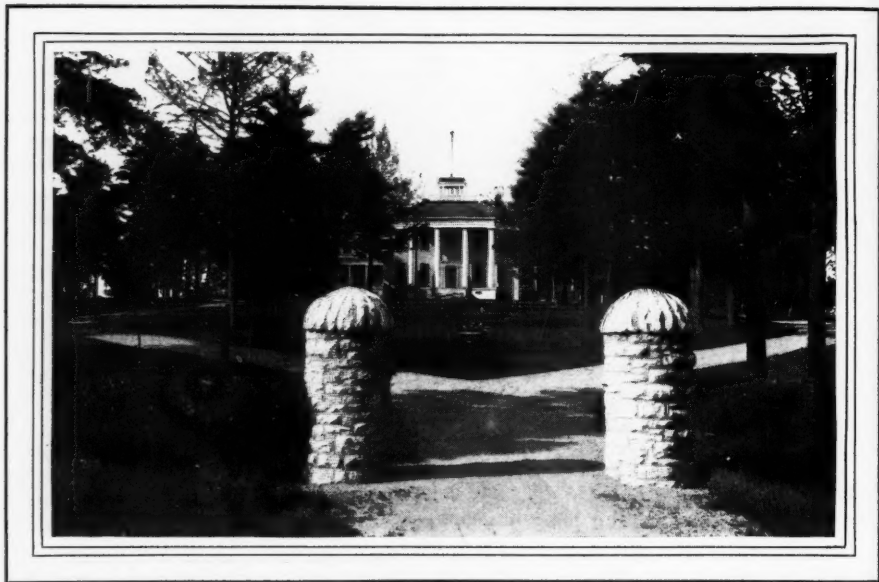
From a photograph by Muller, Lexington.

horse looks the veritable centaur. Horse and man seem as one, so responsive is the intelligent brute to the slightest shifting of the bit in his flexible mouth, to the lightest pressure of his rider's knee, the subtlest inflection of his master's voice. The Kentuckian rides with the assured seat of the trained Eastern horseman, with the fearlessness of the Texas "bronco buster," with the dash of the English rider to hounds, and with a native grace all his own.

whose picture he had chanced to see and fancy.

THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

The home land of the Kentucky thoroughbred is a region fair to look upon. It is beautiful, not with the rugged picturesqueness of the Kentucky mountains, but with a tranquil sylvan loveliness. Dip and sweep of down and meadow; stretches of gently undulant lowland; rich pastures deep in blue



A TYPICAL KENTUCKY MANSION—THE OWNER'S RESIDENCE AT WALNUT HALL, ONE OF THE FAMOUS MODERN STOCK FARMS OF THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

The Kentucky saddle horse has always held his own, the demand having kept up even when the public interest was at its lowest mark. In 1894, at the height of the panic, a Kentucky horseman sold to an Eastern buyer the two highly bred park mares May Queen and Daisy Dare, for twenty two hundred dollars. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, not long ago paid thirty five hundred dollars for the Kentucky saddle mare Gipsy Queen. Nor is the renown of the blue grass stock confined to this side of the world. Count Waldersee, during his campaign in China, ordered two Kentucky saddlers to be shipped across the Pacific for his cavalry mounts, and the German Emperor recently cabled to Kentucky for a horse

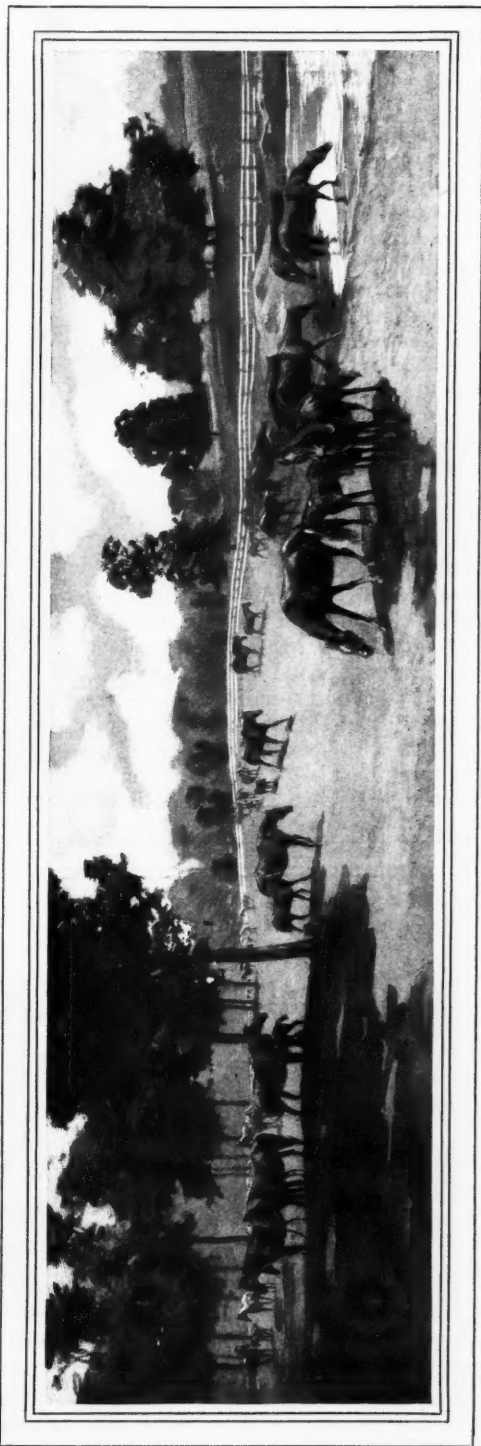
grass; acres of tasseled corn; wide fields of rank tobacco and waving, aromatic hemp; long lines of gray, moss enameled stone fences; trim osage hedges and tall white palings inclosing historic estates; blooded cattle and thoroughbred horses browsing in the shade; stately English looking homes rising from velvet lawns, shaded with noble forest trees; prodigal luxuriance of vegetation on every hand; the green of spreading emerald turf beneath, the blue of Southern summer skies above—this is the world famed blue grass country at its best.

And the typical Kentucky stock farm is worthy of its picturesque surroundings. Its management is a model of systematic and intelligent precision.

The owner, who is frequently absent from three to six months in the twelve, confides his interests to a resident representative, whose authority is absolute. One or more skilled trainers are usually employed, each of whom has a number of underlings subject to his orders. Each of the numerous barns has its manager and its corps of grooms, and it is pleasant to note the pride which the humblest "rubber" in the stables feels in the horse that is his especial charge. If an animal is to do credit to the establishment from which he comes, he must have nothing but the most careful and intelligent handling from first to last.

The education of the blooded horse begins early. At the age of seven or eight months the highly bred youngster, accustomed to handling from his infancy, is broken sufficiently to undergo a preliminary trial. As a yearling he is tested more thoroughly, and between the ages of one and two his career is decided for him. The colts that show marked promise are placed in rigid training for a turf career, while the less hopeful aspirants are sold for roadsters, or relegated to duty between the shafts of a cart.

There is an ever present element of chance that lends added interest to the occupation of the horse breeder. If the same methods invariably produced the same results, the sportsman would regret the elimination of the uncertainty which is now an integral part of the game. It is no uncommon thing to see the full brother of a monarch of the turf patiently drawing heavy loads, the humblest of vassals. The dam of the noted Charley Herr sold shortly before his birth for twenty five dollars. Scores of horses of exceptionally rich breeding, having failed to "make good" on the turf, are doing service as roadsters or on the farm. "Blood will tell" is gen-



A MORNING SCENE IN A BLUE GRASS PASTURE—ON THE PATCHEN WILKES STOCK FARM, NEAR LEXINGTON.

crally a pretty safe axiom, but it fails now and then.

A MODEL KENTUCKY STOCK FARM.

A few miles from Lexington there is a stock farm as nearly approaching the ideal as the intelligent expenditure of unlimited wealth and resources can make it. On the crest of a slope overlooking the wide stretch of rich blue grass land which the owner has gradually acquired, rises a white marble house which, to the simpler tastes and standards of the Kentucky yeomen, seems a veritable palace. Four thousand acres of the best land in the State, purchased at a cost of more than half a million dollars, represent the holdings of the lord of the manor. Some three hundred blooded brood mares and their offspring graze in the pastures; scores of promising youngsters romp in the paddocks; twelve sires—among them the peerless thoroughbred Salvator, who never lost a stake and whose nineteen races won for his owner more than a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—



"HIS MAJESTY'S
VALET," AN IM-
PORTANT FACTOR
IN A STOCK
FARM.

occupy quarters in the stallion barns, fireproof buildings of Brazilian tiling.

A substantial stone power house furnishes electric light and power for the entire farm. Close by there stands a grain elevator with a capacity of thirty thousand bushels, and with machinery that crushes the feed oats and corn, mixing them in any desired proportion. There is a telephone system of twenty five stations, every barn and building on the estate being connected with the manager's office in Lexington. The farm owns its own quarry and its roller and rock crusher for making roads; and an enormous tank capable of holding several cars of gasoline, which is to be piped to the engines in

the power house, is in process of construction.

The great house, with every conceivable modern convenience, with its perfectly appointed suites of guest and living chambers, with its kitchen finished throughout in white enameled brick, with its improved systems of lighting and heating, its dazzling array of elec-



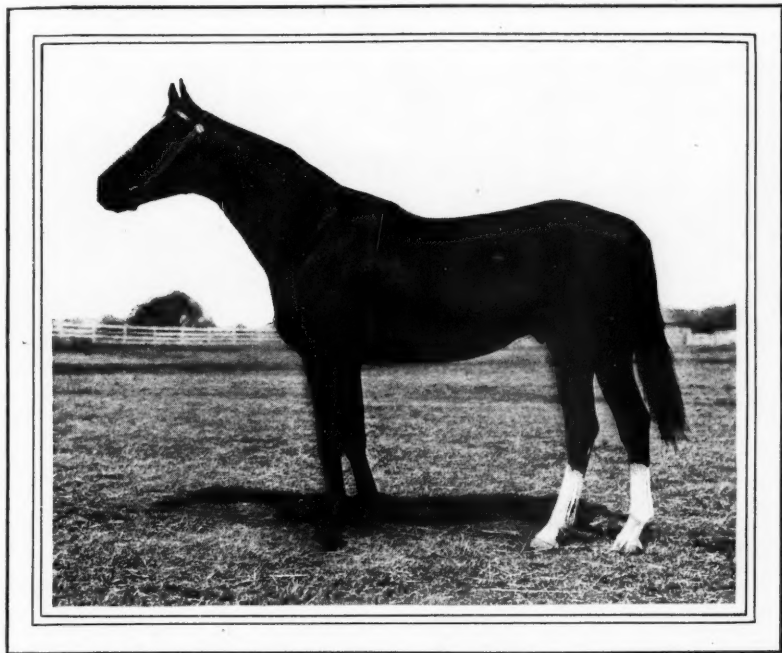
ASHLAND, NEAR LEXINGTON, THE HOME OF HENRY CLAY, AND A FAMOUS LANDMARK OF THE BLUE GRASS DISTRICT—THE HOUSE WAS BURNED DOWN ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO, BUT WAS REBUILT ON THE ORIGINAL PLAN, AND IS NOW THE PROPERTY OF MR. CLAY'S GRANDSON.

From a photograph by Mullen, Lexington.

tries, with its wide entrance hall, whose richly frescoed dome rises above the third floor, and with its broad galleries and terraced lawns overlooking the fairest of Kentucky landscapes—in all this the very acme of comfort, luxury, and beauty seems to have been attained. The house was to have cost a quarter of million of dollars, but it is said that

in Lexington. In 1805 and 1806 the land cost Henry Clay only about ten dollars an acre. It would be difficult to conjecture how many times that price it would command if any part of it were for sale today.

The first Ashland homestead, built by Mr. Clay almost a hundred years ago, was destroyed by fire, but in 1857 the



A TYPICAL KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED—HAMBURG, FOR WHICH WILLIAM C. WHITNEY PAID SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND WHICH IS NOW AT MR. WHITNEY'S BLUE GRASS FARM, LA BELLE.

much more than that has already been spent on it.

Not far from this splendid modern mansion is the original homestead of the Elmendorf estate, in which the late Carter Harrison, father of the present mayor of Chicago, passed his boyhood. Under the new régime the old house is to be used as a laundry.

THE ASHLAND HOMESTEAD.

Historic Ashland, the home of the Great Commoner, and one of the few famous old Kentucky estates still held by the descendants of the original owners, stands on the Richmond pike, about a mile and a half from the courthouse

house was restored, after the original plan, by his son, Congressman James B. Clay. His grandson, Mr. T. C. McDowell, the present proprietor, owns in partnership with William K. Vanderbilt ten thoroughbred yearlings purchased from the Beaumont Stud. These blooded youngsters are receiving their preliminary training on the old Ashland track.

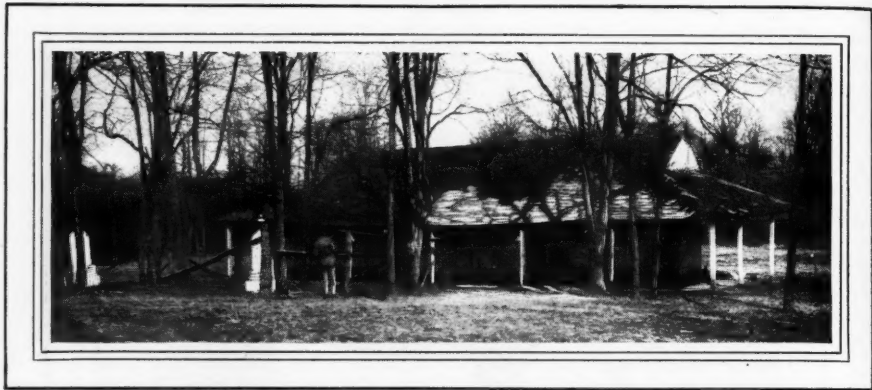
A unique interest attaches to the McDowell training quarters from the fact that a big brick building now used as a barn was formerly a part of the historic Transylvania University, which figures in James Lane Allen's "Reign of Law." By an odd transition, the classic halls where once was furnished pabulum for

the brain of Kentucky's youth now shelter the brawn and sinew which may one day add a new chapter to the history of the turf.

GIANTS OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

Fayette—of which Lexington is the central point—Bourbon, and Woodford are the Kentucky counties that stand

have taken a fresh lease on life, and are reviving the old traditions; others still have passed into new hands, or have been merged in the great holdings of moneyed men from other States. Within little more than a decade Mr. Belmont, Mr. Harkness, Mr. Haggin, and the Keenes have acquired large properties in Kentucky. W. C. Whitney now



A BLUE GRASS RELIC—THE OLD BARN AT NANTURA WHICH SHELTERED LONGFELLOW AND TEN BROECK. ON THE LEFT OF THE ENGRAVING ARE THE MONUMENTS OF THOSE FAMOUS HORSES.

foremost in the raising of blooded stock; but there is scarcely a county in the middle district of the State which has not within its borders one or more of the famous old stock farms. Woodburn, owned by A. J. Alexander, the home of the great Lexington, and of Foxhall, winner of the Cambridgeshire in England; McGrathiana, formerly owned by Price McGrath, now the property of Milton Young, where such fine horses as Ambulance, Reekon, Handball, and Yankee were bred; F. B. Harper's Nantura farm, where rest the ashes of the mighty Longfellow and Ten Broeck; Dixiana, where Domino and Correction were bred; Ash Grove, where the great Wilkes passed his declining years; Runnymede, with memories of Hanover, Sir Dixon, Blue Girl, and Miss Woodford; James R. Keene's Castleton farm, home of Commando, Conroy, and Cap and Bells, an English Oaks winner—all these are household words, not only in Kentucky, but wherever American horses are raced.

Some of these places are owned by old men whose interest in the turf is less keen than it was twenty years ago; some

controls the noted La Belle farm, where he has an extensive stud.

Whatever of sentimental regret the Kentuckian may feel at the passing of historic estates into alien hands, he must admit that the infusion of new blood and the influx of outside capital has lent a decided impetus to stock breeding and training in the State—interests which, for various causes, had sadly declined. The newcomer, with unlimited capital at his back, has been able to accomplish in months what the Kentucky breeder, handicapped in many instances by lack of means, could scarcely have achieved in years.

It goes without saying that the new owners of these famous old breeding establishments are actuated by the true sporting spirit, as the comparatively moderate gains or losses involved in the pursuit cannot have entered largely into their calculations. Certainly they are lending their resources to what in the eyes of the Kentuckian should seem a very fitting end—the best development of trotter, saddle horse, and thoroughbred—the mettle of Kentucky's matchless pasture.

Hapsburg Romances.

BY S. M. WILLIAMS.

THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL FAMILY, THE PROUDEST IN EUROPE, HAS ALLIED ITSELF MORE THAN ANY OTHER WITH PLEBEIAN BLOOD—NONE OF THOSE MARRIAGES, HOWEVER, IS RECOGNIZED BY THE EMPEROR OR PERMITTED TO INTERFERE WITH THE PURITY OF THE DYNASTY.

THE long list of real romances that has included so many members of Austria's royal family during the past century began with Archduke Johann, brother of the Emperor Franz I. He was a man of forty, a bachelor, a high officer in the army, and not especially fond of court life. One day in the winter of 1822, while traveling incognito, he went to the house of the village job master at Aussee, in the province of Salzburg, to take coach to Vienna. But the coach had gone, so he asked for a carriage to continue him on his journey. The job master had horses, but no one available to drive them. After considerable delay a postilion was secured. Johann, wrapped in his furs, watched the boy, then asked his name.

The driver answered, "Johann, sir."

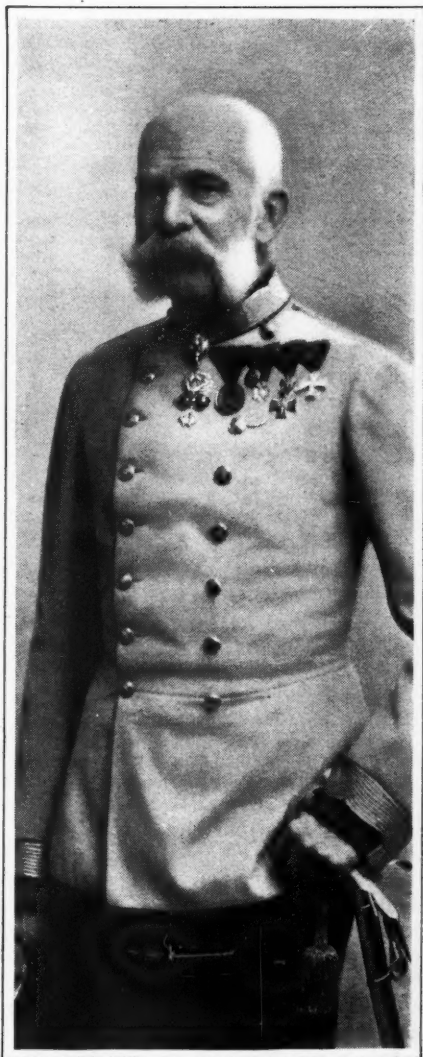
"Johann?" continued the archduke. "But tell me, what do you call yourself when you have no travelers to drive and you are at home helping mother in the kitchen?"

The driver blushed and stuttered, then admitted she was Anna Plochl, the job master's daughter. The archduke said kindly that was no disgrace and she should be proud of it. Then the girl turned and asked the passenger who he was.

"My name is Johann. I am an archduke," he replied simply.

Anna laughed him to scorn.

"An archduke!" she cried. "That's good. Next you will expect me to be-



FRANZ JOSEF I, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, KING OF HUNGARY, AND HEAD OF THE PROUD AND ANCIENT HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.

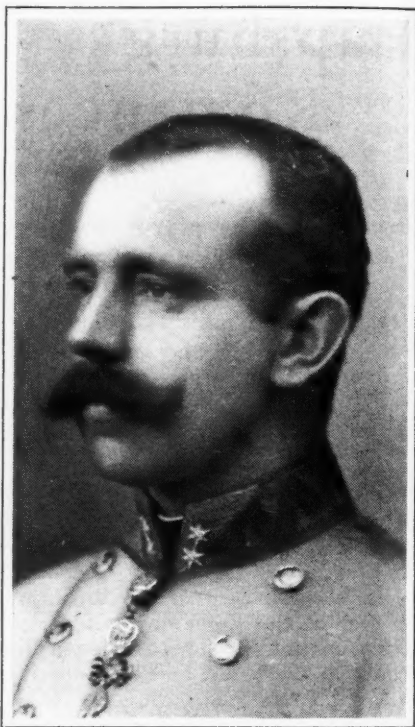
From a photograph by Pietzner, Vienna.

lieve that you are our good emperor himself. You are a good for nothing knave who wants to fool people. I have a good mind to stop the carriage and not drive you further for your insolence."

The archduke was pleased with the girl's spirit and teased her about her disguise. She paid him back in the same coin, chaffing him about his personal appearance, which was neither



THE BARONESS MARIE VETSER, WHO DIED WITH CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF IN THE MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY AT MEYERLING.



CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF OF AUSTRIA, WHO WAS MURDERED OR COMMITTED SUICIDE AT MEYERLING IN 1889.

handsome nor particularly intelligent looking, and his claims to being an archduke. She was clever, witty, sharp in controversy, yet withal refined. So the journey passed quickly until they reached Amstetten, where another carriage was found.

Johann shook hands with his driver and said: "Good by, Anna. In a month I will come again to see you and then you will learn who and what I am." To which she replied with a toss of her head that she knew the likes of him and never expected nor desired to see him again. So they parted in banter.

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

As Anna started to drive away she looked back and saw the people saluting him. She made inquiries and found that she had indeed been driving an archduke. A month later Johann suddenly entered the Plochl house on a Sunday at dinner time and asked if he might join them at table. He cut

short the girl's apologies, forbade the family to address him by any title, and they had an enjoyable meal. He told Anna that he had come solely to see her, because she pleased him much more than the powdered and painted ladies at court. He repeated his visits often, and the secret getting about caused much gossip in the town, to the detriment of the girl's character. One day, with tears in her eyes, she begged the archduke to go away forever and leave her her good name, since no good could come of their attachment.

In the presence of her father and mother, Johann declared that Anna must be his wife. He had already applied to the emperor for permission, but had been refused. He would now apply again and directed the family to announce Anna as his acknowledged fiancée. The emperor consented to the morganatic marriage, but barred the couple from court. The ceremony was performed in the church at Aussee, and

Anna was immediately created Baroness Brandhofen, later being made Countess of Meran.

dering great assistance in the troublesome days in 1848 when the emperor fled from Vienna, leaving Johann as



COUNT ELEMER LONYAY AND HIS WIFE, WHO WAS BORN PRINCESS STEPHANIE OF BELGIUM, AND WHOSE FIRST HUSBAND WAS CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF OF AUSTRIA.

From a photograph by Weston, Folkestone.

For years their union was an ideal one. The daughter of the job master of Aussee became the archduke's companion and helpmeet in every work, ren-

regent. Long before that they had been restored to favor, and the Countess of Meran had been recognized as one of the queens of Austria's exclusive socie-



THE ARCHDUKE JOHANN OF AUSTRIA, WHO RESIGNED HIS RANK TO MARRY A VIENNESE DANCER—HE TOOK THE NAME OF JOHANN ORTH, LEFT AUSTRIA, AND IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LOST AT SEA.

From a photograph by Red, Linz.

ty. She died in 1885 at the age of eighty two.

MILLY STUBEL, DANCER.

Herr Stubel, an honest but humble citizen of Vienna, took his wife and three daughters for a family picnic in the woods near the city one summer's day in 1886. While eating luncheon they narrowly escaped being shot by a gentleman. He approached to apologize and introduced himself as Johann Orth, an engineer of Vienna. In reality he was Archduke Johann, nephew of the emperor, a field marshal of the Austrian army, and at that time thirty four years of age.

The Stubel family invited Herr Orth to join their picnic. He spent the day with them and was invited to call at the house. It was love at first sight between the archduke and Milly Stubel, a dancer in the opera house, and a girl of unblemished reputation. He became a daily caller, but maintained the secret of his identity.

Meanwhile things were not going smoothly for the archduke at court. His outspoken liberal views had brought him into disfavor with various cliques, who spied on his doings and reported to the emperor his affair with the Stubels. The emperor ordered him to cease his visits under an assumed name. His mother added her entreaties, and his best friend, Crown Prince Rudolf, begged him to give up his infatuation. The archduke's answer invariably was, "I marry Milly Stubel." Pretending to have earned some money as an engineer, he induced Milly to leave the stage and accept, as his fiancée, an allowance from him.

ARCHDUKE JOHANN'S ROMANCE.

The archduke was stationed at Linz, in command of an army corps, but his correspondence with Milly was carried on under the name of Johann Orth at an address in Gmunden. Frau Stubel became suspicious and made inquiries at Gmunden, but could find no person of that name. Then she took Milly to Linz, where similar inquiries were made in vain. The poor girl believed herself deceived.

Chance led mother and daughter to

the parade ground where spectators were talking about the Archduke Johann. Soon he appeared riding at the head of his staff. She saw him and with a little scream fell fainting to the ground. The archduke, noticing some excitement, rode up to inquire the cause. Recognizing Milly, he had her carried to his palace, following as soon as the review ended. In the stormy discussion that followed Milly reproached him for deceiving her into believing that she could ever become his wife. Johann vowed that she should become his wife. He sought

permission of the emperor to marry, demanding, he said, as much freedom in the matter as the humblest citizen. The interview was heated, even violent. The voices of the emperor and the archduke could be heard in the outer rooms. Franz Josef ordered Johann to give up the dancer. He refused and left the palace. Almost immediately he was dismissed from command in the army and placed on the retired list. The archduke steadily refused to desert his fiancée, but the marriage was delayed for two years in hopes of royal pardon. Finally, in despair, he applied to the emperor for permission to resign his rank and to assume the simple name of Johann Orth. The permission was granted, but with the added requirement that Austrian citizenship should also be relinquished. The official journal published due notice and the Archduke Johann was transformed into Johann Orth, disowned and disgraced by the Hapsburgs. Only one



MILLY STUBEL, THE VIENNESE DANCER FOR WHOM
SAKE THE ARCHDUKE JOHANN RENOUNCED
HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

From a photograph by Muller, Vienna.

person forgave him, his mother, who met and liked Milly.

THE END IN MYSTERY.

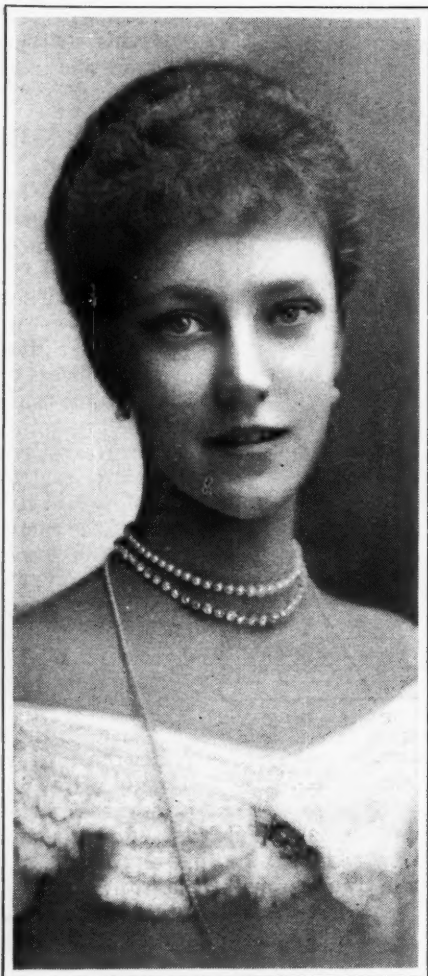
In February, 1890, Johann Orth and Milly Stubel were married in London. The guests present were Frau Stubel and the officers of the sailing ship *St. Margarethe*, which Herr Orth had purchased to sail to distant parts of the earth. His first port was Buenos Ayres. Milly went by mail steamer, but Johann Orth sailed his own ship and they met in the South American city. There Milly declared she would

never be separated from him again, and they sailed together in July, 1890, for a trip around Cape Horn to Valparaiso. The *St. Margarethe* had a crew of twenty five, but was short of officers, owing to illness, Herr Orth being the only one aboard when she left Buenos Ayres.

Some days later, bad weather compelled them to put in to a port in southern Chile for a short time. Soon they sailed away and that is the last that has ever been known of Johann Orth, Archduke of Austria, and Milly Stubel, ballet dancer, his wife. There have been many mysterious tales woven about them, but the fate of the *St. Margarethe* remains as much a mystery today as at the time of its disappearance twelve years ago.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S TRAGEDY.

While Johann Orth was struggling with the emperor, the saddest tragedy of the century befell the house of Hapsburg—a tragedy having its origin in a



THE ARCHDUCHESS ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA, WHO WAS MARRIED IN JANUARY LAST TO PRINCE OTTO WINDISCHGRÄTZ.

From a photograph by Pictner, Vienna.

mariage de convenance and its culmination in love that could not be sanctioned either by the church or by the family. Crown Prince Rudolf, the emperor's only son, was married in 1881 to Princess Stephanie, daughter of the King of the Belgians. He was twenty three, she sixteen.

On his part there was no pretense of love from the beginning. It was necessary for him to marry some one, so he chose Princess Stephanie as she displeased him least of all the available princesses. Rudolf was wild and ca-

pricious, and the court gossips at Vienna took care that every misdeed should be told to Stephanie. Naturally their family life was not exactly blissful, for Stephanie had a jealous temper and scenes were frequent, both in public and private. Soon they were known as the unhappiest couple in Europe.

The Countess Larisch, cousin of the crown prince, invited him to a reception at her house in Vienna one day in the autumn of 1887, saying she would give him a surprise and a special treat. She led him into a little room, away from the crowd. There sat Baroness Marie Vetsera, a marvelously beautiful girl, only nineteen years of age, who had not been seen in court society. Without introduction, before a word could be spoken, Rudolf took her in his arms and kissed her. It was love at first sight. Marie was the daughter of an Austrian diplomat; her mother was a Jewess of wealth.

RUDOLF AND MARIE VETSER.

Rudolf lost his head as well as his heart. He went boldly to the emperor, his father, and said he intended to divorce Stephanie so that he could marry the baroness, offering to renounce all claims to the throne. The emperor sternly forbade him. Rudolf applied to the Pope for permission to divorce, but was strongly rebuked by His Holiness. There were troublesome days in the great royal palace, the old emperor sad at heart, Rudolf raging about in his infatuation, and Stephanie begging her own father, King Leopold, for permission to return to Belgium, only to be ordered to remain and to bear her troubles as a crown princess ought.

After months of this hopeless existence, the power of the family prevailed and Rudolf promised his father to give up his mad love. Franz Josef led his son to Stephanie's apartments, joined their hands, and a reconciliation was made in his presence. A family dinner was arranged for the next evening to celebrate the happy event. The baroness quickly heard of it through the Countess Larisch, and on the following morning she forced her way past the palace flunkies into Rudolf's room, where she threw herself at his feet, beg-

ging him not to desert her. He weakened and they agreed to meet that night at his hunting château, Meyerling, near Vienna, for a last farewell.

What happened there during the day and evening is unknown. The emperor and his family assembled for the reconciliation dinner, but the crown prince did not appear. They waited for him, they searched for him, but in vain. Some hours later news came from Meyerling. In a room of the hunting château the dead bodies of Rudolf and Marie Vetsera were found together. How they died is the secret of the Hapsburgs.

It is remarkable that since this love tragedy, those persons most intimately connected with it have all been entangled in the meshes of romantic attachments. The widowed Stephanie has married outside the royal limits; Rudolf's only daughter has done the same, and Archduke Ferdinand, who became heir presumptive on his cousin's death, likewise has sought a bride not of royal blood.

PRINCESS STEPHANIE'S CHOICE.

The first years of Princess Stephanie's widowhood were passed in retirement and travel. Then she sought amusement in music, painting, and literature. She wrote a book containing passages that reveal much of her miserable inner self:

Two quite young persons see each other for the first time, know each other a quarter of an hour, and speak the binding word which death alone can untie.

If there is something beautiful in the thought that two human beings who love and respect one another are joined before God in holy matrimony, so there is something uncommonly repulsive in the idea that such a union can be formed without any preparation and remain a lie from the altar to the grave.

I regret I was not born in humble circumstances in some fisherman's hamlet on the seashore. There one is nearer to happiness and peace than in our high positions and in our complex society. Happiness depends on living naturally, and what increases our distance from nature decreases our happiness.

Is it possible? A long, long, terrible night has gone by for me and I see a rosy dawn of hope on the clouded sky, a ray of light which tells of the rising sun of joy. Will the sun rise in full glory? Will he warm me with his rays and dry the tears from my cheeks? Come, my sun, come. You find a poor, faded flower whose freshness has been destroyed by the hard frost of fate.

At a dinner in London in the spring of 1899, given by the Austrian ambas-



PRINCE OTTO WINDISCHGRÄTZ, THE YOUNG AUSTRIAN OFFICER WHO MARRIED THE ARCH-DUCHESS ELISABETH.

From a photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

sador, Crown Princess Stephanie met Count Elemer Lonyay, an attaché of the embassy, the younger son of an old family of Hungarian nobility. In less than a year they became engaged, the princess, according to etiquette, having to make the proposal. The emperor gave them permission to marry, if first Stephanie formally renounced her membership of the royal family and gave up control over her daughter. These requirements were fulfilled, and in March, 1900, the princess became a wife again, but this time for love and

at a sacrifice. She gave up rank, precedence, and much fortune, although the emperor bestowed a large dowry upon her. The Hapsburgs smiled a little on this morganatic marriage, although etiquette bars her from the

love and of the mother who married a man of much inferior rank received an inheritance of sentiment and romance. Less than two years ago, when she was an impressionable girl of seventeen, she met at a ball in Vienna Prince Otto



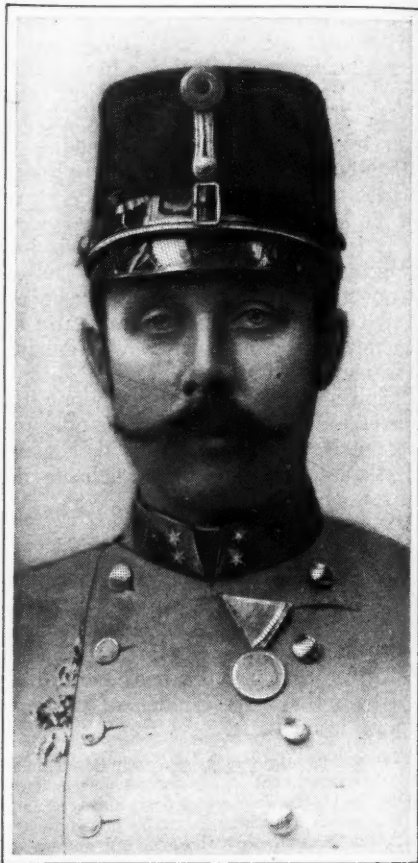
PRINCESS HOHENBERG (COUNTESS SOPHIE CHOTEK),
MORGANATIC WIFE OF THE ARCHDUKE
FRANZ FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.

From a photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

court circle. Only two persons remained unreconcilable—King Leopold of the Belgians, who has not to this day forgiven his daughter, and Count Lonyav's mother, who could not overlook her son's renunciation of his Protestant faith to marry a Catholic, even though a crown princess.

EXCHANGING RANK FOR A HEART.

The young daughter of the crown prince whose life was the price of his



THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND, NEPHEW OF
FRANZ JOSEF, AND HEIR TO THE CROWNS
OF AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

From a photograph by Pietzner, Vienna.

Windischgrätz, a poor but proud young army officer. The Windischgrätz family is one of those which by the *Bundesact* of 1815, cementing the Austrian empire, is acknowledged as of equal birth with royalty. It has large estates and a genealogical tree running far back into the middle ages. But Prince Otto is a younger son of a minor branch.

This made no difference to the Archduchess Elisabeth. She fell in love with

him and she proceeded to court him. They managed to meet often at social affairs and she favored him so markedly that it was easy to see another Hapsburg romance was well started. The young people soon ventured to ask the emperor for permission to marry. So sad and hopeless had been Franz Josef's attempts in the past to thwart the progress of Hapsburg love that, much to family surprise, he treated his beloved little granddaughter with great tenderness. He only asked her to consent to six months' delay so as to make sure of her heart.

The impulsive girl besought the prince to meet her secretly, but he, he it said to his credit, refused. The probationary period found the archduchess still determined, and the marriage was arranged for January, 1902. Although sacrificing her rank and her privileges as archduchess, Elisabeth has not strictly contracted a morganatic marriage. The emperor has given her a dowry of a million dollars and an annual allowance, and she is still received at court.

AN EMPEROR WITHOUT A CONSORT.

When in the course of time the much beloved old emperor passes away, his nephew, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, will ascend the throne. But there will be no empress to be crowned by his side, although his wife, whom he married a little more than a year ago, will live in the royal palace with him. He will be the only sovereign in Europe with a recognized and honored morganatic wife.

The Countess Sophie Chotek comes from one of the oldest Bohemian noble families, tracing her ancestors back to 1336, but her beauty was her only fortune. Three years ago she was lady in waiting to the Archduchess Isabella, one of the collateral branches of the reigning dynasty.

The archduchess had several daughters and the frequent visits of Archduke Francis Ferdinand to the ancestral castle of his distant cousins were supposed to be for the purpose of selecting one of them for his bride. One day the Archduchess Isabella by chance picked up a locket which Countess Sophie

Chotek had dropped and in it found a miniature of the archduke. There was a tremendous scene, which resulted in the instant dismissal of the countess, who left the castle within five minutes.

The archduchess immediately informed the emperor, who summoned his nephew for an explanation. Franz Ferdinand declared that he was engaged to the countess and meant to marry her. The emperor tried vainly to dissuade him, but finally compromised on a year's delay, promising to give his consent then if the archduke remained of the same mind.

THE UNEASY HEAD.

The year expired, and Franz Ferdinand went to the emperor to claim fulfillment of the promise. The tragedies of the past, in the cases of Rudolf and Johann Orth, were vividly in the emperor's mind. On June 28, 1900, he summoned all the members of the imperial family, the ministers of Austria and Hungary, representatives of the army, navy, and nobility to the royal palace. The ceremony was grandly imposing.

Standing on his throne, the white haired emperor addressed the assemblage in a speech strangely wrung from the head of the proudest family of Europe:

"Animated by a desire to do my best for the members of my house," he said, "and in order to give my nephew a special mark of my love and favor, I have given my consent to his marriage with Countess Sophie Chotek. Countess Chotek comes of a noble house, but not one which according to the family statutes of our dynasty can be considered as of equal birth. As only wives of equal birth can be regarded as members of our house, this marriage must be a morganatic union and any children which by the blessing of God are born in this wedlock cannot share the rights of members of our house. My nephew will, therefore, take an oath which will make this certain for ever and ever. He will acknowledge that this marriage is a morganatic union and that children of the marriage will not possess the rights of members of our family."

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand advanced, bowed to the emperor, laid his

right hand on the Bible, and standing before a crucifix pronounced the oath:

"I, Franz Ferdinand, swear by God Almighty to observe the family statutes of our house in general and in particular in regard to my marriage with Countess Sophie Chotek. I swear that I acknowledge my marriage to be a morganatic union, that any children of this marriage will not be entitled to claim succession to the throne of Austria or Hungary."

Three days later they were married, almost privately, with only three of the Hapsburgs present. Even his own brothers refused to attend, while the emperor sent merely a message of congratulation. But this made no difference to their happiness, for all Vienna knows them as most devoted of lovers, going hand in hand about the city and rarely separated even for a day. The Countess Chotek has been raised to the rank of Princess Hohenberg, but by the rules of the court she must give way in precedence to all the Hapsburgs and all the nobility who, like the Windischgrätz family, are regarded as of equal birth with royalty.

THE WHITE HAired EMPEROR.

The central figure in all these romances of royalty is Emperor Franz Josef, a kindly, gentle old man whose declining years have been embittered by sorrows which have served to make him only more tender and more forgiving to his children. Inheriting all the

pride of the Hapsburgs, he deemed it his duty to uphold the traditions of the family as his forefathers had done, and sternly to suppress every natural sentiment to the dictates of state and dynasty.

Yet he, too, had his romance, a pretty one often told in history. Half a century ago he went to court Princess Mathilde of Bavaria. Her younger sister, Princess Elisabeth, hurrying down stairs to join the party, tripped and fell. The Emperor caught her in his arms. Her beautiful hair tumbled down over his shoulder. He held her a moment longer than was necessary and she became Empress of Austria.

It is a pity that a union so romantically begun should have been so quickly clouded. After a very few years of married life they separated and the empress seldom returned to the palace in Vienna. Her tragic death at the hands of a murderous anarchist in Switzerland, three years ago, is fresh in the public mind today.

There is a curse hanging over the house of Hapsburg, uttered by the aged Countess Karolyi, whose son was put to death for participating in the Hungarian uprising of 1848. She called on Heaven and Hell to blast the happiness of the emperor, to exterminate his family, to strike him through those he loved, to wreck his life and to ruin his children.

The curse has left a deadly trail of misery behind it.

THE SONG OF A TRIFLER.

I MET him in the trooping crowd
Of maskers in the lanes.
He caught my hand—we laughed aloud,
For youth was in our veins.
And light of heart, and not too wise,
We sang as others sing.
How could I dream that, in disguise,
I might have met the king?

My thoughts were all upon the dance,
The laughing game we played;
I did not spare a careless glance
To pierce his masquerade.
And then at last he doffed his glove—
I saw a signet ring!
Ah, God forgive me, light o' love!
Could this have been the king?

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

THE CIRCLET OF FLAME.*

BY FRANCIS W. VAN PRAAG.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

CHRISTOPHER CULLIFORD, a captain of buccaneers, brings his brig, the *Good Adventure*, to New York to dispose of his cargo, which consists of a great quantity of valuable merchandise. To this end he invokes the aid of his brother Jack, who keeps a tavern down on the water front, but before their arrangements can be completed they are attacked by revenue officers, and have some difficulty in escaping. During the fight which ensues a chance bullet slays the tavern keeper's wife, who was a worthy woman and not at all in sympathy with her husband's nefarious schemes. As to remain means swift and certain punishment, Jack Culliford joins his brother's band as second mate, and his fourteen year old son, Gilbert (who tells the story), is installed as cabin boy.

While cruising, they find a rowboat adrift on the ocean, in which are two dead men and a living one. The latter is taken on board the *Good Adventure*, because Captain Culliford suspects that he has something of value concealed about him, and that he slew his companions in the boat in order to retain it. This supposition proves correct, for after dragging the stranger the two Cullifords search him and find a necklace of gems of great value—the *Circlet of Flame*. The boy Gilbert hears them decide not to share their prize with the crew, and sees them stab the necklace's owner and throw him overboard. Shortly afterwards they attack an armed corvette, believing her to be a merchantman. In a sinking condition the brig is beached on Long Island and the pirates take to the boats. With the assistance of an empty cask, Gilbert makes his way to the shore, where he falls on his knees with the joy of being on land once more and away from his terrible associates.

XI.

THE beach was a strip of firm white sand and ended in a patch of scrub oak, which in turn, as I went inland, gave way to a dense forest of fir. The instinct that sends children running from danger sent me stumbling into the heart of the inky place, now tripping over a fallen log, now bumping my head on a low hanging bough, now falling from sheer fatigue. Brook and bramble, hill and glade, brake and bog I traversed, ever forced onward by the fear of the corvette's crew and my late companions.

At length, after I had covered some distance—many miles, it seemed to me—nature asserted herself. I could go no further; my limbs refused to act. I scraped together a pile of pine needles, threw myself thereon, and, despite soaking garments and a carping anxiety for the present and the future, dropped instantly into slumber.

It was clear morning when I awoke, a beam of the sun striking me full in the face, and birds caroling in the surrounding green branches. The dew hung in heavy diamonds on the grass; and through the straight aisles of the forest I could see the sea, shimmering and golden. The nearness of the water gave me a fine fright, and I leaped to my feet. The action drew a groan from me, and

brought me to a painful realization of the fact that nature's ordinances concerning sleep in dripping garments in the open cannot be violated with impunity. So stiff and sore was I that only with the utmost difficulty, and at the expense of many twinges, did I drag myself to the edge of the wood.

Here I received a shock. Though I had run far and long the previous night, my action had plainly been that of a prisoned squirrel in its treadmill—the expenditure of many steps and the accomplishment of small results. Not a quarter mile away was the *Good Adventure*, heeled far to starboard, the wreck of her topmast drooping mournfully near to the deck, and the davits and falls indicating the disorderly disembarkation that I knew of. Horribly significant of this latter event were the jolly boat, drifting bottom up in the bay, and the score or so of caps and coats spotting the beach on the tide line.

Of the corvette there was not a sign—until, turning a wooded point a few moments later, I beheld her hove to in a corner of an inner bay. Beautiful she was, mirrored in the glassy water, canvas milky, brass golden, and every spar, rope, and sail painted against the azure of the sky. So sedate and restful did she seem, so replete with all that was lawful and right, that I halted.

* This story began in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Should I attract her attention and throw myself on the captain's mercy? When I look back now at that miserable morning I wonder I did not do this. Alone as I was, deserted by my father, and with the brand of piracy red on my horizon, such a course would have been by far the most sensible. But half in a spirit of recklessness begotten of pain and hunger, half in fear of my story being disbelieved and myself cast into prison or sold to the plantations, I fought down the inclination and turned away.

I had not taken three steps when the sound of a boatswain's whistle floated across the water. Turning, I saw the corvette lowering her cutter and twenty marines and as many sailors crowding into the craft. With the knowledge that I must now race for life and liberty, I turned inland.

For a time the running was easy, the pines being in rows with wide, straight aisles between, and the ground fairly firm and unincumbered. But presently the way grew more difficult. Not only did the ground become steep, but creeping vines and nettles made it treacherous, and dwarf firs, first in clumps and then in serried ranks, blocked my path. I tried to hold a course which would take me ever westward, towards New York, and to keep my left side continually to the sea. The obstacles that I met, however, compelled me to frequent deviations, and I soon lost all knowledge of direction.

The sun, too, rising above the trees, beat fiercely upon my head—from which, needless to say, my cap had long since disappeared. Perspiration soaked me like a shower; and as I had eaten no morsel of food since the previous afternoon—and then only a couple of biscuits, having had no appetite because of the horror I felt at the fate I had anticipated for the ship we were pursuing—my lot was anything but happy. I forced myself onward, spurting into a semblance of a run at times, at other moments reeling from sheer weariness and hunger.

The worst of the matter was that I knew I was making small headway. Whenever the trees parted and gave me a glimpse of the Good Adventure's topmasts, or the pennants on the king's ship, I felt that I might as well lie down and await capture. To struggle against the inevitable seemed folly.

Thus, as nearly as I can judge, two hours passed. It could not have been more than seven of the clock—or, in ship's parlance, six bells—when, the forest having become incredibly dense

and the pulse of my wrists and head madly insane, a hut grew out of the walls of foliage on the rise of a hill a pistol shot to my right. Even to my misty sight the poorness of the place was apparent. A clearing, the size of the Good Adventure's quarterdeck, had been cut in the pines, and an effort made to induce vegetables to grow. The failure of this venture had evidently affected the planter's spirits, for the cabin leaned towards the trees as if in an effort to hide its dismal disrepair; the chimney was so far gone as to require the propping of stout branches to maintain its equilibrium, and the windows blinked weather beaten rags in place of glass.

The whole place, in a word, was eloquent of a slovenly or disheartened proprietor. Yet to me the fact that the hovel was a habitation, a place to beg a crust of bread and a drink, outweighed all else, and I made for it.

I had halved the distance to the door, and was on the edge of the clearing, when I came upon that which stopped me short. Cabin, trees, and sun whirled in a black mass. Across the path, the sunlight warm on the rigid body, the flies and bees flashing to and fro across its clay white face, sprawled a corpse.

That the body was that of the inmate of the cabin was past doubt, the poor clothes and the reaper clutched in the dead hand proclaiming the fact. That the murderous deed was the work of my late shipmates was equally apparent by the haft of a seaman's knife which protruded from the great crimson tear in the motionless breast. Sick with pity for the poor wretch and with fear for myself at so dangerous a neighborhood, I was about to turn away when I was held back by hearing, in a familiar hiccupping voice:

"Ho, ho, for a crew and a captain hold!
Ho, ho, for a pannikin of rum!"

On the heels of the song came the rattle of dice, and: "Fives, blast my soul! Fives! Chris, you—hic—old dog!"

There was silence, and then my uncle's voice:

"There's the sparklers. Scuttle me! You've got all but five. Hand me the box."

So here I had come upon my relatives, in the heart of the pine forest. And they were gambling, in sight of their murdered host, and not many miles from searching Nemesis! Where they were, there must be the crew—or, at any rate, as many as had escaped with them.

"Curse you! It was four, I tell you!"

"Here are the dice," came uncle's voice.

"Aye, there they are, but d'ye think I'm—hic—blind? I saw you flip 'em over, you swab. Think I'm drunk, eh? I'll show you! If I ever play with you again, shoot me for a mudhead!"

A chair scraped, and I dived head foremost into the bushes which lined the path and lay on my belly gulping and sweating.

"I've the sparklers, anyhow," continued father. "Much good your funny business done you!"

With Uncle Chris' reply, "Am I not to have the chance to win the stones back?" I wondered if father were on his guard.

And he was not, for before the question was ended his voice crying savagely, "That's your game, is it?" set every nerve in my body jumping. Forgetful of personal danger, only conscious of a bloodthirsty desire to see the bugbear of my life worsted in a personal encounter, I sprang to my feet and ran across the clearing to the window.

The hut was in half darkness, a broad strip of sunlight at the door intensifying the dusk. Near the hearth was a table, a lopsided, home made affair, littered with dice, tumblers, and two rum bottles. Swaying in the center of the room, each with a hand on the other's throat and a knife in his unoccupied fingers, were father and uncle.

Though a cripple, the latter possessed an uncanny strength; and even during the second I hovered at the sill, too fearful to cry, too weak to be of assistance, father's face grew purple, and he gasped for the breath that the iron fingers on his windpipe were congesting. He staggered and relaxed his hold. Swift as a cat's paw descended his opponent's free hand.

I saw the dull brown stain grow and spread on father's crimson coat. I saw his knife drop and the color in his cheeks fade into a mottled drab. I saw him stagger and lean heavily on the table.

"I think I'll have the diamonds after all, Jack," said my uncle. He wiped his knife on the lining of his coat flap, chuckling softly. "They'll be in the family, though;" and he walked confidently towards his victim.

The stretching out of his hand galvanized father. Bellowing a curse, he picked up one of the rum bottles on the table, and struck. The blow had the sound of a mallet on an empty barrel, and uncle went down, a bundle of sky blue cloth and muddy legs.

Father remained standing with his

weapon raised and his eyes glaring. As, however, the prostrate figure neither moved nor breathed, he turned away, grumbling and muttering to himself.

Lurching heavily across the room, he threw himself into a chair, and, unwinding his sash, attempted clumsily to stanch the flow of blood from his wound. Failing in this, he gave an impatient oath and drew a tarpaulin covered packet from his pocket.

It was at this stage that he chanced to look up and beheld me staring in through the window. I dare say I was white enough. That he took me for my own ghost was not surprising. He gave an inarticulate cry of "Bert!" babbled something of "Mary," and rose unsteadily, gripping the back of his chair.

"It's I, father!" I cried, and ran to the door and to him.

"Really you, lad?" He felt my face and hair and shoulders, found them reasonably solid, and heaved a tremendous sigh. "Dod, but you gave me a turn! How d'ye know I was here?"

"I didn't," said I, and then: "Have you killed uncle?"

Father, who had sunk back into his chair, roused sufficiently to glance to where his brother's prostrate body made a pool of color on the dim floor.

"Killed him?" he said indistinctly. "Aye, I guess I've done for Chris." He took a long drink from one of the rum bottles. "He was a bad egg, Bert, was Chris—bad since he was old enough to walk. And that cunning! Nothing ever downed him! Lookie, we was even now on our way to him as has the tin to put us afloat again. Ain't that good work, I ask? Ashore not ten hours, and laying plans to be flying the Jolly Roger on a new masthead! He wasn't never downed, was Chris."

The maudlin flow of words was checked by a choking spell. I ran for water, and when I returned found father fingering the packet which he had dropped upon seeing me at the window.

"Water, eh?" he muttered, as I handed him the cup. "D'ye think I've gone back to my childhood? Forty odd years I've lived on rum, lad, and I'll not buckle to water now. Which jogs my memory. I ain't been all that a father should have been, Bert; I'll allow that. Praps Mary was right in wanting to make a gentleman of you. Howsomever, that's past and gone, and we won't say more of it. You see this packet? Well, they're the sparklers Chris and I copped from that French son of a nigger that boarded us. The

whole bunch is here but five. I won 'em fair and square, and Chris cheated—cheated his own brother, Bert, lad, me as never cheated him but once when three of the stones was up. But I was too fly for him, I was. I got the swag, and I give 'em to you—do bequeath, devise, and bestow 'em, as the lawyer chaps would have it. So, they're in your pocket! Now pour me out a drink. I feel that blue about the gills, Bertie, I could spit indigo. And my eyes are funny."

Mechanically I stowed the packet in my pocket and poured the drink as directed, father insisting upon a whole cup; but before he could drink, cup and liquor slipped to the floor, and he with them.

Two minutes later he struggled out of my arms, raised himself on his elbow, roared, "I saw you flip it, you dirty swab!" and fell back dead.

I was an orphan with a fortune in my belt that had literally been steeped in blood, and with many and deadly perils encompassing me, the worst of which was even then stirring and calling feebly for water.

XII.

WHEN I saw that father was past earthly assistance, I took the cup he had refused and went with it to Uncle Chris. He drank deeply, and, being revived, opened his eyes.

"The loving nephew, split me!" he whispered. "Didn't expect to see you playing Ganymede when I went down with that swipe."

"I was going through the wood and happened here."

"My word! How history does repeat herself, to be sure!" He repeated the phrase several times, squinting at me reflectively. Then, "What's become of your old man?" he asked, sudden and sharp as a shot.

I pointed to father, stretched on his back beside the chair. He slewed around, stared, and grunted.

"Hauled down his flag, has he?" he said. "All because of a——" He broke off abruptly, struggled to his feet, and was searching the corpse before I knew what he was up to. "Hell and fury!" he roared, turning his evil face to me. "Hell and fury! Where are they? Where are they, I say? Give 'em to me, you measly little rat, or I'll——"

He was livid and quivering. A very image of Satan he looked, squatting in the half light, his misshapen shoulders crouched, his eyes unnaturally bright, his

hands clutching and unclutching on his dagger—the very weapon which had done father's death.

I felt my old fear of him return, and edged towards the door, a hand tight on my pocket. There's a strain of obstinacy in my blood; indeed, it was this very strain which, to a great extent, brought me into my adventures. Give up my patrimony? Return father's legacy to him who had murdered father for it? Not while I was able to defend myself. I cried this and many other wild defiance, and then, a crashing in the bushes warning me of the approach of probable enemies—for it was likely to be either pirates or man of war's men—I took to my heels.

To avoid the newcomers, and to be spared the sight of the murdered farmer, I ran around the house and crossed the field in the rear. Just as I reached the outer edge of the wood a shout made me turn. There was uncle at the corner of the cabin screaming and gesticulating like a madman, and some dozen of the Good Adventure's crew after me in full cry. The mere fact of this pursuit was frightful enough; judge, however, my horror when, foremost in the pursuers, I recognized Winter.

Terror, fortunately, lends stronger wings than any other state of mind. I flew through the pines, ducking, doubling, and taking advantage of every bit of cover in my path. Once taken, I knew my doom; but when I finally came to a road, and saw the sea off to the south and the spires of a town against the west sky line, my old misgivings as to the workings of the law became stronger than my fear of the pirates. Rather than risk the clutch of the magistrates, I would brave the worst of the buccaneers; with which resolve I changed the direction of my flight and plunged once again into the difficulties, traps, and pitfalls of forest travel.

It was now well towards noon, and the sun, directly overhead, poured a pitiless torrent of heat upon my unprotected head. Hungry, faint, with my clothing rent in a score of places and my future the darkest kind of a blank, I felt ready to give up the fight. Of what use were a dozen or so diamonds if they would not purchase me a slice of bread or a minute's immunity from danger?

I began to wonder if the gems were actually diamonds—if they were not some devil pebble cast upon the earth to propagate mischief. Then practical doubts as to the market value of the stones assailed

me. Suppose they were not diamonds at all; suppose they were merely the imitations that the Italians excel in manufacturing? I imagine I was delirious, but the chance of this misfortune seemed very enormous.

The question was yet vexing my spirit, and the earth and trees were dancing an ungainly hornpipe before me, when I was aroused by the stamping of a horse. Involuntarily I halted, and found that I was crossing a lane cut through a bower of foliage and splashed sunlight. A few yards from me, pacing to and fro, was an old gentleman of portly figure, wearing a rich, silver trimmed suit of black cloth. Fastened to a sapling a yard or so in the rear was the nag. Clearly the gentleman was awaiting a companion. I thought at the time that in so secretive and romantic a spot the expected visitor could be nothing less than a woman.

Greatly as I feared to intrude upon an assignation, my hunger was real, and the third party was not in evidence; so I changed my course and ran towards the man. Here at last was a being not of the only type that I had known intimately the past six weeks.

Not until I was almost upon him did the gentleman hear me. Then he whirled around, startled to no small degree; but seeing, I suppose, that I was only a boy, and unarmed at that, he replaced the pistol he had half drawn from beneath his coat, and stood waiting my coming with a placid ease.

"You seem in a hurry, my young friend," he said, when I had reached him and was gasping for the breath to speak.

"Indeed, sir, I am!" I cried. "And I am starving, sir."

"Faith, you look it." He went to his holster and drew out a flask which he offered to me. "'Twill be meat for the nonce," said he. "At least 'twill give you strength to say who you are."

His voice was so gentle and his manner so considerate that I felt his instant captive. I drank a directed, finding the beverage a smooth port that put the warmth of life in my body; and under its stimulus I proceeded to my story.

My intention was to relate only a judiciously pruned portion of the tale—enough to obtain the man's protection for the night, or his bounty for a meal—and to supply the gaps which might occur with respectable fiction. But once started on my woes, I could no more halt in the telling than a stone rolled down a hill can turn from its course. What with my own inclination and my new friend's

kindly encouragement, I finished by relating the entire narrative of my sojourn on the Good Adventure, omitting not one important detail.

"A shocking story; a shocking story!" said my companion. "You have had a providential escape, thanks to God's mercy." He bowed and whispered a short prayer in Latin. "How do you propose eluding the anger of these vicious men?"

I answered that I had no plan other than to escape to some quiet place and there wait until the disposal of my diamonds could be attended to without the risk of my uncle's knowledge.

To this plan my new friend heartily concurred. "You show a caution and a knowledge of human nature far in excess of your years," he said kindly.

No lad is deaf to the praise of an older man. I felt myself swell, even though I decried his words with fitting humility.

"Now, if you wish, I can offer a room and bed in my house," my friend went on. "My name is Fenimore—George Fenimore, of Elmdene Hall—and I claim to be a plain, quiet, God fearing man, Gilbert." He had my name with the other facts of the case. "Also, my house is quiet and I am a recluse, which facts, I take it, will not prevent an acceptance of my hospitality."

I cried out at this kindness, saying I could not think of burdening a stranger with my misfortunes, or of placing a gentleman in a position to earn the enmity of a gang of the worst wretches on earth. To my objections Mr. Fenimore answered by simply repeating his invitation. And his manner was not to be resisted; so I capitulated, a willing prisoner.

"Then, sir, I will gratefully accept," I said, the tears in my eyes not all from hunger and weariness.

With my acceptance Mr. Fenimore briefly bade me mount his horse, explaining, in reply to my demurrer, that I was tired while he was not, and that the friend he had expected—the rector of Christ Church at Farringdale—was now so late for the tryst that it could not be his intention to appear. Both explanations were given so jovially, and with such a multiplicity of encouraging nods, that to have refused would have been churlish. Up I got, therefore, and we set off, I in the saddle, Mr. Fenimore walking beside the stirrup.

Our way led down the lane to the highway, and thence along a stretch of most beautiful country. The road itself, and the fields surrounding it, were flat as your hand; but to the north was a gentle, tree

covered slope which broke the monotony of the level and gave a stretch of golden leaves to gladden the eye. Here and there on the ridge a farm shone cozily; and once I caught a glimpse of the ocean—or, as I afterwards learned, of the shallow water of one of the inlets of the southern shore of Long Island—shimmering through the misty woods. When I remembered how, only half an hour before, I had left the beach a friendless, forlorn scrap of humanity, and that now I was under the protection of a powerful, kindly gentleman, my heart rose and the future seemed not so black as I had fancied it.

After following the road for a mile or more, Mr. Fenimore turned into a gate. A wide drive led into a well kept park, and eventually brought us to the porch of a fine mansion of red brick and white stone. A turret ended either wing, and a cluster of neat offices, such as would be necessary to a gentleman farmer, established my friend's social position. He whistled, and a man, a groom by the smell of the stable on him, appeared from one of the outhouses and helped me to dismount.

When the fellow had disappeared, leading the horse, Mr. Fenimore clapped me on the back.

"Now, Gilbert, we'll try and make you comfortable," said he, "and see what can be done with the diamonds." From the bottom of my heart I thanked God for the mercy he had vouchsafed in sending me such a friend.

XIII.

MR. FENIMORE led me into the house, and, with the forethought which had characterized all his intercourse with me, insisted that I should proceed at once to remove the mud and stains from my clothes.

The room to which he led me was high up in the west turret. The four poster, the stand for pitcher and basin, and the deep lounging chairs which furnished it were fit for a lord's house. In each window embrasure was a seat like the lockers in the Good Adventure's cabin, affording a comfortable means of admiring the landscape. Immediately below my sill were the pine woods, a vast expanse of waving green. So close did the trees inroad that the branches scraped the eaves of the main building, and even made the attempt to reach my window, though in this they fell short by some six feet.

Mr. Fenimore had provided soap, towels, brushes, and water for my convenience. I needed the things, for if ever boy was more caked with mud from crown to toe he must have been a marvel. I removed as many of the stains as was possible, and, though still far from spotless, descended to the hall. Here I found my host in earnest converse with a liveried servant. Upon my appearance, however, he broke the conversation to welcome me again.

"You've made good use of the brush and soap, I see," said he, smiling benignly. "This is Dodd, my factotum."

I bowed, somewhat in awe, to a haughty official in white cravat, striped red waistcoat, and irreproachable linen. Mr. Fenimore continued:

"Dodd will see that you are well looked after, Gilbert. He takes pleasure in the comfort of my guests; do you not, Dodd?"

The butler replied, "Indeed, yes, sir," and the master went on:

"And now we'll have a bite of lunch. Three is my usual hour, but I recollect enough of my youth to appreciate the pangs of a twenty hour fast. You can serve us here, Dodd, if you please."

So we ate there in the hall, in the bow of a huge latticed window, with Dodd at our chairs, and armor and antlers and strange weapons blinking from the walls.

During the meal I explained several points in my narrative which were misty to Mr. Fenimore, notably the manner in which the gems had come to the Good Adventure. When the butler left us with a decanter of port at my host's elbow and a dish of nuts at mine, Mr. Fenimore asked suddenly, in a flurry of anxiety, "You have not left the necklace in your room, Bert, I hope?"

He heaved a sigh of relief upon my negative reply.

"Bless my soul, it gave me a scare!" he said. "I have faith in my servants—indeed, I pride myself upon knowing an honest servant from a rogue—but this case is unique. I could scarcely blame a man falling over a collection of jewels of the value you put to yours."

"Nor could I, sir," I replied. "While the things are on me I'll not feel easy; but beyond you and my uncle there is not a person who knows of them."

Mr. Fenimore said, "Ah!" and nodded approvingly; then, "I once knew a man who purchased a stomacher of what he thought were diamonds. In those days I dealt in oriental goods, and was counted a bit of an expert in jewels. When I saw

that stomacher, I nearly had apoplexy. The man had purchased a collection of the rankest bits of glass that ever an Italian cheat put upon the market. They were gems, to be sure—but gems of the sort a man does not pay thousands to possess. So few persons really know diamonds! I had not the courage to tell my friend, poor man; but when he learned the truth—from an unscrupulous dealer, Gilbert, who had no heart nor soul—what with the price he had paid and with brooding on the loss, he went stark mad.”

“Crazy!” said I breathlessly.

“As a Nonconformist. Truly riches are a curse when applied to earthly adornment!”

“He *thought* he had diamonds—Lord sake, sir!”

A doubt, as chilling as the blast from a tomb, undid the glow of my lunch. With trembling fingers I pulled my packet from my pocket, and placed it on the table.

“Will you look at my diamonds, sir?” I gasped. “If they’re false I’d like to know before—he went crazy, sir? Heaven save us!”

Mr. Fenimore pushed the packet back to me.

“Nay, Gilbert, I would rather you had a stranger pass on the bauble,” said he. “If it be the product of a Venetian workshop or composed of the pebbles which come from South America, it will still be worth a snug sum—perhaps not a thousandth part of the value of the genuine article, but yet a snug sum for a boy’s start in life.”

“But I ask you, sir, as a favor, to pass on them,” I cried, and unfastened the binding cord.

Beneath the wrapping of tarpaulin was the strip of oiled silk and the inner wrapping of flannel. This latter, once white, was now soiled with the imprint of dirty fingers. Removing it, the heavy mass of stone and gold slipped into my hand. Mr. Fenimore gasped; I choked.

It was the second time I had seen the gems, and the first time I had ever examined them. They made a heap so large that the upper part topped my crooked fingers, and so broad as to spill over my palm. Every stone was of the form and size of a walnut, and alive with a constantly changing and dazzling rainbow. Though fully two thirds of the stones—representing the stakes of the play I had profited by—were detached from the heavy bars which had linked them together, their value was, of course, not impaired in the least. The whole was so stupendous, so prodigious, so bewildering,

that I could not wonder at the manifold murders occasioned by cupidity for it.

“It is real!” I cried, when I could speak from breathlessness. “It is real!”

“It is indeed,” said Mr. Fenimore soberly, “and worth an almost incalculable sum. You are a fortunate lad, Gilbert. A heavy responsibility rests upon you in the stewardship of these riches. Put it away, lad; put it away;” and he fell into a reverie which lasted until the port and nuts were gone and Dodd had entered to clear the table.

Directly after the meal my host ordered his horse, and, with an apology for the necessity of attending to parish matters, rode off. I waved him good by from the porch. When the curve of the avenue hid him, I turned away, oppressed by a doleful and incongruous sense of loneliness.

The afternoon I spent in wandering about the hall and drawingroom, examining the curious arms and the fine cabinets of eastern curios which filled the rooms. The occupation was enlivened by the presence of a maid, who, during a tour of dusting, came upon me and displayed a flattering interest in my circumstances. I was obliged to answer question on question as to where my mother was, how I came to be alone at my age, where I had met “the master,” and what not else. I answered as best I could, with many thanks to the maid for her kindly interest and many prayers for forgiveness for the fibs the queries forced.

After she had gone I fell fast asleep in the hall window, and knew nothing until Dodd came to light the lamps. The man’s occupation called my attention to him more closely. There was in his broad, sleek mouth and close set eyes a something that was not confidence inspiring. While there was not one feature on which I could fasten especially as cause for my thoughts, the whole suggested a craft and slyness which spoke of dishonesty, if nothing worse. But when he nodded to me, and asked if I felt rested after my nap, for very shame I dismissed my thoughts as gratuitously insulting.

About dusk Mr. Fenimore returned, covered with mud and completely fagged out. As soon as we had dined he retired, for which mercy I was most thankful, being drowsy myself.

When I reached my room, I was oppressed with a sense of isolation. The chamber which, in the sunlight, had seemed the embodiment of comfort, beneath the fitful radiance of one candle was lonely and gloomy. The sough of

the wind through the trees, and the tapping of the boughs against the eaves, filled me with a vague dread. I tried to break the spell by whistling, but abandoned the attempt after one or two weak blows. Then, there being nothing left but to undress and go to bed, I crossed to lock the door.

Having shot the bolt, I tried the door and, to my amazement, found myself in as insecure a state as before the precaution. A glance showed that the socket into which the bolt should fit had been removed.

Unbidden, Dodd's face rose before me. The incident became a catastrophe—a significant catastrophe. Upon closer examination, I felt positive that the loss of the socket was of recent and deliberate occurrence, for the wood where the iron had been was distinctly lighter in color than the surrounding jamb, and the screw holes were edged with tiny shavings, as if the screws had been torn out bodily by one who had not the time to draw them with the proper tool.

By the end of this investigation I had worked myself into a fine fright. Perhaps I was wronging Dodd, but I resolved to seek Mr. Fenimore and beg to be allowed to sleep either in his room or in some apartment with a lock.

But to *resolve* to seek Mr. Fenimore, and to *find* him in the darkness of a strange house crossed by many corridors and odd turnings, proved two different propositions. I groped down my stairs, gained what I supposed to be the main upper hall, and started off, trusting mainly to luck to make my errand successful. For no reason other than the pervading silence, I went on tiptoe like a thief.

The hall proved an easy course to navigate; but there were no signs of life in it, and it ended in stairs which landed me in a narrow flagged passage. That I had missed my objective was apparent, as much from the bareness of this second passage as from the odor of cookery which pervaded it. I turned to retrace my steps, and was on the lower step of the flight, when a door beside me opened and a maid stepped into the hall so suddenly that we nearly came into collision.

The candle the girl carried showed her to be the maid who had fraternized with me during the afternoon. The same agency revealed my identity, and with a cry: "Oh, dear heart! Come in, come in!" she seized my arm.

This strange behavior naturally excited my curiosity. I asked the reason why I should go into her room, and her an-

swer was, to say the least, startling. With a quick glance up and down the entry, and a gulp as if a mortal terror had culminated, she drew me into the room, closed the door, and then very promptly burst into tears.

"I—I can't let 'em do it! I can't let 'em!" she wailed, in a sharp, nerve-grating whisper. "You'll never tell as how it was me, will you? Promise you'll never tell!"

When I ventured to point out to the girl that she had told me nothing, she dried her eyes.

"They're goin' to murder you!" she hissed, her fingers, in the intensity of her emotion, like a steel band on my wrist. "I heard 'em plannin' of it with my own ears. It was in the hall arter you went up!"

My knees suddenly gave way, and I sat down—I did not fall, I wish it understood; I *sat*—in a chair. The girl, meanwhile, had run to the door again, and was listening in a very agony of terror.

"They'd kill me if they thought as how I'd peached!" she gasped, and her voice brought me to myself.

I was still much shaken and there was a faintness in my stomach which was unpleasant, but I was able to think.

"I'll go to Mr. Fenimore at once," I said, "and tell him."

"Mr. Fenimore!" the girl cried. "Mr. Fenimore!" and was at my arm again like a wild woman. "You're goin' to split on me!"

I shook the girl off, and asked roughly what she meant.

"What are ye goin' to Mr. Fenimore for?" she wailed. "He—he's head an' top o' the thing an'—oh dear! He was tellin' Morgan an' Dodd as how you had a necklace worth a mint o' money, an' they'd all have a share if they done as he told 'em. An' you're just a baby! Dear heart, you're such a baby!"

That my host should be in the plot was more than I could stand.

"I don't believe a word of such trash!" I said sternly. "I don't believe a word."

A step approached in the hall. Before it had passed our door, my guardian had collapsed across the bed, and was wetting her lips with her tongue in a manner terrifying to see. Something of her terror communicated itself to me. In a breathless silence we stared at each other and heard a door latch click.

"It's the outer door—he's gone into the yard!" muttered the maid. She snuffed the candle and ran to the window, pulling me after her.

It was the kitchen yard we overlooked, and a lantern was bobbing through it. I recognized Mr. Fenimore's tops beneath the light, and watched them with the intensity of a criminal studying the countenances of his judges. Mr. Fenimore halted before one of the outhouses, set down his lantern, and knocked. The door opened a crack, and I went weak about the knees.

Reddened by the lantern light, calm and sinister, shone the pale countenance of Uncle Christopher.

XIV.

How I reached a chair is a matter beyond my ken. The world seemed suddenly to have tilted and left me dangling above an infinite abyss. A memory of father's maudlin words concerning Uncle Chris journeying to him who could set him afloat again; the significance of the many questions regarding the diamonds; the object of leading me, step by step, to recount the voyage; and the palpable trick by which I had been deluded into proving the jewels worth a murder, all flashed upon me.

That the man was waiting to keep tryst with my uncle at the very moment when I had come upon him in the wood was a matter I could not doubt. Why he had not murdered me then and there, and so made sure of the jewels for himself, was a mystery. At that moment, however, I was thinking not at all of this latter question.

I cried to my companion to know if there was no way by which I could slip from the trap.

"Morgan an' Dodd an' two keepers is watchin' in the park," she answered, and would have resumed her weeping had I not stopped her.

Even in the excitement of the moment it struck me as absurd that I, a lad, should be ordering a grown woman to do this and do that. The orders being obeyed, however, I was imbued with a better confidence.

I was busy questioning the girl as to the different doors and windows in the house, and the distance and road to Farringdale, when the reflection of the lantern on the ceiling warned me of Mr. Fenimore's return. I glanced hurriedly into the yard. Fenimore was walking with Uncle Chris, and the whole remnant of the Good Adventure's crew was trailing behind the twain, headed for the house. I ran to the door.

"Thanks for your kindness," I said.

"Thanks" was a graceless word, but it was the best I could do at the moment. "If I come out of this alive, I'll not forget that I owe my life to you."

With that I was in the flagged passage, stealing rapidly towards the stair.

Of plan I had none. My most pressing need was to set as many yards as I could between the girl's room and my own unfortunate self before I was captured. With the park guarded by four cut-throats, all on the lookout for a share of the fortune I carried in my pocket, escape seemed impossible.

I ran up the stairs to an upper corridor, doubled into a second and smaller one, went for a dozen steps in absolute darkness, and fetched up on a sudden in a room no bigger than a closet.

There was no outlet to this place other than the door by which I had entered and one round window high up in the wall. A confused pile of boxes and kegs littered the walls breast high from the floor. I might find a burrow in this mass that would shelter me for the nonce, but in what portion of the house I was, and how I was to get out to the open, I did not know.

Satisfied that no lasting good would accrue from my lingering, I started back towards the door. In the darkness and my haste I failed to notice one of the boxes in my path—until it had sharply cracked my shins and sent me stumbling against the next one. And then, one of the boards of the latter slipping out of place, I saw the glint of pistols and cutlasses within the case.

It was the work of a moment to seize a couple of the firearms and shove them into my belt; to prize open a keg with one of the cutlasses and lay bare a quantity of powder. Clearly I had stumbled upon the armory of this gilded den of murderers.

I was searching high and low for the bullets which would make my discoveries effective when the shuffle of men walking softly sent my heart to my throat. The hall which led to my hiding place was a spur of the main corridor, from whence came the blood curdling sounds.

I flattened myself against the wall and peered through the door; and in rapid succession appeared and disappeared Mr. Fenimore, still holding the lantern; Uncle Chris, a bandage on his head and an ugly dirk in his right hand; Israel Clout, gunner's mate on the Good Adventure; Snyder, one of the quartermasters; an Ethiopian dubbed Snowball; and several others—in all, eleven. Of

Morgan, Dodd, and the two keepers of whom the maid had spoken there was no sign, so I concluded with a shiver that they were still on their grim sentry duty below.

My time was now short, for in the space it took the men to climb two flights and enter my room was my respite. I ceased my hunt for bullets, tore off the buttons, six in number, from my coat, and, loading them in as many pistols, stuck the weapons in my breeches band, in my pockets, and in my fists, and stole into the corridor, more like an animated arsenal than a human being. My marksmanship was on a par with a deaf mute's knowledge of music, yet the possession of the pistols put a hope in me. At least, I was on more even terms with my enemies.

In the corridor I halted a second to reconnoiter. The men had not yet reached the turret, for the shuffle of their feet sounded but faintly. This was my time; I must either elude the sentries in the park or make a dash past them. With my courage screwed to desperation I started for the stairs.

Though I was prepared to meet danger, when Dodd stepped from the hall window and his yell was succeeded by a flash and a bang and the thud of a shot imbedding itself in the wainscoting somewhere near my head, I turned and went back up the stairs at a gait that was scarcely in accord with my firm resolutions. Nor did I wait to try conclusions with the man, but fled down the hall.

At the back stair I heard steps running on the flagged passage below. Fairly put to it, I bounded up to the next story. This was as high as I could go under the roof; and to emphasize the desperation of my case came the yells of the men returning from the turret. In a blind despair—and also, I must say in duty to myself, in a dogged determination to resist Uncle Chris' triumph to the last—I opened the first door at hand and entered the room beyond.

The uproar from the turret and the answering hubbub from Dodd and his companions set me to barricading the door in a hurry. Bed, chairs, and couch I utilized—anything that had weight and resistance. Then, with the perspiration running from me, and my six pistols laid ready for instant use, I waited.

Those minutes of agony! To be passive when every nerve strained for activity; to know that life had become a matter of seconds! I grew old in that span of time; from a boy I leaped to man's estate,

and surely discounted the bitterness of death.

With the impersonal interest of one in no way connected with the event, and yet with a creeping horror that was soul racking, I listened to the rush of feet along the corridor, the bursting open of doors, and Fenimore's and my uncle's voices raised in blasphemy, threats, and directions.

Finally the expected happened. The handle of my door turned, the hinges creaked with a weight put upon them—and a dead silence fell. As for me, I was mopping my forehead and palms, trying hard to be brave, and fighting a weakness which threatened to rob me of my strength at the most critical moment.

After much whispering Mr. Fenimore spoke.

"Are you there, Gilbert?"

I made no answer.

"Are you in there, Gilbert?" came again; and still I did not answer.

To be truthful, my silence was not all voluntary. But it disconcerted my enemies as if it were part of a plan, and the hiss of their voices in whispered consultation rose almost shrill in the tense silence.

Then:

"He runned up here. I heard him pop into one of these here rooms," came in Dodd's sleek mezzo.

"Down with the door, then!" Uncle Chris cried, and a blow fell upon the paneling that set my barricade to rocking perilously.

The necessity of stopping this attack was obvious, and I fired one of my pistols. The improvised bullet struck with a fine thud. Had I been less perilously circumstanced I should have felt highly gratified at the success of my invention. Being, however, less of a hero than this imperfect narrative may lead one to mistake me, I leaned on the footboard of the bed and wished miserably I was out of the business.

"I've a dozen more for you," I called presently, striving to steady my voice, which *would* shake and quiver.

A burst of imprecations answered this statement. After a silence Mr. Fenimore called me again.

"Well?" I answered defiantly.

"Can't we come to some arrangement, Gilbert? You give us the jewels, say, and we'll let you go—"

I interrupted at this point by laughing, partly hysterically, partly derisively. That the men should offer to compromise was a testimonial to the strength of my position. I felt a sudden hope. The fact

that I had noticed the nearness of the trees to the house flashed an inspiration to me. I never should have thought of the jump in cold blood; but with death to limber my heels I felt there was no chance too desperate to take.

"You'll let me go, you say?" I called, to gain the time necessary to put my thoughts into action. I ran to the window. A good fifteen feet separated the sill from the nearest bough; yet the trees seemed inviting me to their shelter. "What guarantee have I that you'll keep your word?"

Mr. Fenimore answered that he would pledge his word for my safety.

"Give me a minute to think," I called, and climbed to the window ledge.

Precisely what I had counted on happened.

"He's up to some devilry!" Uncle Chris said, with an oath. "A minute! An hour as well. Down with the door, lads; it's for a fortune!"

The thunder of the blows this command occasioned effectually drowned the scrape of my feet as I jumped. For an eternity, as it seemed, I sailed straight outward; then I began to drop—and with a thrill of unspeakable terror saw I was short of the outermost branch. The howl of the wind past my ears was as the laughter of demons. I wondered how I would strike—whether on my back or side; and then a blow shook every particle of breath from my body, and made my ears sing and my head whirl.

But I was alive. Had I fallen a pace nearer the house, I should have missed the rhododendron bush, and could have escaped with nothing less than a broken limb—which, under the circumstances, would have been equivalent to the end of my earthly sorrows. Even under the fortunate conditions of my fall, I was left without a scrap of strength. Indeed, a baby could have bound, gagged, and delivered me to doom with never the least struggle on my part. Nor did my breathing apparatus become normal, nor my power of locomotion return, until several heads appeared at the window of my erstwhile refuge, and my uncle's voice roared: "Blood and death! He's below!"

The next instant a pistol cracked. Some one had taken a shot at me from above as I lay across the bush—possibly with one of my own weapons, for I had left all but one behind me.

Then, you may be sure, I was up and about as if magically propelled.

That I escaped from the park, with its

innumerable hedges and confusing network of walks, to say nothing of an eight foot bounding wall, was luck indeed. Once on the highway I made good use of my legs, neither time nor distance staying them; and the paling of the stars and the flushing of the eastern sky found me still jogging.

When the sun was fairly above the hills, I was on a stretch of road as lonely as I could wish, with no sign of Mr. Fenimore's house, though I scanned the horizon from every bit of rising ground that I passed over. I made a breakfast of berries plucked from the wayside bushes, and of water scooped from a crystal brook which gurgled beneath an arch of flowering laurel near where I ate. Thus refreshed, I set about to make myself presentable, the wild state of my clothing making the danger of arrest for vagrancy very real. First I scraped the mud from my coat and breeches; then I removed to a less conspicuous place the pistol I had snatched before my flight; and then, with my packet safe in an inner pocket, I resumed my flight.

Needless to say, I kept sharp ear for sounds of pursuit. I scarcely expected Uncle Chris or his followers to appear against me openly, but Mr. Fenimore could despatch as many of his own cut-throats as he wished, and I had no desire to interview Mr. Dodd or Mr. Morgan or the two keepers.

My vigilance presently brought about an adventure. From the road ahead came the sound of a peculiar tapping. Though I had no reason to fear danger from that quarter, on general principles I took to the bush. Presently, around the bend came a little weazened man. That the fellow was blind was evident by his stick and by his trick of turning his head from side to side, as those who are deprived of the use of their eyes so habitually do.

No more had I the status of the newcomer fixed in my mind when the fellow himself upset it. He looked sharply about, tucked his stick under his arm, took a hunch of bread and beef from his pocket, deliberately chose a dry place beside a brook, and began to eat.

I was so amazed at the latter part of the performance that I lay perfectly quiet; and it was during that period there came to me an inspiration. Disguise was precisely what I required. Why not try to secure this stranger's? I parted the bushes and stepped into the road.

"Good day, friend," said I.

The beggar looked up and flung me a surly, "Day!" The sight of his face,

white and evil and snuffy, rather dampened my resolution. Under the propulsion of necessity, however, and yet with a distinct abatement of the confidence I had felt in the bushes, I plunged into the business uppermost in my mind.

"I want to exchange clothes with you," said I.

The cool temerity of the remark surprised the man so much that he choked. As soon as he could speak he refused my proposal, consigning me to perdition into the bargain.

I had only one argument. I drew my pistol and repeated my request as if highwaying had been my lifelong employment.

If the beggar had any fight in him, the sight of my weapon smothered it. Under my orders he handed me his dirty slouch hat and drew off his coat (thereby disclosing a knife that made me glad of my pistol) and his shorts.

Going to a little distance, lest he should attack me at a disadvantage, I disrobed and arrayed myself in the captured garments. Then, taking his staff, I left him partially undressed, with my coat and breeches on the bank beside him, and with an expression of amazement and vindictive rage writhing his evil countenance.

I covered several miles between a walk and a run before settling down to practise the beggar's pathetic movement of the head and accustom myself to tapping with the stick. Both accomplishments being easy to acquire, and the splendor of the day stealing into me, I began to enjoy the situation and to indulge in pleasant anticipations. Fortune had not frowned on me thus far; might she not continue to smile. If I could reach New York, and convert one of my diamonds into cash sufficient for the purchase of a passage to Antwerp—houpla, there was my fortune!

I was thus forming rosy plans, and outwitting Uncle Chris in fine style, when an unexpected incident recalled me to the unpleasant present. It being high noon, I was again drinking from a roadside brook when something plumped into the water and lay bright and glistening at the bottom of the pool. Fishing the object out, I found it to be a bright guinea. Where it had come from was a mystery, until a tiny slit in the side of my coat came to my attention. Then the murder was out. The slit was the entrance to a pocket in the lining of the coat.

In this receptacle I unearthed other coins, to the value of several pounds. I was aghast at the discovery. I had meant

only to appropriate clothes; and to find that I had robbed a beggar—impostor though he was—of his little hoard, seemed to set me immediately on a par with Mr. Fenimore and the Good Adventure's men.

Reparation was the least I could do. Though fully realizing the danger of the course, I started to retrace my steps, running until my already sorely taxed breath gave out, and then walking rapidly. Perhaps the owner of the money might still be beside the brook. While it was fully two hours since his forced exchange, I was familiar enough with the ways of vagrants to know that, having no objective, they are not prone to hurry.

I had retraced perhaps half the distance and was cutting across a wooded hill to save a long curve of the road, when, through a rift in the foliage, I saw that I had come too late.

Faint and sick, I stood stock still and watched. Below me was the highway, winding amid a sea of shimmering green; there also was the beggar, my coat and breeches fitting him as well as they had fitted me, plodding doggedly through the sunshine. And stealing amid the thicket paralleling the road was a knot of men headed by a man with crooked shoulders, who slipped from bush to bush and peered into the road and fingered his weapons in a way that was horrible to see.

I wanted to scream a warning to the unconscious victim, but the power that held me spellbound kept me mute.

It was over before I had realized my share of the tragedy. Uncle Chris straightened, a spike of red shot from his hand, and a discordant scream tore the silence. With fingers which almost refused their office from trembling, I wiped my eyes and looked again. The whole murderous gang was crowding and gesticulating around the prone figure; and there was I, looking down on them unharmed.

That I should have arrived on the spot in time to witness the tragedy of my own making unnerved me completely. Sick at heart for the poor fellow I had unwittingly done to death, I turned away and groped into the forest. In a densely shaded spot I threw myself full length upon the sandy soil and burst into a passion of tears.

They were the first tears I had shed since mother's death. When I had finally dried them and set my teeth in a vague resolve to reach better things, I felt distinctly relieved.

(To be continued.)

The Colonel's Surprise.

A TALE OF A VISIT TO ITALY AND THE SURPRISES IT BROUGHT.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

I.

ALL the way across on the steamer the colonel chuckled to himself to think how surprised Lena and Maudy would be. He had various minor surprises for them in his steamer trunk—a lorgnon for Lena, for whom he coveted above all things that mysterious distinction known to him as “style”; and for his daughter a less adventurous token in the shape of a gold bracelet, selected with trepidation, for Maudy’s preferences were yearly a more baffling mystery. But he himself was to be the main surprise.

As he tramped about the deck, his eyes twinkled at the picture he foresaw: Lena and Maudy seated in the café of their hotel in Rome, and a tall gentleman of a comfortable stoutness, with small blue eyes set in a dark red face and an abundance of impressive white hair, coming towards them, his air offhand and leisurely. Lena would glance at him, then she’d begin to stare. “I declare, Maudy, how that gentleman does look like your father!” she’d say, and Maudy would turn and—well, no one could ever bet just what Maudy would say; she would keep pretty cool, any way. And then Lena would half get up—still not believing—murmuring, “Well—my—good—gracious—why—it—” And here the colonel would interrupt the picture by his own wheezing laughter, and go below for another look at the lesser surprises.

Maudy would probably declare that she had known all along he was coming; but she would be surprised, all right. There were, occasionally, things even that young person didn’t guess—such as, for instance, the inner meaning of her trip to Europe, which put a wide and cool ocean between her and an incipient young man.

The colonel, landing at Naples, found that he had several hours to wait before the train left for Rome.

He wandered about the sun steeped town like a benign giant, hat in hand, occasionally running his fingers through the thick waves of ivory white hair that were his dignity and his distinction. Out of the heat grew a longing for external re-

freshment that finally tempted him through the wire door of a moderately promising barber shop. The proprietor bowed himself forward with a musical murmur, and the colonel pointed to his hair and then to the bottles with an explanatory,

“Make him all clean—see?”

The barber beamed his comprehension, and translated the colonel’s desires into Italian for him.

“All right, my son, I guess you know,” assented the colonel, and to further questions he nodded largely, with a wave towards the apparatus, and offered his white crown with placid faith. Under the pleasant manipulation his eyes drooped and closed.

A pleased murmur in Italian finally roused him. The barber was standing off regarding his finished work with eloquent eyes and bows of congratulation. The colonel was accustomed to admiration of his ivory mane, and turned complacently to the mirror.

Then he started, and glanced quickly over his shoulder to find the stranger who faced him from the glass. But the room was empty of all but the Italian and himself.

He turned back, dazed and muttering, to the image confronting him—the oblong red face and small blue eyes, surmounted by a petrified mass of glaring black hair. He lifted his hand to his own hair, still not believing; the coarse looking brute in the mirror raised his hand at the same moment and—

When the colonel’s fingers, in search of his venerable fleece, touched the hard, slippery surface of the barber’s creation, his groping mind at the same instant reached the hideous truth. He whirled on the Italian, gripping the arms of his chair.

“Why, you—you—you—!” he sputtered. “What the devil do you mean by dyeing my hair? I’ll have you arrested! Why, I—you—!” Words suddenly failed him, and he sat gasping and blinking at his reflection. The barber smiled with modest deprecation, and offered a hand glass for an all round view. The

colonel dashed it away with a shout of rage.

"You almighty little fool of a Dago, I asked you for a shampoo—sham-poo! I've a mind to break your—" His eyes again caught the mirror, and he stopped abruptly. His wrath melted like starch under rain, and he sank back cowed, humiliated, his gaze clinging helplessly to the spectacle of his dishonored head.

That this inky haired brute of an Eighth Ward heeler should be—himself! That he, colonel of militia, pillar of the First Congregational church, householder in a select and decorous suburb, stalwart figurehead who took the street with some pride in his physical advantages, could by a mere change of tint be shown a hard boiled tough such as he would hesitate to employ to run his lawn mower— He glanced about furtively, then beckoned the barber nearer, his eyes still on the glass.

"Say," he pleaded, "undo him—take um black off—make all white again—savey? Go on!"

The barber listened intently, flashed his sudden and perfect comprehension, and, selecting an ominous bottle, -squirted a few drops over the anthracite mass of his achieving. An odor intended to suggest roses followed.

The colonel sniffed and groaned. His rage was beginning to stir again when the striking of a clock reminded him of his train. He stood hesitating. Vengeance was tempting; but wisdom counseled that he catch his train to Rome and there find a white man to get him out of this fix. It wrenched him fiercely to pay the still smiling and congratulatory barber, but if his train was to be caught—

II.

FIFTEEN minutes later he was getting his breath in a corner of a second class carriage, fanning himself with an Italian newspaper. He could still hardly accept the dreadful truth. Heretofore, similar embarrassments, when he had confronted the public with some mortifying eccentricity of costume, had always turned out to be dreams. But the window beside him was mirror enough to confirm the horror. He pulled his hat over his eyes, hunched up his shoulders, and prayed that no one else would get into the compartment.

"They won't if they get their noses in first," he thought wretchedly, as a nervous movement brought an acuter sense of the barber's finishing touch. "Lord, if those two ever find it out!" He did not

know which he most dreaded, Maudy's sense of humor or Lena's lack of one.

The engine drew breath, preparatory to starting. At the same instant the door opened and excited passengers bombarded the compartment with wraps and bags, stumbling in as the train started. The two women fell upon the unoccupied window seats at the other end, while the man stowed the baggage in the racks. As the colonel's eye fell on this last, he had the second shock of the morning; for it was unmistakably the incipient young man whom he and Lena had agreed, four months earlier, to separate from their daughter by the width of the Atlantic Ocean. Shocks three and four were ready for him, and he dimly knew it as he turned to look at the two feminine profiles on the other side—Lena and Maudy.

He crouched down deeper in the corner and lifted the Italian newspaper till only a rim of villainous black hair was visible. There was no room in his mind for anything but mortification and terror. He was no longer husband or father or discourager of over young and frivolous suitors; he was only a pilloried being bent on escape.

The others spread themselves comfortably over the compartment, with little concern for the passenger dozing so persistently behind an Italian newspaper. This was evidently no chance meeting with the proscribed young man. They spoke of Capri and Pompeii as common reminiscences, and the perfidious Lena called him "Will" without turning a hair.

"What is that horrible odor?" Maudy demanded suddenly, after moving to a seat opposite her unhappy father. Will laughed.

"I fancy our Italian friend has just come from the barber," he commented, and the colonel set his teeth and vowed a quick finish to any hopes that young man might treasure. "Did you ever see any one sleep so?" he went on cheerfully.

"Think of missing all this for mere sleep," said Maudy with scorn; "physical comfort above these heavenly mountains!"

"Maudy, the gentleman might understand English," warned her mother. The colonel sweltering behind the newspaper, snorted to himself. Physical comfort!

The hours dragged by in grim endurance. The sun blazed on the colonel's shoulder, but he did not dare stir. When they were nearing Rome Maudy checked his circulation by saying coolly:

"I think our Italian friend is dead, myself."

"Oh, Maudy!" protested her mother nervously. "Don't say such things. Would you dare speak to him, Will?"

"But I don't know anything but *non capisco*," Will objected. "I couldn't wake him up to say that at him."

"No, I suppose not," Lena assented. "We ought to have kept the phrase book out."

The colonel drew a deep breath of relief, and heard them laugh a little at this sign of life. They turned to gather up their things, and he ventured to lift the newspaper away from his purple face for a few inches, though he dropped it hastily back when he realized that Will was towering over him, standing on the seat to get down the bags. It seemed to the nervous colonel that he stayed up there an unnecessarily long time.

He was relieved when his daughter's "Will, what are you doing up there?" brought him down with a laugh.

At last the journey ended and he was released. As his family disappeared, he stretched wearily and mopped his face—then hastily backed away from the door as he realized that Will, stooping over a strap, had not kept up with the others. A moment later he had hurried off, apparently without a glance into the compartment, and the colonel, getting down his bag, was free to seek an obscure lodging, not starred by Baedeker.

A kind little landlady who understood English brought a glimmer of comfort. The colonel opened his heart to her, and was grateful to tears that she did not find the situation ludicrous. She was all pity and sympathy and plump little upraised hands. To be sure, she did not quite see why the colonel did not find the black hair very beautiful; but since he did not care for it, she would go with him herself the first thing in the morning to a very elegant barber, her own second cousin, and make the explanations, so that there should be no mistake. The pretty dark eyes caressed and mothered him as they did the brown baby on the floor.

"I thank you for your kindness, m'am," said the colonel humbly, and went to bed sad but hopeful.

III.

In the brilliance of the morning he followed her shrinkingly down narrow side streets into broader thoroughfares. She paused to point out to him various fa-

mous sights, and he was too courteous to show the anguished impatience that racked him. Then a sudden turn brought his heart and his feet to a standstill.

Straight towards them on the narrow sidewalk came Lena with a guide book, Maudy with a parasol—and Will. The cheerful little Italian led on with her encouraging chatter, and he went forward to meet what must happen, numb and helpless. When they were almost abreast, Lena closed her guide book and lifted her eyes, and the colonel braced himself for the scene to come.

"Oh, look, you can see St. Peter's from here," Will suddenly exclaimed, and the two women turned to look back.

"That isn't St. Peter's, silly," said Maudy, and while they argued a tall and cowering man and an unconscious *contadina* went by unnoticed.

When they were safe the colonel could not resist a glance back—and his gaze fell squarely into two articulate gray eyes. Before he could drag it away or make sign or move of any kind, one of the young man's eyelids drooped, slowly and intentionally. It was not a jovial wink; rather a grave and disapproving signal of recognition. An instant later he had turned and followed his companions, and the colonel stumbled blindly on, trying to think he had imagined the incident. But the quiet gesture haunted and enraged him.

"Confound him—how dare he!" stormed the colonel under his breath, the more angry for the consciousness of a craven gratitude, a relief in escape at any cost.

IV.

THE second cousin did his best. By noon the colonel's hair was a pink drab, shading to mauve, and his make up had changed from Eighth Ward heeler to dissolute and ghastly rake. He sneaked home and spent a desperate afternoon. Three times he rose to go straight to Lena with the whole truth; three times the mirror sent him back cowering under his heliotrope locks. His little blue eyes grew pitiful and haggard with mortification and loneliness.

"Pretty rough, when a man hasn't seen his own wife for four months," he muttered, staring down through the blinds into the drowsy white street below. Tourists came and went at the café opposite, eating ices under its broad awnings.

At dinner time the landlady, poignantly sympathetic, brought him his meal with her own hands. She insisted that he

must see something of her beautiful city. She would herself guide him to the Pantheon as soon as the moon was right. All Americans loved the Pantheon when the moon was over the opening at the top.

The colonel assented gladly, and at nine they set out, he almost gay in the consciousness that the moonlight tempered his pink aureole to modest gray. What the Pantheon stood for was vague to him, but its cavernous shadows and the white shaft of moonlight impressed him deeply.

"My!" he breathed. "If that don't beat the Dutch!" She led him into the patch of moonlight with a plump hand on his arm, and they were standing so, looking up in silent awe, when a masculine voice from the entrance jarred the colonel back to dismal consciousness of his plight. As he started back into the shadow, the words came to him clearly:

"There seem to be people here. Shan't we come back later, Maud?"

"But we'll miss the moon; it's perfect now," he heard his daughter protest, and then three dim figures came forward.

"Say—suppose we go," stammered the colonel, sliding rapidly back towards the wall, where the shadows were deepest. "I—I've seen enough, I guess."

His unconscious guide led boldly to the entrance while he fearfully skirted the wall, passing so close behind his wife that he could have touched her dress; and his heart was wrung by her words:

"Dear me, Maudy, I wish your father could see this!"

"It is a pity he's missing it;" Will's voice had a dryness only one person present understood.

Once outside, the colonel wiped his forehead and ran his forefinger round inside his collar.

An abrupt "Say, Colonel!" checked his steps with an unpleasant shock. He smiled nervously and put out his hand as Will came up, but the young man ignored the movement.

"I am not going to meddle with your business," the youth began curtly, "but while we are in Rome couldn't you—amuse yourself somewhere else? These meetings are bound to happen, and sooner or later they will—you can realize that it won't be pleasant!" And he shot a quick glance at the little landlady, waiting demurely at a distance.

The colonel's jaw slowly dropped. It was not until that moment that the full, blasting significance of the look he had caught that morning dawned on him, and he was too stunned to speak. He, church-goer, tax payer, loyal American husband

and father—and the dyed hair, and the pretty Italian—oh, merciful Lord!

"I simply wish to spare them," went on the severe young voice. "And if you have any sense of fitness left, you will do the same. You shouldn't travel with your full name on your bag," he added as he turned away.

"Say—wait! You're all balled up. It's a mistake," stammered the colonel, coming a step after him. The young man shrugged and disappeared.

V.

THE next morning, after several laborious attempts at a written explanation, the colonel sent off a note asking the young man to come to his lodgings. The messenger brought back a curt refusal. Will considered that while he was in the position of protector to the two women loyalty forbade that he should know any more than he could avoid about the colonel's—he implied escapades.

The colonel looked in the glass, then went to the barber with tears of entreaty in his eyes. As a result, intervals of saffron and orange appeared in the mauve pink. The colonel now looked like nothing but a bad dream. The barber suggested shaving; but total baldness would be as disconcerting as these rainbow effects, and might take longer to overcome. One lock of dim whiteness gave him a glimmer of encouragement as he sat behind his blinds that afternoon, watching the loiterers at the café opposite.

Towards five a little group of three, with guide book and parasol, brought his face close to the dusty paint of the shutters. They had been sightseeing, evidently, and dropped down at a table with a pantomime of weariness. The colonel watched them with a beating heart. How pale and tired Lena looked—keeping up with those two, of course, and never a word about herself. She wasn't eating her ice, and she put her hand to her head occasionally with a familiar little gesture that set the colonel breathing hard. One of her blind headaches, poor little soul!—and those selfish young folks too absorbed in each other to discover it. She'd go till she dropped, without him to—Two tears ran down the colonel's cheeks, and he clenched his hands.

Now Will and Maudy were getting up, evidently with a new purpose, and Lena was saying that she would wait there till they came back. They had no business to leave her alone, white as that!



ONE OF THE YOUNG MAN'S EYELIDS DROOPED, SLOWLY AND INTENTIONALLY. IT WAS NOT A JOVIAL WINK; RATHER A GRAVE AND DISAPPROVING SIGN OF RECOGNITION.

Then they were gone, and the poor thing relaxed and dropped her smile and leaned her head on her hand. Presently she lifted her head and looked about in a way that frightened him. Then she rose, putting her hand out in front of her, and turned an appealing white face up to the very blind that sheltered her husband.

Before the public had had time to realize that some one had fainted, a tall and strange looking man had dashed out of a door opposite, whirled aside a couple of waiters, gathered the inert form in his arms, and gone striding back like a vision of the Sabine rape, with an air so masterful that no one interposed or questioned.

The colonel knew exactly what to do when he had laid his wife on his sofa; and in a few moments she raised vague eyes.

"Well, Lena," he said huskily. She stared at him, then closed her eyes again with a little moan.

"Oh, my brain—my brain!" he heard her mutter.

"Lena! Lena, old girl! It's me," he cried, gripping her hands. She stared at him wildly, from the wet, beaming blue eyes to the fantastic hair above.

"Well, for—the—land's—sake!" came slowly from her pale lips. "Where did you come from? And what on *earth* have you done to yourself?"

Then the colonel sat down beside her on the sofa and told her the whole story. "I just couldn't have you see me like that, Lena. I was afraid you'd want to back out of your bargain," he explained humbly, at her protests. "I meant to surprise you, but not just this way!"

Her eyes traveled from his face to the weird nimbus of hair without a glimmer of amusement.

"Well, I guess if you can stand me in curl papers——!" she exclaimed. "As if I cared how you looked!"

When he came to Will's part in the

affair her eyes snapped and she sat up with a tightened mouth.

"That just settles *him*," she declared. "He turned up quite by accident—at least, Maudy *seemed* surprised. Of course I wasn't going to countenance anything till I heard from you; but I was getting real favorable. And then for him to turn around and treat you like that! It was too bad!"

"Well—but—Lena," said the colonel slowly—"things looked pretty bad for me. I guess any man would have thought like he did. And when I saw it made him mad and disgusted—hang it if I didn't begin to like the fellow! It's principles we want for Maudy, Lena."

She shook her head decidedly.

"He hadn't any business to think such things of you," she reiterated. "I'll never give my consent, and I don't think you ought to give yours."

"I won't do anything you don't like," conceded the colonel.

An hour later two figures, guilty and breathless, came hurrying down the street. The colonel, who was at the window, glanced at his wife, but made no sign. The two looked into the café, then laughed in evident relief.

"Of course she went home. I might have known she would," he heard Maudy say.

"We ought not to have forgotten her," said Will. "But how could we help it—this once?" He held out his hand to her, and she placed hers in it, and they stood so in the deserted street, looking into each other's eyes. Then they walked slowly off together.

The colonel went over and stood by his wife.

"Say, Lena, I guess we better give our consent," he said. "You know—well—Maudy!"

And Lena for the first time smiled upon him.

IN COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

THE dim aisles echoed to the worldling's tread,
Who looked and measured all he saw by gold;
"How many millions did it cost?" he asked.
From groin and arch and capital it tasked
The eye to reach, where beauties manifold
In stone the poet-artist's hand had wrought
To lead the reverent mind to nobler thought;
From sculptured slab, where lay the pious dead;
From cross, and effigy of saint, and pictured dove,
Came spirit voices answering: "Its cost was *Love*."

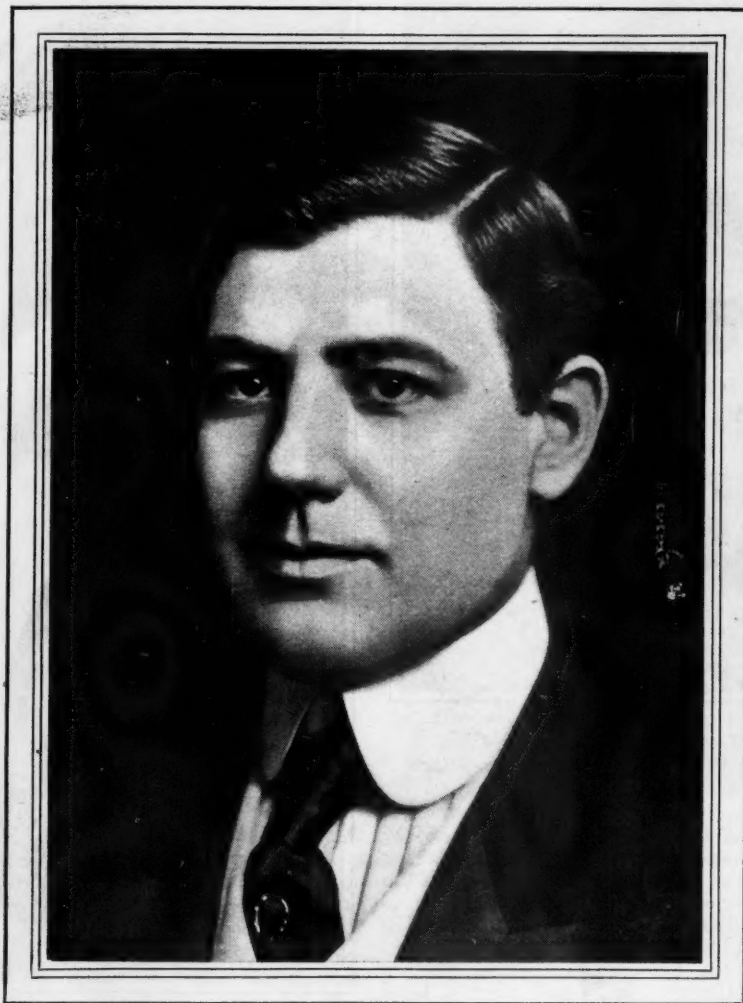
Charles Mumford.

THE STAGE

THE DEARTH OF COMEDIES.

What has become of the comedies? A glance over the list of the current season's shows will reveal a striking lack of this type of play. Nobody laments the absence

of the French farces which Charles Frohman attempted to substitute for comedies during the past two winters. He lost money in the experiment, and has not tried to force them on the market again.



CHARLES RICHMAN, LEADING MAN OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S STOCK COMPANY AT THE EMPIRE THEATER, NEW YORK.

From his latest photograph by Fowler, Evanston.



MARY MANNERING, IN HER SECOND STARRING SEASON WITH "JANICE MEREDITH."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Unhappily, though, he has found nothing to take their place. The prevalence of the book play is partly responsible for this; the main cause, however, lies in the scarcity of good comedies.

William Collier found a winner in "On the Quiet" last year, and carried it over. Henrietta Crosman discovered another in "Mistress Nell," and after a brief dallying with the heroic sentiment and picturesque background of "Joan o' the Shoals" she soon returned to the

merriment to be extracted from the orange girl. It is not the sermon it preaches nor the bizarre effects it contains that has made "A Message from Mars" the great dramatic success of the season. Laughter seasons the piece from start to finish—good, honest fun, that leaves a moisture in the eyes and an impulse to better living in the heart.

There are few words so often misused as this term "comedy." Fancy applying to that inane mass of claptrap and



HELEN PRINDIVILLE, APPEARING WITH THE "LORNA DOONE" COMPANY.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



JULIA MARLOWE, STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."
From a Copley Print (Copyright, 1902, by Curtis & Cameron) after the painting by Irving Wiles (Copyright, 1901, by Irving Wiles).

twaddle, "Sweet and Twenty," the same descriptive label that fits "The Rivals" or "The School for Scandal"! The mere fact that a play contains two or three characters who do or say funny things does not constitute it a comedy. There is no kind of play more difficult to write. Not only must certain results

appear to spring from certain causes naturally—an essential point in all play construction—but the situations evolved must contain the element of real humor in addition.

Because of this lack of genuine comedies, Mr. Frohman has put one of his cleverest players through a veritable sal-



ROBERT EDESON, STARRING IN "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," DRAMATIZED FROM THE NOVEL OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS.

From his latest photograph by Schloss, New York.



ISABEL IRVING, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "A ROYAL RIVAL."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

magundi experience during the past six months. Isabel Irving did good work with the light comedy parts that had fallen to her during the reign of the "Two Flags." A few weeks later Miss Jessie Bateman, leading woman with Mr. Hawtrey, was recalled to England by serious illness in her family, and Miss



BLANCHE WALSH, WHO IS STARRING IN "JANICE MEREDITH" IN TERRITORY NOT REACHED
BY MARY MANNERING.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Schloss, New York.

French farce; but the public taste having turned from this Gallic fare she was hurried to the West, last October, to replace Blanche Bates, who had been stricken down while playing in "Under

Irving was ordered East again to relieve her in "A Message from Mars" during the month of her absence. Then "Les Romanesques," the curtain raiser made out of Rostand's "The Fantastics," being put on

to eke out the failure of "Sweet and Twenty," Miss Irving was cast for the heroine, playing opposite Bessie Tyree (her old associate at the Lyceum), who was the lover. Miss Irving's husband, W. H. Thompson, was also in the cast. Barely a month later Julie Opp—playing the gypsy girl *Marita*, with Faversham in "A Royal Rival"—was summoned to London by George Alexander to do Cissie Loftus' part over there in "If I Were King," and once more Miss Irving stepped into the breach.

Surely, after proving so versatile and accommodating a leading woman, Miss Irving is deserving of a sterling comedy rôle next season—if the comedy will only put in an appearance.

The plays in which Miss Irving has most enjoyed appearing are "The Benefit of the Doubt," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "The Case of Rebellious Susan," all done during her career as leading woman at the Lyceum, where she succeeded Georgia Cayvan in 1894. She is a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and was brought up without any thought of a theatrical career. Her tastes are strongly bookish—which suggests the fact that she claims a distant relationship with Washington Irving. But in 1889 she decided to go upon the stage, and found an opening with Rosina Vokes, appearing first in



EMMA CALVÉ, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, AS "CARMEN."

From her latest photograph in the character by Dupont, New York.



LULU GLASER, STARRING IN THE SUCCESSFUL COMIC OPERA,—"DOLLY VARDEN."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

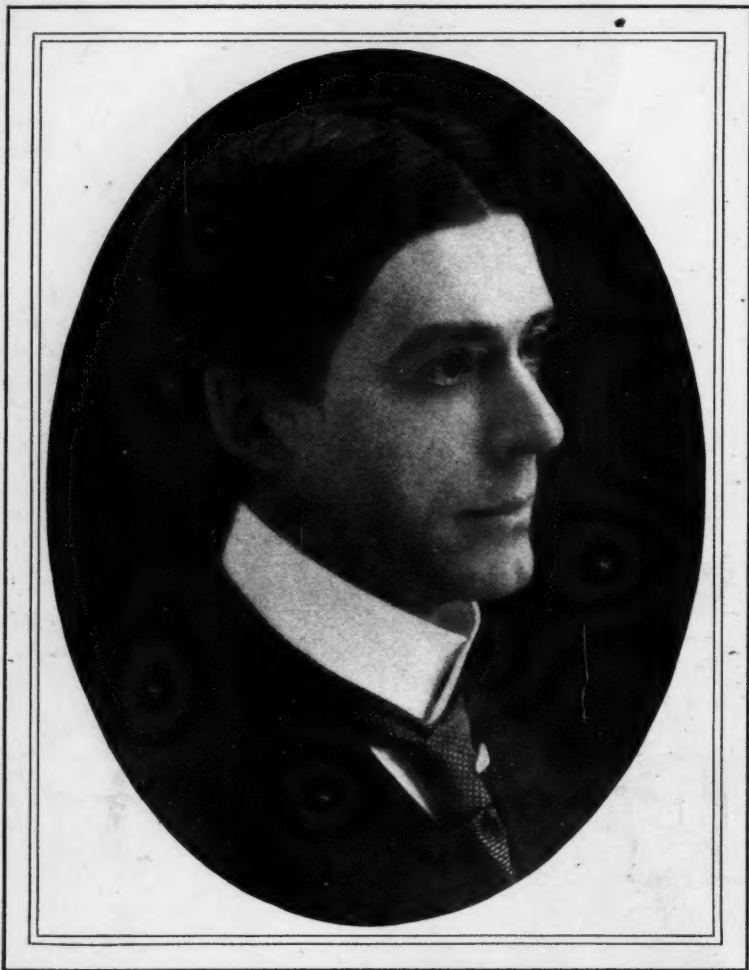


ELSIE ESMOND, APPEARING AS "BONITA" IN "ARIZONA."

From a photograph by Evans, Ithaca.

"The Schoolmistress." It was in Miss Vokes' troupe that Augustin Daly found her, and promptly secured so promising an artist for his stock company. Here she was *Audrey* in "As You

Miss Irving remained at Daly's for five seasons and then joined Daniel Frohman's forces. Her first appearance at the Lyceum as leading woman, in place of Miss Cayvan, gave her the part of



JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, AN IRISHMAN, AUTHOR OF "IF I WERE KING," NOW BEING PLAYED SO SUCCESSFULLY BY SOTHERN.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

Like It" and *Susan* in "A Night Off," and played second to Ada Rehan in "Nancy & Co.," "The Railroad of Love," and other Daly pieces. She had the distinction of doing Miss Rehan's rôle in "The Lottery of Love" when Mr. Daly produced that play at the Vaudeville Theater, Paris, the scene of its original presentation in French as "The Surprises of Divorce."

Dorothea March in Sardou's "A Woman's Silence," which was written especially for the Lyceum, but which failed to score. "The Amazons" was revived, with Miss Irving as *Lady Noeline*. After that she was *Theophila* in "The Benefit of the Doubt" and *Rhoda* in "The Home Secretary." When she left the Lyceum forces she was cast in "Never Again" as the wife who is carried in a swooning



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, APPEARING AS "LADY HOLYROOD" IN NO. 1 COMPANY OF "FLORODORA,"
NOW ON THE ROAD.

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



VIRGINIA EARL, APPEARING IN "FLORODORA" AT THE NEW YORK WINTER GARDEN AS "LADY HOLYROOD."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

condition from room to room. At this time Maude Adams began to star, and Miss Irving was selected to replace her as leading woman with John Drew. She opened in "Rosemary" in San Francisco;

then came "A Marriage of Convenience" at the Empire in New York, affording her one of her most suitable parts. Next year followed "The Liars," and later "The Tyranny of Tears."

Last spring Miss Irving played the heroine in "To Have and to Hold."

"DOLLY VARDEN" AND ITS STAR.

Lulu Glaser has found a thoroughly delightful vehicle in "Dolly Varden." Its theme is simple and straightforward; there are no complicated elements in the plot to give one a headache in trying to fit the pieces together; the lyrics are neatly turned, audibly sung, and matched with music that lingers in the memory not merely because it is "catchy," but by reason of real merit as well. Stanislaus Stange wrote the book, and Julian Edwards is responsible for the score. They did "The Jolly Musketeer" for Jeff de Angelis, "Brian Boru," and also "The Wedding Day" for the triple star company headed by De Angelis, Lillian Russell, and Della Fox.

Miss Glaser has been on the stage just ten years. She was born in Allegheny City, across the river from Pittsburg, and showed a fondness for singing from an early age. Her father knew the manager of the Bijou Theater, and on one memorable occasion she persuaded him to take her behind the scenes when Francis Wilson was playing there in "The Merry Monarch." The young girl was fascinated by it all, tried on Marie Jansen's hats, and resolved that she would be an actress herself some day—in the Wilson company, too.

Of course her family opposed the idea; it seemed preposterous, but the girl was so persistent that the father finally suggested, as the only way to cure her, that her mother should take her to New York and let her see how idle was her dream of being able to break into the leading comic opera organization of the country. So, armed with a letter of introduction to Mr. Canby, Francis Wilson's manager, the two journeyed to the metropolis, only to be told that all the places in the company—then giving "The Lion Tamer"—were filled. Nothing daunted, Miss Glaser declared that she was perfectly willing to begin in the chorus and sing her way up; whereupon, more as a matter of form than anything else, and perhaps as the easiest way of getting rid of the persistent young woman, Mr. Canby arranged for her to sing for their musical conductor. Quite unexpectedly, the report of the trial was so favorable that he could do nothing less than send her to Mr. Wilson himself.

The important interview took place at the Broadway Theater one Saturday afternoon after the matinée. Miss

Glaser was put through a cross examination; and after learning that she was sixteen years old, had never sung on the stage, in church choirs, or in amateur theatricals, knew nothing of the art of make up, and had the consent of her parents to act, Mr. Wilson told her to come back on Monday. She was placed in the chorus and made understudy to Marie Jansen. One night, about six weeks later, Miss Jansen fell ill and the new recruit was sent for to take the leading woman's rôle. The girl was so overcome at the thought of her inexperience that she fainted twice; but this was before the curtain went up. She got through the part beautifully, then went meekly back to the chorus ranks again.

She didn't remain there long, however. Miss Jansen decided to star on her own account, and Wilson one day told Miss Glaser that she was to step into her shoes. When the company revived "The Merry Monarch" on their next visit to Pittsburg, she wore the very costumes she had tried on in the Bijou dressing room only the year before.

The following season Mr. Wilson put on "Erminie," and Miss Glaser's abounding spirits gave the stage the best *Javotte* it had ever seen. In the following autumn came her first creation of a part, in "The Devil's Deputy," which was followed by the originating of rôles in "The Chieftain," "Half a King," and "The Little Corporal."

Her last character with Mr. Wilson was *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Miss Glaser began to star a year ago in "Sweet Ann Page," but the opera was not worthy of her, and was shelved. "Dolly Varden" was brought out in Toronto last September, and in the country girl who is its heroine she has found a part which fits her better than any of those in which she gained so wide a following during her career with the Wilson troupe.

ABOUT VIRGINIA EARL.

With her assumption of the part of *Lady Holyrood* in the Winter Garden production of "Florodora," Virginia Earl returned to the musical comedy atmosphere in which she was so happy at Daly's. After Mr. Daly's death she went to the Casino, but was never well placed there, although this was the house where she first came into notice in the title part of "The Lady Slavey."

One of Virginia Earl's first rôles was *Tags* in "The County Fair." When "Wang" was sent on the road, after Hopper had used it, she took Della Fox' part.

She is a native of Cincinnati, her father being French and her mother Irish. She was only thirteen when she went on the stage for the first time, with a juvenile company giving "The Mikado." Last season, in London, she easily outshone Edna May in "The Girl from Up There." In the autumn she appeared as leading woman with Dan Daly in "The Rounders," leaving that organization to join the stock company at the Winter Garden atop of the New York, where she found her unexpected opportunity to become a very charming *Lady Holyrood*.

MRS. MCKEE RANKIN'S CAREER.

A gem in the performance of "The Girl and the Judge" is Mrs. McKee Rankin's impersonation of *Mrs. Brown*, the landlady. And yet, although the picture is acknowledged to be remarkably true to life, Mrs. Rankin was obliged to draw on her imagination for the type.

"You see," she explained, "I have always lived either in my own home or at a large hotel. The only time I ever stayed at a boarding house I had the most charming old lady imaginable for the mistress of it."

Mr. Fitch is so pleased with Mrs. Rankin's conception that he is writing a new play with a part in it especially designed for her. This will not see the footlights for a couple of years to come, and meantime she will probably be kept busy playing *Mrs. Brown*. It would seem out of the question for her to have an understudy in the part—unless it might be Sam Bernard, who burlesqued the rôle so realistically at Weber & Fields'.

Mrs. Rankin is very frank about her age, owning to fifty four. She was born in Philadelphia, her maiden name being Kitty Blanchard. Her father, who at one time was a professor in Bowdoin College, had no liking for the stage; but at his death his widow and daughter were left without resources, and as Mrs. Blanchard's sight had failed her the situation was serious. Kitty, who was only ten, had displayed a talent for dancing, and a relative took her to John Drew, Sr., who was then managing the National Theater. It was easier in those days to approach the magnates of stageland than it is at present. Mr. Drew promised to see what the child could do, and as he was about to put on a pantomime, he engaged her for the part of a tiny fairy. Her first appearance before any audience was made by jumping out of a shell in which she had been locked.

She has remained on the stage practically ever since, in her childhood dancing at night and receiving her schooling from her mother in the daytime. They traveled about the country, and in Louisville, when she was sixteen, Kitty Blanchard made her début in a character part. The play was "The Secret," now forgotten; the name of the character, *Angelica*. After that she played comedy rôles—chiefly chambermaids and soubrettes—in various organizations. She spent four years at what was known as Selwyn's Theater, in Boston, where she received a good practical training.

In "The Girl and the Judge" Mrs. Rankin is associated with Mrs. Gilbert, with whom she has not played before since the latter sixties, when they were in the cast of "The Flash of Lightning," under the management of Augustin Daly. Miss Blanchard's marriage to McKee Rankin, a fellow member of the Daly company, took place in Boston in 1869. A little later she was the original *Henriette* for this country in "The Two Orphans," brought out in New York at the Union Square, now Keith's. Then, with the money he made from "Forty Nine" and "The Danites," Mr. Rankin built the Third Avenue Theater. This venture was unprofitable, but he was kept afloat by the earnings of "The Danites."

In that once famous piece Mrs. Rankin appeared as *Billy Piper*, while a little boy, *Georgie Williams*, was her daughter Gladys, who afterwards became Mrs. Sydney Drew. The play was performed more than two thousand times in America, having an entire season's run in New York, broken only by the summer vacation. It was then taken to London, being the first of the now rapidly lengthening list of American attractions to be produced there with American players.

Mrs. Rankin was not acting last season. Her most recent appearance in New York, before "The Girl and the Judge," was her creation of the Jewish mother in the Broadway Theater production of "The Ghetto," in the autumn of '99.

Mrs. Rankin's fad is photography—artistic photography, if you please. She delights in seeing how many varying expressions she can obtain from the same subject, and some of the results she has secured are really interesting. Her youngest daughter, Doris, frequently poses for her as an Indian maiden. The other daughter, Phyllis, who created an important rôle in "The Belle of New York," is now Mrs. Harry Davenport.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW.*

BY ERNEST W. HORNUNG.

XX.

THERE are eminent men of action who can acquit themselves with equal distinction upon the little field of letters, as some of the very best books of late years go to prove. The man of letters, on the other hand, capable of cutting a respectable figure in action, is, one fears, a much rarer type.

Langholm was essentially a man of letters. He was at his best among his roses and his books; at his worst in unforeseen collision with the rougher realities of life. But give him time, and he was not the man to run away because his equipment for battle was as short as his confidence in himself. Perhaps such courage as he possessed was not the less courageous for the crust of cowardice—mostly moral—through which it always had to break.

Langholm had one other qualification for the quest to which he had committed himself, but for which he was as thoroughly unsuited by temperament as by the whole tenor of his solitary life. In addition to an ingenious imagination—a quality with grave defects, as the sequel will show—he had that capacity for taking pains which has no disadvantageous side, though in Langholm's case it was certainly not a synonym for genius.

It was a quarter to four o'clock on the Monday afternoon when Langholm alighted at King's Cross, having caught the 9:30 from Northborough after an early adieu to William Allen Richardson and the rest. He made sure of the time before getting into his hansom at the terminus.

"Drive hard," he said, "to the Capital and Counties Bank, in New Oxford Street."

And he was there some minutes before the hour.

"I want to know my exact balance, if it is not too much trouble to look it up before you close."

A slip of paper was soon put into Langholm's hand, and at a glance he flushed to the hat with pleasure and surprise. Having regained his cab, he cried through the trap, "The Cadogan Hotel, in Sloane Street—but there's no hurry now; you can go your own pace."

Nor was there any further anxiety in Langholm's heart. His balance was a clear hundred more than he had expected to find it, and his whole soul sang the praises of a country life. Unbusiness-like and unmethodical as he was, in everything but the preparation of manuscripts, such a discovery could never have been made in town, where Langholm's expenditure had marched arm in arm with his modest earnings.

"And it can again," he said recklessly to himself, as he decided on the best hotel in the field of his first investigations, instead of lodgings. "Thank God, I have enough to run this racket till the end of the year at least! If I can't strike the trail by then—"

He lapsed into dear reminiscence and dearer day dreams, their common scenes some two hundred miles north; but to realize his lapse was to recover from it promptly. Langholm glanced at himself in the little mirror. His was an honest face, and it was an honest part that he must play, or none at all. He leaned over the apron and interested himself in the London life that was so familiar to him still.

It was as if he had not been absent for a day, yet his perceptions were sharpened by his very absence of so many weeks. The wood pavements gave off a strong but not unpleasant scent in the heavy August heat; it was positively dear to the old Londoner's nostrils. The further he drove upon his southwesterly course, the emptier were the well known thoroughfares. St. James' Street might have been closed to traffic; the clubs in Pall Mall were mostly shut. On the footways strolled the folk whom one sees there only in August and September, the families from the country, the less affluent American, guide book in hand. Here and there was a perennial type, the pale actor with soft hat and blue black chin, the ragged slouch from park to park.

Langholm could have foregathered with one and all, such was the strange fascination of the town for one who was twice the man among his northern roses. But that is the kind of mistress that London is to those who have once felt her spell. You may forget her by the year,

* Copyright, 1901, by Ernest W. Hornung.—This story began in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

but the spell lies lurking in the first whiff of the wood pavement, the first flutter of the evening paper on the curb; and even in the cab you wonder how you have borne existence elsewhere.

The hotel was very empty, and Langholm found not only the best of rooms at his disposal, but that flattering quality of attention which awaits the first comer when few come at all. He refreshed himself with tea and a bath, and then set out to reconnoiter the scene of the already half forgotten murder. He had a vague though sanguine notion that his imaginative intuition might at once perceive some possibility which had never dawned upon the academic intelligence of the police.

Of course he remembered the name of the street; and it was easily found. Nor had Langholm any difficulty in discovering the house, though he had forgotten the number. There were very few houses in the street, and only one of these was empty and to let. It was plastered with the bills of various agents, and Langholm noted down the nearest, whose office was in King's Road. He would get an order to view the house, and would explore every inch of it that very night. But his bath and his tea had made away with the better part of an hour; it was six o'clock before Langholm reached the house agent's, and the office was already shut.

He dined quietly at his hotel, feeling none the less that he had made a beginning; and spent the evening looking up Chelsea friends who were likely to be more conversant than himself with all the circumstances of Mr. Minchin's murder and his wife's arrest; but who, as might have been expected, were one and all away from home.

In the morning the order of his plans was somewhat altered. It was essential that he should have the circumstances at his fingers' ends, at least so far as they had transpired in open court. Langholm had read the trial at the time with the inquisitive but impersonal interest which such a case inspires in the average man. Now he must study it in a very different spirit, and he repaired betimes to the newspaper room at the British Museum.

By midday he had mastered most of the details of the complex case, and had made a note of every name and address which had found its way into the newspaper reports. But there was one name which did not appear in any of these. Langholm sought it in bound volume after bound volume, until even the patient attendants, who trundle the great tomes from their shelves on trolleys, looked askance

at the wanton reader who filled in a new form every five or ten minutes.

But the reader's face shone with a brighter light at each fresh failure. Why had the name he wanted never come up in open court? Where was the evidence of the man who had made all the mischief between the Minchins? Langholm intended having first the one and then the other; already he was on the spring to a first conclusion. With a caution, however, which did infinite credit to one of his temperament, the amateur detective determined to look a little further before leaping.

Early in the afternoon he was back in Chelsea, making fraudulent representations to the house agent near the Vestry Hall.

"Not more than ninety," repeated that gentleman, as he went through his book, and read out particulars of several houses at about that rental, but the house which Langholm burned to see over was not among the number.

"I want a quiet street," said the wily writer, and named the one in which it stood. "Have you nothing there?"

"I have one," said the agent with reserve, "and it's only seventy."

"The less the better," cried Langholm light heartedly. "I should like to see that one."

The house agent hesitated, finally looking Langholm in the face.

"You may as well know first as last," said he, "for we have had trouble enough about that house. It was let last for ninety; we're asking seventy because it is the house in which Mr. Minchin was shot dead. Still want to see it?" inquired the house agent, with a wry smile.

It was all Langholm could do to conceal his eagerness, but in the end he escaped with several orders to view, and the keys of the house of houses in his pocket. No caretaker could be got to live in it; the agent seemed half surprised at Langholm's caring to see over it all alone.

About an hour later the novelist stood at a door whose street and number were not inscribed upon any of the orders obtained by fraud from the King's Road agent. It was a door that needed painting, and there was a conspicuous card in the ground floor window. Langholm tugged twice in his impatience at the old fashioned bell. If his face had been alight before, it was now on fire, for by deliberate steps he had arrived at the very conclusion to which he had been inclined to jump.

At last came a slut of the imperishable lodging house type.

"Is your mistress in?"

"No."

"When do you expect her?"

"Not before night."

"Have you any idea what time of night?"

The untidy child had none, but at length admitted that she had orders to keep the fire in for the landlady's supper.

Langholm drew his own deduction. It would be of little use to return before nine o'clock. Five hours to wait! He made one more cast before he went.

"Have you been here long, my girl?"

"Going on three months."

"And you are the only servant?"

"Yes."

And five hours to wait for more!

It seemed an infinity to Langholm as he turned away; but at all events the house had not changed hands. The woman he would eventually see was the woman who had given invaluable evidence at the Old Bailey.

XXI.

LANGHOLM returned to his hotel and wrote a few lines to Rachel. It had been arranged that he was to report progress direct to her, and as often as possible; but it was a very open arrangement, in which Steel had sardonically concurred. Yet, little as there was to say, and for all his practice with the pen, it took Langholm the best part of an hour to write that he believed he had already obtained an important clue, which the police had missed in the most incredible manner, though it had been under their noses all the time. So incredible did it appear, even to himself, when written down, that Langholm decided not to post this letter until after his interview with the Chelsea landlady.

To kill the interval, Langholm went for his dinner to the single club to which he still belonged. It was a Bohemian establishment off the Strand, and its time honored name was the best thing about it in this member's eyes. He was soon cursing himself for coming near the place while engaged upon his great and sacred quest. Not a "clubbable" person himself, as that epithet was understood in this its home, Langholm was rather unpleasantly surprised when half a dozen men—most of whom he barely knew—rose to greet him on his appearance in the smoking room. Even with their greetings came the explanation, and it filled

the newcomer with a horror too sudden for concealment.

It appeared that Mrs. Steel's identity with the whilom Mrs. Minchin had not leaped out in Delverton only. Langholm gathered that it was actually in one of that morning's halfpenny papers, at which he had not found time to glance in his hot foot ardor for the chase. For the moment he was shocked beyond words, and not a little disgusted, to discover the cause of his own temporary importance.

"Talk of the devil!" cried a comparative crony. "I was just telling them that you must be the 'well known novelist' in the case, as your cottage was somewhere down there. Have you really seen anything of the lady?"

"Seen anything of her?" echoed a journalist to whom Langholm had never spoken in his life. "Why, can't you see that he bowled her out himself and came up straight to sell the news?"

Langholm took his comparative crony by the arm. "Come in and dine with me," he said; "I can't stand this. Yes, yes, I know her well," he whispered as they went round the screen which was the only partition between pipes and plates; "but let me see what that scurrilous rag has to say while you order. I'll do the rest, and you had better make it a bottle of champagne."

The scurrilous rag had less to say than Langholm had been led to expect. He breathed again when he had read the sequence of short but pithy paragraphs. Mrs. Minchin's new name was not given after all, nor that of her adopted district, while Langholm himself only slunk into print as "a well known novelist who, oddly enough, was among the guests, and was an eye witness of a situation after his own heart." The district might have been any one of the many manufacturing centers in "the largest of shires," which was the one geographical clue vouchsafed by the halfpenny paper.

Langholm began to regret his readiness to admit the impeachment with which he had been saluted; it was only in his own club that he would have been pounced upon as the "well known novelist"; but it was some comfort to reflect that even in his own club his exact address was not known, that his solicitor paid his subscription and sent periodically for his letters. Charles Langholm had not set up as hermit by halves; he had his own reasons for being thorough there. And it was more inspiring than the champagne to feel that no fresh annoyance was likely to befall the Steels through him.

"It's not so bad as I thought," said Langholm, throwing the newspaper aside as his companion, whose professional name was Valentine Venn, finished with the wine card.

"Dear boy," said Venn, "it took a pal to spot you. Alone I did it! But I wish you weren't so dark about that confounded cottage of yours; the humble mummer would fain gather the crumbs that fall from the rich scribe's table, especially when he's out of a shop, which is the present damnable condition of affairs. Besides, we might collaborate in a play, and make more money apiece in three weeks than either of us earns in a fat year. That little story of yours—"

"Never mind my little stories," said Langholm hastily. "I've just finished a long one, and the very thought of fiction makes me sick."

"Well, you've got facts to turn to for a change, and for once they really do seem as strange as the other thing. Lucky bargee! Have you had her under the microscope all the summer? Ye gods, what a part for Mrs.—"

"Drink up," said Langholm grimly, as the champagne made an opportune appearance; "and now tell me who that fellow is who's opening the piano, and since you've started a musical dinner."

The big room that the screen divided had a grand piano in the dining half, for use upon those Saturday evenings for which the old club was still famous. The instrument was rarely touched during the working days of the week; yet even now a dark and cadaverous young man was raising its top, as if it was a little too heavy for him.

Valentine Venn looked over his shoulder.

"Good God!" said he. "Another fact worth most folks' fiction; another coincidence you wouldn't dare to use!"

"Why—who is it?"

Venn's answer was to hail the dark youth with rude geniality. The young fellow hesitated, but came forward shyly in the end. Langholm noted that he looked very ill, that his face was as sensitive as it was thin and pale, but his expression was singularly sweet and pleasing.

"Severino," said Venn, with a play actor's pomp, "let me introduce you to Charles Langholm, the celebrated novelist—whom not to know is to argue yourself unknown."

"Which is the worst sense Milton ever wrote," added Langholm, taking the lad's hand cordially in his own, to release it

hurriedly before he crushed such slender fingers to their hurt.

"Mr. Langholm," pursued Venn, "is the hero of that paragraph—" Langholm kicked him under the table—"that—that paragraph about his last book, you know. Severino, Langholm, is the best pianist we have had in the club since I have been a member, and you will say the same yourself in another minute. He always plays to us when he drops in to dine, and you may think yourself lucky that he has dropped in tonight."

"But where does the coincidence come in?" asked Langholm, as the young fellow returned to the piano with rather a sad shake of the head.

"What?" cried Venn, below his breath. "Do you mean to say you are a friend of Mrs. Minchin's, or whatever her name is now, and that you never heard of Severino?"

"No," replied Langholm, his heart in an instantaneous flutter. "Who is he?"

"The man she wanted to nurse the night when her husband was murdered—the cause of the final row between them. His name was kept out of the papers, but that's the man."

Langholm sat back in his chair. To have spent a summer's day in stolid search for traces of this man, only to be introduced to the man himself by purest chance in the evening! It was indeed difficult to believe; nor did he feel the proper degree of gratitude for an inconceivable stroke of fortune. In fact, he almost resented his luck; he would so much rather have stood indebted to his skill. And there were other causes for disappointment, as in an instant there were things more incredible to Langholm than the every day coincidence of a chance meeting with the one person whom one desires to meet.

"So that's the man!" he echoed, in a tone that might have told his companion something, but the fingers which Langholm had feared to crush had already fallen upon the keys, with the strong, tender, unerring touch of a master, and the impressionable player was swaying with enthusiasm on his stool.

"And *can't* he play?" whispered Valentine Venn, as if it were the man's playing alone that they were discussing.

Yet even the preoccupied novelist had to listen and nod, and then listen again, before replying.

"He can," said Langholm at length. "But why was it that they took such pains to keep his name out of the case?"

"They didn't. It would have done no

good to drag him in. The poor devil was at death's door on the night of the murder."

"Is that a fact?"

Venn opened his eyes.

"Supposing," continued Langholm, speaking the thing that was not in his mind with the deplorable readiness of the professional story teller—"supposing that illness had been a sham, and they had really meant to elope under cover of it?"

"Well, it wasn't."

"I dare say not. But how do you know? It strikes me they ought to have put him in the box and had his evidence anyhow."

"He was still too ill to be called," rejoined Venn. "I'll take you at your word, dear boy, and tell you exactly how I do know all about his illness. You see that dark chap with the cigar who's just come in to listen? That's Severino's doctor. It was he who put him up here. I'll introduce you to him, if you like, after dinner."

"Thank you," said Langholm, after some little hesitation. "As a matter of fact, I should like it very much. Venn," he added, leaning right across the little table, "I know the woman well! I believe in her absolutely, on every point, and I mean to make her neighbors and mine do the same. That is my object—don't give it away!"

"Dear boy, these lips are sealed," said Valentine Venn.

But a very little conversation with the doctor sufficed to satisfy Langholm's curiosity, and to remove from his mind the wild prepossession which he had allowed to grow upon it with every hour of that wasted day. The doctor was also one of the Bohemian colony in Chelsea, and by no means loath to talk about a tragedy of which he had exceptional knowledge. It appeared that he had himself been one of the medical witnesses at each successive stage of the investigations. He had also heard, on the other side of the screen, that Langholm was the novelist referred to in a paragraph which had had a special interest for the doctor; and, as was only fair, Langholm was interrogated in his turn. What was less fair, and indeed ungrateful in a marked degree, was the way in which the original questioner parried all questions put to himself; and he very soon left the club.

On his way out, Langholm went into the writing room, and, tearing into little pieces a letter which he had written that

afternoon, left the fragments behind him in the waste paper basket.

Meanwhile his exit from the room was producing its sequel in a little incident which would have astonished Langholm considerably. Severino had been playing for nearly an hour, seeming to be thoroughly engrossed in his own fascinating performance, and quite oblivious of the dining and the smoking going on around him according to the accepted ease and freedom of the club. Yet no sooner was Langholm gone than the pianist broke off abruptly and joined the group which the other had deserted.

"Who is that fellow?" said Severino in English so perfect that the slight Italian accent only added a charm to his gentle voice. "I'm afraid I did not catch the name."

It was repeated, with such additions as may be fairly made behind a man's back.

"A dashed good fellow, who writes dashed bad novels," was one of these.

"You forget!" said another. "He is the 'distinguished novelist' who is going the rounds as a neighbor and friend of Mrs.——"

Looks from Venn and the doctor cut short the speech, but not before its import had come home to the young Italian, whose hollow cheeks flushed a dusky brown, while his sunken eyes caught fire. In an instant he was on his feet, with no attempt to hide his excitement and still less to mask the emotion that was its real name.

"He knows her, do you tell me? He knows Mrs. Minchin?"

"Or whatever her name is now—yes, so he says."

"And what is her name?"

"He won't say."

"Nor where she lives?"

"No."

"Then where does *he* live?"

"None of us know that either; he's the darkest horse in the club."

Venn agreed with this speaker, some little bitterness in his tone. Another stood up for Langholm.

"We should be as dark," said he, "if we had married Gaiety choristers, and they had left us, and we went in dread of their return!"

They sum up the life tragedies pretty pithily in these clubs.

"He was always a silly ass about women," rejoined Langholm's critic, summing up the man. "So it's Mrs. Minchin now!"

The name acted like magic upon young Severino. His attention had wandered.

In an instant it was more eager than before.

"If you don't know where he lives in the country," he burst out, "where is he staying in town?"

"We don't know that either."

"Then I mean to find out!"

And the pale musician rushed from the room in pursuit of the man who had been all day pursuing him.

XXII.

THE amateur detective walked slowly up to Piccadilly, and climbed on top of the Chelsea omnibus, a dejected figure even to the casual eye. He was more than disappointed at the upshot of his wild speculations, and in himself for the false start that he had made. His feeling was one of positive shame. It was so easy now to see the glaring improbability of the conclusion to which he had jumped in his haste, at the first promptings of a too facile fancy. And what an obvious idea it had been at best! As if his were the only brain to which it could have occurred!

Langholm could have laughed at his late theory if it had meant only the loss of one day, but it had also cost him that self confidence which was the more valuable in his case through not being a common characteristic of the man. He now realized the difficulties of his quest, and the absolutely wrong way in which he had set about it.

His imagination had run away with him; and it was no case for the imagination. It was a case for patient investigation, close reasoning, logical deduction—arts in which the imaginative man is almost inevitably deficient.

Langholm, however, had enough lightness of temperament to abandon an idea as readily as he formed one, and his late suspicion was already driven to the four winds. He only hoped he had not shown what was in his mind at the club. He was a just man, and he honestly regretted the injustice that he had done, even in his own heart, and even for a few hours, to an obviously innocent man.

And all up Piccadilly this man was sitting within a few inches of him, watching his face with a passionate envy, and plucking up courage to speak—which he finally did at Hyde Park Corner, where an intervening passenger got down.

Langholm was sufficiently startled at the sound of his own name, breaking in upon his reflections, but to find at his elbow the very face which was in his

mind was to lose all power of immediate speech.

"My name is Severino," explained the other. "I was introduced to you an hour or two ago at the club."

"Ah, to be sure!" cried Langholm, recovering. "Odd thing, though, for we must have left about the same time, and I never saw you till this moment."

Severino took the vacant place by Langholm's side. "Mr. Langholm," said he, a tremor in his soft voice, "I have a confession to make to you. I followed you from the club."

"You followed me?"

Langholm could not help the double emphasis; to him it was an incredible turning of the tables, a too poetically just ending to that misspent day. It was all that he could do to repress a smile.

"Yes, I followed you," the young Italian repeated, with his taking accent, in his touching voice; "and I beg your pardon for doing so, though I would do the same again, and I will tell you why. I thought that you were talking about me while I was strumming to them at the club. It is possible, of course, that I was quite mistaken; but when you went out I stopped at once and asked questions. And they told me you were a friend of—a great friend of mine—of Mrs. Minchin."

"It is true enough," said Langholm, after a pause. "Well?"

"She was a very great friend of mine," repeated Severino. "That was all."

And he sighed.

"So I have heard," said Langholm, with sympathy. "I can well believe it, for I might almost say the same of her myself."

The 'bus toiled on beside the park. The two long lines of lights rose gently ahead until they almost met; and the two men watched them as they spoke.

"Until today," continued Severino, "I did not know whether she was dead or alive."

"She is both alive and well."

"And married again?"

"And married again."

There was a long pause. The park ended first.

"I want you to do me a great favor," said Severino, in Knightsbridge. "She was so good to me! I shall never forget it, and yet I have never been able to thank her. I nearly died—it was at that time—and when I remembered, she had disappeared. I want you, in God's name, Mr. Langholm, to tell me her new name and where she is living now!"

Langholm looked at his companion in the confluence of lights at the Sloane Street corner. The pale face was alight with passion, the sunken eyes ablaze. "I cannot tell you," he answered shortly.

"Is it your own name?"

"Good God, no!"

And Langholm laughed harshly.

"Will you not even tell me where she lives?"

"I cannot, without her leave; but if you like I will tell her about you."

There was no answer as they drove on. Then of a sudden Langholm's arm was seized and crushed by slender fingers.

"I am dying," the low voice whispered hoarsely in his ear. "Can't you see it for yourself? I shall never get better; it may be a year or two, it may be weeks. But I want to see her again and make sure. Yes, I love her! There is no sense in denying it. But it is all on my side, and I am dying, and she has married again! What harm can it do anybody if I see her once more?"

The sunken eyes were filled with tears. There were more tears in the hollow voice. Langholm was deeply touched.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I will let her know. No, no, not that, of course! But I will write to her at once—tonight. Will that not do?"

Severino thanked him with a heavy sigh. "Oh, don't get down!" he added as Langholm rose. "I won't talk about her any more."

"I am staying in this street," explained Langholm guardedly.

"And these are my lodgings," rejoined the other, pulling a letter from his pocket and handing the envelope to Langholm. "Let me hear from you, for God's sake, as soon as you hear from her!"

Langholm sauntered on the pavement until the omnibus which he had left was no longer distinguishable from the general traffic of the thoroughfare. The address on the envelope was that of the lodging house at which he was to have called that night. He was glad that his luck had not left him to find Severino for himself; the sense of fatuity would have been even keener than it was.

In a way, he felt drawn to the poor, frank boy who had so lately been the object of his unjust and unfounded suspicions. There was a new light in which to think of him, a new bond between them, a new spring of sympathy, or jealousy, if not of both.

But Langholm was not in London to show sympathy or friendship for any man. He was in London simply and solely upon

his own great quest, in which no man must interrupt him. That was why he had been guarded about his whereabouts—though not guarded enough—and why he watched the omnibus out of sight before entering his hotel. Langholm had forgotten how few places there are at which one can stay in Sloane Street.

A bad twenty four hours was in store for him.

It began well enough with the unexpected discovery that an eminent authority on crime and criminals, who had been a good friend to Langholm in his London days, was still in town. The novelist went to his house that night, chiefly because it was not ten minutes' walk from the Cadogan Hotel, and with little hope of finding anybody at home. Yet there was his friend, with the midnight lamp just lighted, and so kind a welcome that Langholm confided in him on the spot.

The man who knew all the detectives in London did not laugh at the latest recruit to their ranks; but smile he did.

"I'll tell you what I can do," he said at length. "I can give you a card that should get you into the Black Museum at Scotland Yard, where they would show you any relics they may have kept of the Minchin murder; only, don't you say why you want to see them. Every man you see there will be a detective; you may come across the very fellows who got up the case; if so, they may tell you what they think of it, and you should be able to find out whether they're trying again. Here you are, Langholm, and I wish you luck. Doing anything tomorrow night?"

Langholm could safely say that he was not.

"Then dine with me at the Rag at seven, and tell me how you get on. It must be seven, because I'm going off to Scotland by the night mail. And I don't want to be discouraging, my dear fellow, but it is only honest to say that I think more of your chivalry than of your chances of success!"

At the Black Museum they had all the trophies which had been produced in court; but the officer who acted as showman to Langholm admitted that they had no right to retain any of them. They were Mrs. Minchin's property, and if they knew where she was they would of course restore it to her.

"But the papers say she isn't Mrs. Minchin any longer," he added. "Well, well! There's no accounting for taste."

"But Mrs. Minchin was acquitted," remarked Langholm, in a tone as impersonal as he could make it.

"Ye-es," drawled his guide drily. "Well, it's not for us to say anything about that."

"But you think all the more, I suppose?"

"There's only one opinion about it in the Yard."

"But surely you haven't given up trying to find out who really did murder Mr. Minchin?"

"We think we did find out, sir," was the reply to that.

So they had given it up! For a single second the thought was stimulating. If the humble author could succeed where the police had failed! But the odds against such success were probably a million to one, and Langholm sighed as he handled the weapon with which, in the opinion of the police, the crime had been committed.

"What makes you so certain that this was the revolver?" he inquired, more to satisfy his conscience by leaving no question unasked than to voice any doubt upon the point.

The other smiled as he explained the peculiarity of the pistol; it was of colonial make, and it carried the bullet of peculiar size which had been extracted from Alexander Minchin's body.

"But London is full of old Australians," objected Langholm, for objection's sake.

"Well, sir," laughed the officer, "you find one who carries a revolver like this, and you prove that he was in Chelsea on the night of the murder, with a motive for committing it, and we shall be glad of his name and address. Only, don't forget the motive; it wasn't robbery, you know, though her ladyship was so sure it was robbers! There's the maker's name on the barrel. I should make a note of it, sir, if I was you."

That name and that note were all that Langholm had to show when he dined with the criminologist at his service club in the evening. The amateur-detective looked a beaten man already; but he talked through his teeth of inspecting the revolvers in every pawnbroker's shop in London.

"It will take you a year," said the old soldier cheerfully.

"It seems the only chance," replied the despondent novelist. "It is a case of doing that or nothing."

"Then take the advice of an older foggy than yourself, and do nothing! You are quite right to believe in the lady's innocence; there is no excuse for entertaining any other belief, still less for

expressing it. But when you come to putting salt on the real culprit, that's another matter. My dear fellow, that's not the sort of thing that you or I could hope to do on our own hook, even were the case far simpler than it is. It was very sporting of you to offer for a moment to try your hand; but if I were you I should confess without delay that the task is far beyond you, for that's the honest truth."

Langholm walked back to his hotel, revolving this advice. Its soundness was undeniable, while the source from which it came gave it exceptional weight and value. It was an expert opinion which no man in his senses could afford to ignore, and Langholm felt that Mrs. Steel also ought at least to hear it before building on his efforts. The letter would prepare her for his ultimate failure, as it was only fair that she should be prepared, and yet would leave him free to strain every nerve in any fresh direction in which a chance ray lit the path. But it would be a difficult letter to write, and Langholm was still battling with the first sentence when he reached the Cadogan.

"A gentleman to see me?" he cried in surprise. "What gentleman?"

"Wouldn't leave his name, sir; called this afternoon and said he'd call again. A foreign gentleman, he seemed to me."

"A delicate looking man?"

"Very, sir; you seem to know him better than he knows you," added the hall porter, with whom Langholm had made friends. "He wasn't certain whether it was the Mr. Langholm he wanted who was staying here, and he asked to look at the visitors' book."

"Did you let him see it?" cried Langholm quickly.

"I did, sir."

"Then let me have another look at it, please."

It was as Langholm feared. Half thoughtlessly, but quite naturally, when asked to put his own name in the book, he had also filled in that full address which he took such pains to conceal in places where he was better known. And that miserable young Italian, that fellow Severino, had discovered not only where he was staying in town, but where he lived in the country, and his next discovery would be Normanthorpe House and its new mistress!

Langholm felt enraged; after his own promise to write to Rachel, a promise already fulfilled, the unhappy youth might have had the decency to refrain from underhand tricks like this. Langholm felt inclined to take a cab at once to

Severino's lodgings, there to relieve his mind by a very plain expression of his opinion. But it was late, and perhaps allowances should be made for a sick man with a passion as hopeless as his bodily state. In any case, he would sleep upon it first.

But there was no sleep for Charles Langholm that night, nor did the thought of Severino cross his mind again. It was suddenly swept aside and as suddenly replaced by that of the man who was to fill the novelist's mind for many a day.

Idly glancing up and down the autographed pages of the visitors' book, as his fingers half mechanically turned leaf after leaf backward, Langholm's eye had suddenly caught a name of late as familiar to him as his own.

It was the name of John Buchanan Steel.

And the date was the date of the Minchin murder.

XXIII.

THE hall porter was only too ready for further chat. It was the dull season, and this visitor was one of a variety always popular in the quieter hotels; he was never above a pleasant word with the servants. Yet the porter stared at Langholm as he approached. His face was flushed, and his eyes so bright that there would have been but one diagnosis by the average observer. But the porter knew that Langholm had come in sober, and that for the last twenty minutes he had sat absorbed in the visitors' book.

"I see," said Langholm—and even his voice was altered, which made the other stare the harder—"I see that a friend of mine stayed here just about a year ago. I wonder if you remember him?"

"If it was the off season, sir, I dare say I shall."

"It was in September, and his name was Steel."

"How long did he stay?"

"Only one night, I gather—an elderly gentleman with very white hair."

The porter's face lighted up.

"I remember him, sir! I should think I did! A very rich gentleman, I should say; yes, he only stayed the one night, and he gave me a sovereign when he went away next day."

"He is very rich," said Langholm, repressing by main force a desire to ask a string of questions. He fancied that the porter was not one who needed questioning, and his patience had its immediate reward.

"I remember when he arrived," the man went on. "It was late at night, and he hadn't ordered his room. He came in first to see whether we could give him one. I paid the cab myself, and brought in his bag."

"He had just arrived from the country, I presume?"

The porter nodded.

"At King's Cross, by the 10:45; but it must have been a good bit late, for I was just coming off duty and the night porter was just coming on."

"Then you didn't see any more of Mr. Steel that night?"

"I saw him go out again," said the porter drily, "after he'd had something to eat, for we are short handed in the off season, and I stopped up myself to see he got it. I didn't see him come in the second time."

Langholm could hardly believe his ears. To cover his excitement he burst out laughing.

"The old dog!" he cried. "Do you know if he ever came in at all?"

"Between two and three, I believe," said the porter in the same tone.

Langholm laughed again, but asked no more questions, and in a little he was pacing his bedroom floor with fevered face and tremulous stride, as he was to continue pacing it for the greater part of that August night.

Yet it was not a night spent in thought, but rather in intercepting and in casting out the kind of thoughts that chased each other through the novelist's brain. His imagination had him by the forelock once more, but this time he was resisting with all his might. It meant resistance to the strongest attribute that he possessed.

The man's mind was now a picture gallery and now a stage. He thought in pictures and he saw in scenes. Imagination was the predominant force of his intellect, as in others is the power of reasoning, or the gift of languages, or the mastery of figures. Langholm could not help it, any more than he could change the color of his eyes, but tonight he did his best. His imagination had misled him once already. He was grimly determined that this should not happen twice.

To suspect Steel because he chanced to have been in the neighborhood of Chelsea on the night of the murder, and absent from his hotel about the hour of its committal, was not less absurd than his first suspicion of the man who could be proved to have been lying between life and death

at the time. There had been something to connect the dead man with Severino. There was nothing within Langholm's knowledge to connect him with Steel.

Steel was the most mysterious person whom Langholm had ever met with, outside the pages of his own novels. No one knew where he had made his money. He might well have made it in Australia; they might have known each other out there. Langholm suddenly remembered the Australian swagman whom he had seen "knocking down his 'check'" at a wayside inn within a few miles of Normanthorpe, and Steel's gratuitously explicit statement that neither he nor his wife had ever been in Australia in their lives. There was one lie at least; then why not two?

Yet the proven lie might have been told by Steel simply to anticipate and allay any possible suspicion of his wife's identity. That was at least conceivable. And this time Langholm sought the conceivable explanation more sedulously than the suspicious circumstance.

He had been far too precipitate in all that he had done hitherto, from the Monday morning up to this Wednesday night. His departure on the Monday had been in itself premature. He had come away without seeing the Steels again, whereas he should have had an exhaustive interview with one or both of them before embarking upon his task. But Steel's half hostile and half scornful attitude was more than Langholm could trust his temper to endure, and he had despaired of seeing Mrs. Steel alone.

There were innumerable points upon which she could have supplied him with valuable information. He had hoped to obtain what he wanted from the fuller reports of the trial; but that investigation had been conducted upon the supposition that his wife and no other had caused the death of Alexander Minchin. No business friend of the deceased had been included among the witnesses, and the very least had been made of his financial difficulties, which had formed no part of the case for the Crown.

Langholm, however, his wits immensely quickened by the tonic of his new discovery, began to see possibilities in this aspect of the matter. As soon as the telegraph offices were open, he despatched a rather long message to Mrs. Steel, reply paid. It was simply to request the business address of her late husband, with the name and address of any partner or other

business man who had seen much of him in London. If the telegram were not intercepted by her husband, Langholm calculated that he should have his reply within a couple of hours, and one came early in the forenoon:

Shared office 2 Adam's Court, Old Broad Street, with a Mr. Cutts, his friend but not mine.

RACHEL STEEL.

Langholm looked first at the end, and was thankful to see that the reply was from Rachel herself. But the penultimate clause introduced a complication. It must have some meaning. It would scarcely be a merely irrelevant expression of dislike. Langholm at all events read a warning in the words, a warning to himself not to call on Mr. Cutts as a friend of the dead man's wife.

This increased the complication, ultimately suggesting a bolder step than the man of letters quite relished, but one which he took without hesitation in Rachel's cause. He had in his pocket the card of the detective officer who had shown him round the Black Museum; luckily it was still quite clean; and Langholm only wished he looked the part a little more as he finally sallied forth.

Mr. Cutts was in, his small clerk said, and the sham detective followed the real one's card into the inner chamber of the poky offices upon the third floor. Mr. Cutts sat aghast in his office chair, the puzzled picture of a man who feels that his hour has come, but who wonders which of his many delinquencies has come to light. He was large and florid, with a bald head and a black mustache, but his coloring was an unwholesome purple as his visitor was ushered in.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, Mr. Cutts," began Langholm, "but I have come to make a few inquiries about the late Alexander Minchin, who I believe once——"

"Quite right! Quite right!" cried Cutts, as the purple turned a normal red in his sanguine countenance. "Alexander Minchin—poor fellow—to be sure! Take a seat, inspector, take a seat; happy to afford you any information in my power."

If Mr. Cutts looked relieved, however—as many a decent citizen might under a similar visitation—it was a very real relief to Langholm not to have been found out at a glance. He took the proffered seat with the greater readiness on noting how near it was to the door.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY CHAT

THE OPEN SESAME TO GLORY.

I do not envy Shakspeare's fame,
Or Tennyson's, or Walter Scott's;
In mine ne'er burned Apollo's flame
No more than in the soul of Potts.
Let those who will the Muse engage
And pattern take of Burns or Hook;
My route's direct to glory's page—
I'll dramatize a "famous" book.

Oh, shades of Jonson, Sheridan—
Whose wit conjured the ready smile—
You've hailed the pallid ferryman;
No more your arts the gods beguile.
You each have had your fleeting day,
Like Lytton, Hugo, Moore, and Hook;
How different if you'd learned the way
To dramatize a "timely" book!

Avaunt! Let naught my steps impede,
Nor doom my gifts divine to scorn;
The stars of Boucicault and Reade
Are of their tawdry luster shorn.
Not mine to grub in hackneyed ways;
At Fate my thumb I'll boldly crook;
To wear the green, immortal bays
I'll dramatize a "breezy" book.

'Tis clear that classic Avon's Swan,
Whose plummetgaged all human tricks,
Ne'er dreamed of this catholicon
Ere passed he o'er the gloomy Styx;
Or now, instead of plays outplayed,
And rôles burlesqued in word and look,
His ghost would share the tribute paid
The Stilted Drama of the Book!

L'ENVOI.

Great Master of the written line,
Who oft the bells at Folly shook,
The changing cycles all are thine,
And thine the Drama's living Book!

PROSPERITY AND THE ARTS—

A new magazine declares the day of starving genius over.

The dear old days when writers shivered in attics, and artists were saved from starvation only by the secret ministrations of devoted lodging house servants, have apparently fled. A new magazine—of the East Aurora school of alleged thought—is authority for the theory that prosperity has wed with the

arts. In a foreward to its advertisers it remarks:

The *Dryasdust* has been planned to circulate mainly among the literary and art lovers—musicians, students, authors, and painters—among the people ever on the lookout for the luxuries and commodities which appeal to the professional class, and for which they are usually well able to pay.

In spite of the peculiar involutions of the English in this announcement, it is clear that the *Dryasdust*—that is not its real name—intends to convey the cheerful news that talent is no longer obliged to serve an apprenticeship to starvation in order to prove itself. This will be tidings of great joy to talent's butcher, baker, and candlestick maker, as well as to talent itself.

NEW FIELDS IN FICTION—A young Western novelist's conscientious search for fresh material.

Samuel Merwin, author of "The Road to Frontenac," has discovered a neglected but fertile field for fiction, the field that Francis Parkman exploited historically with such distinguished success. The pioneer days of French Canada were full of picturesque characters and adventures.

It is said that Mr. Merwin intends to write a series of romances dealing with this period. If he carries out his plan he has a chance of achieving a high place among our younger writers. Though still in the twenties, he has already attracted the notice of the critics. He began to write short stories several years ago. His first essay with more ambitious work was a novel of railroad life, "The Short Line War," written in collaboration with Henry K. Webster.

Both Mr. Merwin and Mr. Webster come from Evanston, Illinois. While the former was writing "The Road to Frontenac," the latter was preparing to publish his novel, "The Banker and the Bear," which had a fair success last year. The young writers have lately brought out their second volume written in collaboration, "Calumet K," the story of the building of a grain elevator in a Western town. In order to secure an accurate knowledge of their rather unusual theme, both young men took positions, two summers ago,

where they could assist in the construction of an elevator. They at least deserve the credit that belongs to conscientious effort.

MORE LOVE LETTERS—The red hot wooing of Helen Newsmith and the Hon. John Bingham.

Something more than a year ago the more emotional part of the reading world was stirred by the anonymous appearance of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." We demand to know why, in the name of common justice, the same homage has not been paid to "Love and Politics," the recently published "social romance of a prominent orator and a society queen," as the title page has it. Is this a further evidence of American slavishness to English authorship, or merely another instance of the proverbial blossom born to blush unseen and squander its aroma on the Saharan atmosphere? Whichever it be, we submit that the public disregard of this masterpiece is what is familiarly but expressively termed a low trick.

The "society queen" in question was one *Helen Newsmith*, who is described as having a "petite, richly rounded figure, a low brow under a sweep of soft hair in which seemed a smolder of fire. Her head had a slightly peremptory poise, as if a very fervent nature, betrayed in a full bust and red, sensitive mouth, were held under guard." In brief, she was a woman after Laura Jean Libbey's own heart. The "prominent orator" was the *Hon. John Bingham*. We are told that when he addressed an audience "the smolder of fire in *John Bingham's* intellect burst into flame." The intelligent reader will readily grasp the affinity.

There was too much smoldering fire lying around unemployed in the vicinity of this couple not to cause eventual trouble. The result is seen in more than three hundred pages of amatory correspondence. Not even the remarkable expressions of endearment employed in "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" can compete with the epistolary product of *John* and *Helen's* smoldering fires.

These remarkable people lost no time in coming to close quarters. On the second day after their meeting they took a bicycle ride together, and "before their return at dusk they understood their need of each other." The smoldering fires began to glow more fiercely. "She radiated a warm, subtle odor that penetrated him to the inmost fiber. He was grateful to

her for thus revealing herself to him as a very torrent, and he thanked with closer clutch." "Expect a hungry clutch of arms at our next meeting," he wrote to her, shortly after. At clutching, the *Hon. John Bingham* could give the *Jabberwock* cards and spades.

But *Helen* was no laggard in emotion. She replies that she is "all one sob" with longing for him, boasts of a "royal" bicycle ride from which she "returned home full of oxygen and love," and finally, in a burst of conviction, cries: "Better Shadrach in a furnace than Peary on an iceberg!" Better, indeed. "Kiss my photo often," she implores, and *John* kisses it. He grows impatient and, what is worse, jealous. "I am savage for those ruddy lips," he writes. One would suppose he would be content with her reply: "The lips wait to be drained to a pale pink;" but no! He hears of a rival, a young man who is "poor, depressed, and craves sympathy—though dressed in good taste;" and "at three (3) p. m. he was at her door." They separate, and *John* goes "forth into the night" and expires in a secluded nook of La Fayette Park (Washington, D. C.) *Helen* dies of pure inertia fifteen pages further on, and is last seen in the arms of a pleasant featured angel on the final page, being blissfully borne away towards the upper right hand corner of the back cover.

We resent the necessity of thus curtailing this beautiful story through lack of space. It is, however, for sale at all bookstores, so that he who runs may read. Do not neglect this unexampled opportunity.

A STRIKING PARALLEL—Between Professor Matthews' remarks on rhyme and those of an earlier writer.

"The Parts of Speech," a collection of papers on the English language by Brander Matthews, is a very readable little book. The author's views show both scholarship and common sense; but the volume suffers from a certain amount of repetition, as is so often the case with collected essays on kindred topics.

Nor is it always himself that Professor Matthews repeats. On page 244 he says:

Rime is a match between sounds.

What is absurdly called a "rime to the eye" is a flagrant impossibility.

The eye is not the judge of sound, any more than the nose is the judge of color.

On page 66 of Arthur Penn's edition of Tom Hood's "Rhymester," published in 1890, we find the following sentences:

The union of sound alone constitutes rhyme.

A "rhyme to the eye" is an impossibility.

You do not match colors by the nose, or sounds by the eye.

As an additional coincidence it may be noted that on the same page of the older book "the magnificent medieval hymn, the 'Dies Irae,' is cited as a fine instance of the use of double rhymes. On page 242 of "The Parts of Speech" we find "the magnificent medieval 'Dies Irae'" used again for a similar purpose.

It appears that what Professor Matthews wants he goes and takes, the same as 'Omer and Mr. Kipling.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES—The remarkable growth of the popular interest in books.

The advocates of popular education and the general extension of the reading habit must find food for encouragement in the existing condition of things in this country. Never before since we became a nation has there been such a general interest in reading, such an eager desire for books, and such a rapid increase in the number of habitual readers as at the present day.

This is indicated in a great many different ways, chief of which, of course, is the enormous and absolutely unprecedented sale of those American novels which have been the sensation of the book trade of the past three or four years. The books which have enjoyed this phenomenal degree of popularity have been either humorous character studies of American life, like "David Harum" and "Eben Holden," or historical novels, like "Janice Meredith" and "Richard Carvel." We infer that these books are largely bought by people who have only lately begun to read, and who, on coming suddenly into the kingdom of letters, eagerly seize what is newest—or most "up to date," as they would themselves express it. It is probable that many of this new crop of readers know nothing of Dickens and Thackeray, for it does not appear that there has been any perceptible increase in the sales of standard British novelists since "David Harum" was put on the market.

It seems likely that the demand for really good works of fiction, as well as for biography, travel, and poetry, will continue to increase. Those who are today reading the popular novels will—in many cases, at least—reach out, sooner or later, for something higher and better, just as surely as they themselves came up from

the ranks of the vast army of Sunday newspaper readers a few years ago.

Another sign of the times is to be found in the columns of a great many newspapers which formerly paid no attention whatever to literary matters, but which now devote a great deal of space to reviews of books and gossip about publishers and authors. The *New York Times*, for example, publishes a Saturday supplement devoted entirely to these subjects, and the *New York Journal* not long ago paid its neighbor the sincere compliment of a close imitation. The *New York Herald* devotes a whole page to books and writers once a week, and the fashion is spreading among newspapers throughout the country.

All this is significant when we take into account the fact that the owners of the newspapers named are not in any sense literary men, or even addicted to reading, and that a very short time ago Park Row wondered how the *Mail and Express* could afford to devote so much space to such a "quiet" subject as books.

A NEW CHESTERFIELD—A modern sage who offers to instruct the public in the graceful art of letter writing.

Who are the people that buy handbooks of etiquette—for these curious specimens of contemporary literature must find purchasers—and who regulate themselves by the instructions of the self constituted social monitors? A still more speculative inquiry—what can be the clientèle of such a book as the "New Century Letter Writer," a recently published work which bears on its title page the name of Alfred B. Chambers, Ph. D.?

This highly interesting manual may be said to be an epistolary Baedeker for the entire journey through life. It gives sample letters for almost every possible emergency. If you wish to apply for a position as errand boy in an office or matron in an asylum, Chambers, Ph. D., tells you how to present your claims in truly Chesterfieldian form. If your child is sick, do not call a doctor—or "request the immediate attendance of a medical man," as Chambers, Ph. D., phrases it—until you have consulted his universal guide. If you are a widower with grown up daughters and are about to propose to a young girl; if you are a lady desirous of breaking your engagement on account of your fiancé's coldness; if you wish to offer your garden to your pastor for a Sunday School treat, to postpone payment of a dressmaking bill, or to apolo-

gize to your employer after a tiff with him, you will do well to seek the aid of Chambers, Ph. D.

Furthermore, the book has a supplement explaining how to address a letter to the President of the United States—do not do this simply for an experiment, as the White House mail is large enough already—how to make a valid will, and how to use punctuation marks; besides a glossary which tells a world thirsting for such information that “prestige” means “glamour” and that a “partie carrée” is “two couples having a pleasant time.”

This is how Chambers, Ph. D., would have a gentleman invite a young lady to accompany him to the theater:

MY DEAR MISS SAMSON:—

You will doubtless have noticed by the newspapers that the venerable Joe Jefferson, the great American comedian, is to visit D—— next week and give a round of his inimitable performances. If you have not seen this distinguished actor, it would be a great treat to admire one of his world renowned characters. I should esteem it a favor if you would accompany me any evening next week to the theater to witness one of his wonderful presentations.

Believe me, my dear Miss Samson,

Yours very truly,

ARCHIBALD CLAY.

We regret that lack of space prevents us from quoting more of these delightful models of epistolary style.

OLD BOOKS AND DISEASE—The discovery of a new menace to the public health.

The health of the community is menaced by a new danger. Just when we were forgetting the “bicycle nose” and the “automobile eye”; when we were recovering from the alarm caused by many awful warnings against the perils of osculation, and beginning to hope that some of us might escape the ravages of appendicitis, this new terror comes to upset the public's peace of mind.

The latest destroyer of the human race is the second hand school book. “Second hand school books,” says the *Southern School Journal*, which is published at Lexington, Kentucky, “have found their way into nearly every neighborhood and school in Kentucky; so have smallpox and other contagious diseases. Scarcely a county in the State has escaped the ravages of this contagion, and in most instances the manner of its approach is mysterious and unknown. The Boards of Health in many of our cities are now investigating this question. County boards are looking into it also.”

The great State of Kentucky has every right to claim the attention of the literary world. Within its borders was developed the matchless fictional style of James Lane Allen. It is the chosen field of Professor John Uri Lloyd, the dialect scientist who discovered and recorded the amazing fact that the word “bloody” is pronounced “bluddy” by the inhabitants of certain parts of the State. But this outcry against second hand books seems to be a little overdrawn.

Second hand books have gone into every county of Kentucky; so has smallpox; therefore the books have caused the disease. This argumentative method is a sweeping one. It can be put to many uses. For instance, there are churches everywhere in Kentucky; it is also said that there are occasional murders throughout the State; therefore the churches promote murder.

Prudent people will, of course, be careful about the cleanliness of everything they handle; but we doubt whether a stringent law against the use of second hand books—which might involve the closing of all our libraries—would perceptibly lower the national death rate.

MARCONI'S FALL—How did the tireless and silent worker find time to write a book?

We had thought better of Mr. Marconi. We cherished the belief that in this age of talk he, at least, was a silent worker. He was too modest, we were told, to seek notoriety, too disinterested to think of money. In his devotion to science he had refused the most tempting offers of the lecture bureaus. It was even hinted that his absorption in study and experiment had interfered with his matrimonial plans.

Alas! We hear that he is writing a book, which may be on the market when this appears. Worse yet, the volume is heralded in the style with which we are becoming too familiar. It is to be a “popular” one; it is to contain thrilling accounts of tremendous currents “causing a spark a foot long, as big around as a man's arm,” and so deadly that “no man could stand in its vicinity without meeting instant death.” It is to explain “how the modern Frankenstein”—a rather unpleasant name for Mr. Marconi—“will direct and control the monster”; and so forth.

Well, the book may sell, but we have lost another ideal. Mr. Marconi is human after all.